THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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In This Number

Mary Roberts Rinehart — A. E. Taylor — Herbert Quick — Melville Davisson Post — James H. Collins
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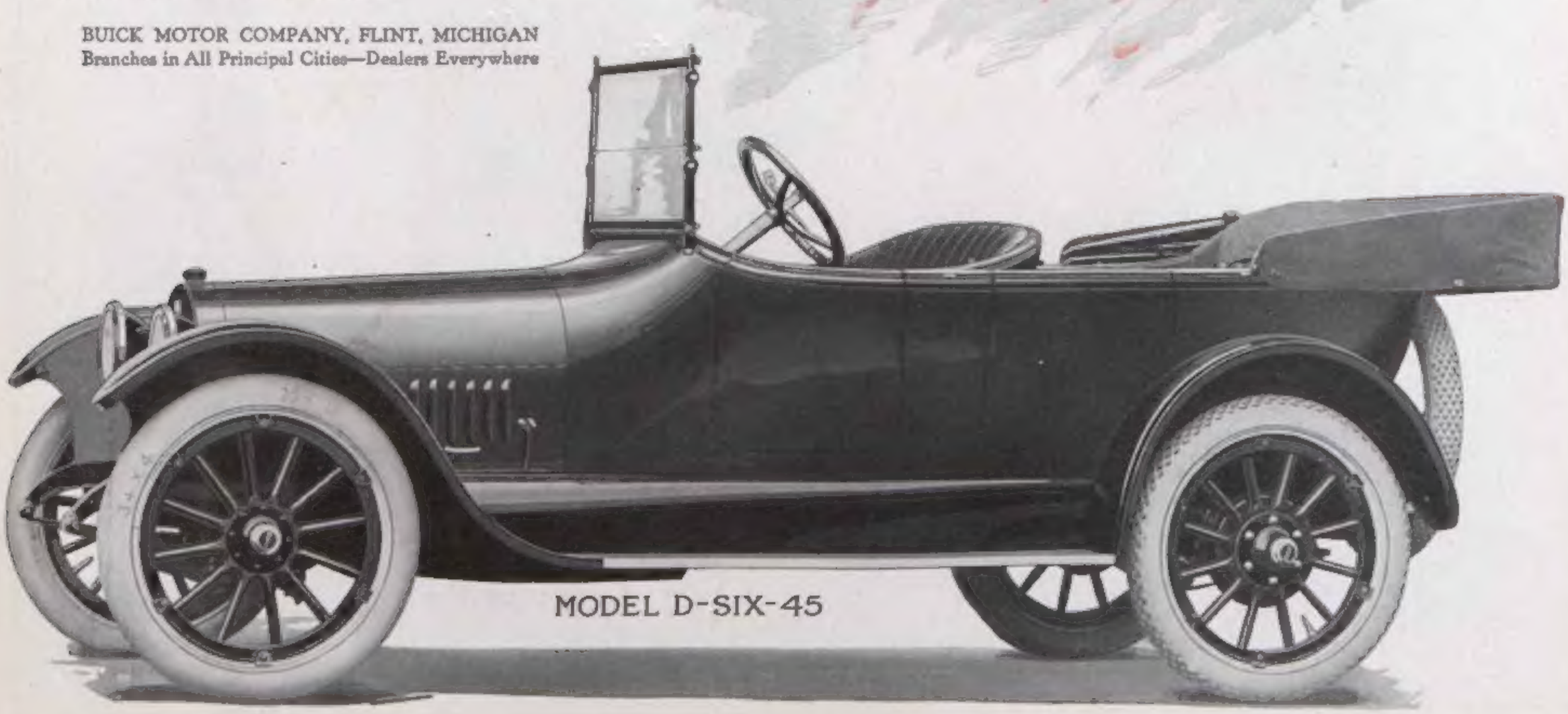

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HER DAIRY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Being the Daily Journal of the Sub-Deb

JANUARY 1ST. I have today recieved this dairy from home, haveing come back a few days early to make up a French Condition.

Weather, clear and cold.

New Year's dinner. Roast chicken (Turkey being very expencive) mashed Turnips, sweet Potatos and minse Pie.

It is my intention to record in this book the details of my Daily Life, my thoughts which are to sacred for uterence, and my ambitions. Because who is there to whom I can speak them? I am surounded by those who exist for the mere Pleasures of the day, or whose lives are bound up in Resitations.

For instance, at dinner today, being mostly faculty and a few girls who live in the Far West, the conversation was entirely on buying a talking machine for dancing because the music teacher has the meazles and is quarentined in the infirmery. And on Miss Everett's couzin, who has writen a play.

When one looks at Miss Everett, one recognises that no couzin of hers could write a play.

New Year's resolution—to help some one every day. Today helped Mademoiselle to put on her rubers.

JANUARY 2ND. Today I wrote my French theme, beginning, "Les hommes songent moins à leur *Ame qú* à leur *corps*. Mademoiselle sent for me and objected, saying that it was not a theme for a young girl, and that I must write a new one, on the subject of pears. How is one to develope in this atmosphere?

Some of the girls are comeing back. They stragle in, and put the favers they got at cotilions on the dresser, and their holaday gifts, and each one relates some amorus experience while at home. Dear dairy, is there somthing wrong with me, that Love has passed me by? I have had offers of Devotion but none that apealed to me, being mostly either to young or not atracting me by physicle charm. I am not cold, although frequently acused of it. Beneath my fridgid Exterior beats a warm heart. I intend to be honest in this dairy, and so I admit it. But, except for passing Fansies—one being, alas, for a married man—I remain without the Divine Passion.

What must it be to thrill at the aproach of the loved Form? To harken to each ring of the telefone bell, in the hope that, if it is not the Idolised Voice, it is at least a message from it? To waken in the morning and, looking around the familiar room, to muze: "Today I may see him—on the way to the Post Office, or rushing past in his racing car." And to know that at the same moment *he* to is muzing: "Today I may see her, as she exercises herself at basket ball, or mounts her horse for a daily canter!"

Although I have no horse. The school does not care for them, considering walking the best exercise.

Have flunked the French again, Mademoiselle not feeling well, and marking off for the smallest Thing.

Today's helpfull Deed—asisted one of the younger girls with her spelling.

JANUARY 4TH. Miss Everett's couzin's play is comeing here. The school is to have free tickets, as they are "trying it on the dog." Which means seeing if it is good enough for the large cities.

I Still Think I Would Not Have Been Recognised by the Familey Had I Not, in a Very Quiet Seen, Commenced to Sneeze

We have desided, if Everett marks us well in English from now on, to aplaud it, but if she is unpleasent, to sit still and show no interest.

JANUARY 5TH, 6TH, 7TH, 8TH. Bad weather, which is depressing to one of my Temperment. Also boil on noze.

A few helpfull Deeds — nothing worth putting down.

JANUARY 9TH. Boil cut.

Again I can face my imige in my mirror, and not shrink.

Mademoiselle is sick and no French. *Miséricorde!*

Helpfull Deed—sent Mademoiselle some fudge, but this school does not encourage kindness. Reprimanded for cooking in room. School sypmathises with me. We will go to Miss Everett's couzin's play, but we will dam it with faint praise.

JANUARY 10TH. I have written this Date, and now I sit back and regard it. As it is impressed on this white paper, so, dear dairy, is it written on my Soul. To others it may be but the tenth of January. To me it is the day of days. Oh, tenth of January! Oh, Monday! Oh, day of my awakning!

It is now late at night, and around me my schoolmates are sleeping the sleep of the young and Heart free. Lights being off, I am writing by the faint luminocity of a candel. Propped up in bed, my mackinaw coat over my *robe de nuit* for warmth, I sit and dream. And as I dream I still hear in my ears his final words: "My darling. My woman!"

How wonderfull to have them said to one Night after Night, the while being in his embrase, his tender arms around one! I refer to the heroine in the play, to whom he says the above raptureous words.

Comeing home from the theater tonight, still dazed with the revalation of what I am capable of, once arouzed, I asked Miss Everett if her couzin had said anything about Mr. Egleston being in love with the Leading Character. She observed:

"No. But he may be. She is very pretty."

"Posibly," I remarked. "But I should like to see her in the morning, when she gets up."

All the girls were perfectly mad about Mr. Egleston, although pretending merly to admire his Art. But I am being honest, as I agreed at the start, and now I know, as I sit here with the soft, although chilly breeses of the night blowing on my hot brow, now I know that this thing that has come to me is Love. Morover, it is the Love of my Life. He will never know it, but I am his. He is exactly my ideal, strong and tall and passionate. And clever, to. He said some awfuly clever things.

I beleive that he saw me. He looked in my direction. But what does it matter? I am small, insignifacent. He probably thinks me a mere child, although seventeen.

What matters, oh Dairy, is that I am at last in love. It is hopeless. Just now, when I had written that word, I buried my face in my hands. There is no hope. None. I shall never see him again. He passed out of my life on the 11:45 train. But I love him. *Mon Dieu*, how I love him!

JANUARY 11TH. We are going home. *We are going home.* WE ARE GOING HOME. WE ARE GOING HOME!

Mademoiselle has the meazles.

JANUARY 13TH. The Familey managed to restrain its ecstacy on seeing me today. The house is full of people, as they are haveing a Dinner-Dance tonight. Sis had moved into my room, to let one of the visitors have hers, and she acted in a very unfilial manner when she came home and found me in it.

"Well!" she said. "Expelled at last?"

"Not at all," I replied loftyly. "I am here through no fault of my own. And I'd thank you to have Hannah take your clothes off my bed."

She gave me a biter glanse.

"I never knew it to fail!" she said. "Just as everything is fixed, and we're recovering from you're being here for the Holadays, you come back and stir up a lot of trouble. What brought you, anyhow?"

"Meazles."

She snached up her ball gown.

"Very well," she said. "I'll see that you're quarentined, Miss Barbara, all right. And if you think you're going to slip downstairs tonight after dinner and *worm* yourself into this party, I'll show you."

She flounsed out, and shortly afterwards mother took a minute from the Florest, and came upstairs.

"I do hope you are not going to be troublesome, Barbara," she said. "You are too young to understand, but I want everything to go well tonight, and Leila ought not to be worried."

"Can't I dance a little?"

"You can sit on the stairs and watch." She looked fidgity. "I—I'll send up a nice dinner, and you can put on your dark blue, with a fresh collar, and—it ought to satisfy you, Barbara, that you are at home and posibly have brought the meazles with you, without making a lot of fuss. When you come out ——"

"Oh, very well," I murmured, in a resined tone. "I don't care enough about it to want to dance with a lot of Souses anyhow."

"Barbara!" said mother.

"I supose you have some one on the String for her," I said, with the *abandon* of my thwarted Hopes. "Well, I hope she gets him. Because if not I darsay I shall be kept in the Cradel for years to come."

"You will come out when you reach a proper Age," she said, "if your Impertanence does not kill me off before my Time."

Dear Dairy, I am fond of my mother, and I felt repentent and stricken.

So I became more agreable, although feeling all the time that she does not and never will understand my Temperment. I said:

"I don't care about Society, and you know it, mother. If you'll keep Leila out of this room, which isn't much but is my Castel while here, I'll probably go to bed early."

"Barbara, sometimes I think you have no afection for your Sister."

I had agreed to honesty January first, so I replied.

"I have, of course, mother. But I am fonder of her while at school than at home. And I should be a better Sister if not condemed to her old things, includeing hats, which do not suit my Tipe."

Mother moved over magestically to the door and shut it. Then she came and stood over me.

"I've come to the conclusion, Barbara," she said, "to apeal to your better nature. Do you wish Leila to be married and happy?"

"I've just said, mother ——"

"Because a very interesting thing is happening," said mother, trying to look playfull. I—a chance any girl would jump at."

So here I sit, Dear Dairy, while there are sounds of revelery below, and Sis jumps at her chance, which is the Honorable Page Beresford, who is an Englishman visiting here because he has a weak heart and can't fight. And father is away on business, and I am all alone.

I have been looking for a rash, but no luck.

Ah me, how the strains of the orkestra recall that magic night in the theater when Adrian Egleston looked down into my eyes and although ostensably to an actress, said to my beating heart: "My darling! My woman!"

3 A. M. I wonder if I can controle my hands to write.

In mother's room across the hall I can hear furious Voices, and I know that Leila is begging to have me sent to Switzerland. Let her beg. Switzerland is not far from England, and in England ——

Here I pause to reflect a moment. How is this thing posible? Can I love two members of the Other Sex? And if such is the Case, how can I go on with my Life? Better far to end it now, than to perchance marry one, and find the other still in my heart. The terrable thought has come to me that I am fickel.

Fickel or polygamus—which?

Dear Dairy, I have not been a good girl. My New Year's Resolutions have gone to airey nothing.

The way they went was this: I had settled down to a quiet evening, spent with his beloved picture which I had clipped from a newspaper. (Adrian's. I had not as yet met the other.) And, as I sat in my chamber, I grew more and more desolate. I love Life, although pessamistic at times. And it seemed hard that I should be there, in exile, while my Sister only twenty months older, was jumping at her chance below.

At last I decided to try on one of Sis's frocks and see how I looked in it. I thought, if it looked all right, I might hang over the stairs and see what I then scornfully termed "His nibs." Never again shall I so call him.

I got an evening gown from Sis's closet, and it fitted me quite well, although tight at the waste for me, owing to basket ball. It was also to low, so that when I had got it all hooked about four inches of my *lingerie* showed. As it had been hard as anything to hook, I was obliged to take the scizzers and cut off the said *lingerie*. The result was good, although very *decollte*. I have no bones in my neck.

And now came my moment of temptation. How easy to put my hair up on my head, and then, by the servant's staircase, make my way to the seen below!

I, however, considered that I looked pale, although Mature. I looked at least nineteen. So I went into Sis's room, which was full of evening wraps but emty, and put on a touch of rouge. With that and my eyebrows blackend, I would not have known myself, had I not been certain it was I and no other.

I then made my way down the Back Stairs.

Ah me, Dear Dairy, was that but a few hours ago? Is it but a short time since Mr. Beresford was sitting at my feet, thinking me a *debutante*, and stareing soulfuly into my very heart? Is it but a matter of minutes since Leila found us there, and in a maner which reveled the true feeling she has for me, ordered me to go upstairs and take off Maidie Mackenzie's gown.

(Yes, it was not Leila's after all. I had forgotten that Maidie had taken her room. And except for pulling it somewhat at the waste, I am sure I did not ingure the old thing.)

I shall now go to bed and dream. Of which one I know not. My heart is full. Romance has come at last into my dull and dreery life. Below, the revelers have gone. The flowers hang their herbacious heads. The music has flowed away into the river of the past. I am alone with my Heart.

JANUARY 14TH. How complacated my Life grows, Dear Dairy! How full and yet how incompleat! How everything begins and nothing ends!

He is in town.

I discovered it at breakfast. I knew I was in for it, and I got down early, counting on mother breakfasting in bed. I would have felt better if father had been at home, because he understands somwhat the way they keep me down. But he was away about an order for shells, and I was to bear my chiding alone. I had eaten my fruit and serial, and was about to begin on sausage, when mother came in, haveing risen early from her slumbers to take the decorations to the hospitle.

"So here you are, wreched child!" she said, giving me one of her coldest looks. "Barbara, I wonder if you ever think whither you are tending."

I ate a sausage.

What, Dear Dairy, was there to say?

"To disobey!" she went on. "To force yourself on the atention of Mr. Beresford, in a borowed dress, with your eyelashes blackend and your face painted ——"

"I should think, mother," I observed, "that if he wants to marry into this family, and is not merly being draged into it, that he ought to see the worst at the start." She glared, without speaking. "You know," I continued, "it would be a dreadfull thing to have the Ceramony performed and everything to late to back out, and then have *me* sprung on him. It wouldn't be honest, would it?"

"Barbara!" she said in a terrable tone. "First disobedience, and now sarcasm. If your father was only here! I feel so alone and helpless."

Her tone cut me to the heart. After all she was my own mother, or at least maintained so, in spite of numerous questions enjendered by our lack of resemblence, moral as well as physicle. But I did not offer to embrase her, as she was at that moment poring out her tea. I hid my misery behind the morning paper, and there I beheld the fated vision. Had I felt any doubt as to the state of my afections it was settled then. My heart leaped in my bosom. My face sufused. My hands trembled so that a piece of sausage sliped from my fork. *His picture looked out at me with that well remembered gase from the depths of the morning paper.*

Oh, Adrian, Adrian!

Here in the same city as I, looking out over perchance the same newspaper to perchance the same sun, wondering—ah, what he was wondering?

I was not even then, in that first Rapture, foolish about him. I knew that to him I was probably but a tender memory. I knew, to, that he was but human and probably very concieted. On the other hand, I pride myself on being a good judge of character, and he carried nobilaty in every linament. Even the obliteration of one eye by the printer could only hamper but not destroy his dear face.

"Barbara," mother said sharply. "I am speaking. Are you being sulkey?"

"Pardon me, mother," I said in my gentlest tones. "I was but dreaming." And as she made no reply, but rang the bell visciously, I went on, pursuing my line of thought. "Mother, were you ever in Love?"

"Love! What sort of Love?"

I sat up and stared at her.

"Is there more than one sort?" I demanded.

"There is a very silly, schoolgirl Love," she said, eyeing me, "that people outgrow and blush to look back on."

"Do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Do you blush to look back on it?"

Mother rose and made a sweaping gesture with her right arm.

"I wash my hands of you!" she said. "You are impertanent and indelacate. At your age I was an inocent child, not troubleing with things that did not concern me. As for Love, I had never heard of it until I came out."

"Life must have burst on you like an explosion," I observed. "I suppose you thought that babies ——"

"Silense!" mother shreiked. And seeing that she persisted in ignoreing the real things of Life while in my presense, I went out, cluching the precious paper to my Heart.

JANUARY 15TH. I am alone in my *boudoir* (which is realy the old schoolroom, and used now for a sowing room).

My very soul is sick, oh Dairy. How can I face the truth? How write it out for my eyes to see? But I must. For *something must be done.* The play is failing.

The way I discovered it was this. Yesterday, being short of money, I sold my amethyst pin to Jane, one of the housemaids, for two dollars, throwing in a lace coller when she seemed doubtful, as I had a special purpose for useing funds. Had father been at home I could have touched him, but mother is diferent.

I then went out to buy a frame for his picture, which I had repaired by drawing in the other eye, although lacking the Fire and passionate look of the originle. At the shop I was compeled to show it, to buy a frame to fit. The clerk was almost overpowered.

"Oh, I Don't Know," He Said. "It's Pretty Convenient to Have a Familey to Drop on When the Slump Comes"

"Do you know him?" she asked, in a low and throbing tone.

"Not intimitely," I replied.

"Don't you love the play?" she said. "I'm crazy about it. I've been back three times. Parts of it I know off by heart. He's very handsome. That picture don't do him justise."

I gave her a searching glanse. Was it posible that, without any acquaintance with him whatever, she had fallen in love with him? It was indeed. She showed it in every line of her silly face.

I drew myself up hautily. "I should think it would be very expencive, going so often," I said, in a cool tone.

"Not so very. You see, the play is a failure, and they give us girls tickets to dress the house. Fill it up, you know. Half the girls in the store are crazy about Mr. Egleston."

My world shuddered about me. What—fail! That beautiful play, ending "My darling, my woman?" It could not be. Fate would not be cruel. Was there no apreciation of the best in Art? Was it indeed true, as Miss Everett has complained, although not in these exact words, that the theater was only supported now by chorus girl's legs, dancing about in uter *abandon*.

With an expression of despair on my features, I left the store, carrying the Frame under my arm.

One thing is certain. I must see the play again, and judge it with a criticle eye. *If it is worth saveing, it must be saved.*

JANUARY 16TH. Is it only a day since I saw you, Dear Dairy? Can so much have happened in the single lapse of a few hours? I look in my mirror, and I look much as before, only with perhaps a touch of paller. Who would not be pale?

I have seen *him* again, and there is no longer any doubt in my heart. Page Beresford is atractive, and if it were not for circumstances as they are I would not anser for the consequences. But things *are* as they are. There is no changeing that. And I have read my own heart.

I am not fickel. On the contrary, I am true as steal.

I have put his Picture under my mattress, and have given Jane my gold cuff pins to say nothing when she makes my bed. And now, with the house full of People downstairs acting in a flipent and noisy maner, I shall record how it all happened.

My finantial condition was not improved this morning, father haveing not returned. But I knew that I must see the play, as mentioned above, even if it became necesary to borow from Hannah. At last, seeing no other way, I tried this, but failed.

"What for?" she said, in a suspisious way.

"I need it terrably, Hannah," I said.

"You'd ought to get it from your mother, then, Miss Barbara. The last time I gave you some you paid it back in postage stamps, and I haven't written a letter since. They're all stuck together now, and a totle loss."

"Very well," I said, fridgidly. "But the next time you break anything ——"

"How much do you want?" she asked.

I took a quick look at her, and I saw at once that she had desided to lend it to me and then run and tell mother, beginning, "I think you'd ought to know, Mrs. Archibald ——"

"Nothing doing, Hannah," I said, in a most dignafied maner. "But I think you are an old clam, and I don't mind saying so."

I was now thrown on my own resourses, and very biter. I seemed to have no Friends, at a time when I needed them most, when I was, as one may say, "standing with reluctent feet, where the brook and river meet."

Tonight I am no longer sick of life, as I was then. My throws of anguish have departed. But I was then uterly reckless, and even considered running away and going on the stage myself.

I have long desired a career for myself, anyhow. I have a good mind, and learn easily, and I am not a Paracite. The idea of being such has always been repugnent to me, while the idea of a few dollars at a time doaled out to one of independant mind is galling. And how is one to remember what one has done with one's Allowance, when it is mostly eaten up by Small Lones, Carfare, Stamps, Church Collection, Rose Water and Glycarine, and other Mild Cosmetics, and the aditional Food necesary when one is still growing.

I Had to Duck Back Into Bed and Crush Everything. But She Only Looked In and Said to Try and Behave for the Next Three Hours

To resume, Dear Dairy; haveing uterly failed with Hannah, and haveing shortly after met Sis on the stairs, I said to her, in a sisterly tone, intimite rather than fond:

"I darsay you can lend me five dollars for a day or so."

"I darsay I can. But I won't," was her cruel reply.

"Oh, very well," I said breifly. But I could not refrain from making a grimase at her back, and she saw me in a mirror.

"When I think," she said heartlessly, "that that wreched school may be closed for weaks, I could scream."

"Well, scream!" I replied.

"You'll scream harder if I've brought the meazles home on me. And if you're laid up, you can say goodbye to the Dishonorable. You've got him tide, maybe," I remarked, "but not thrown as yet."

(A remark I had learned from one of the girls, Trudie Mills, who comes from Montana.)

I was therfor compeled to dispose of my silver napkin ring from school. Jane was bought up, she said, and I sold it to the cook for fifty cents and half a minse pie—although baked with our own materials.

All my Fate, therfor, hung on a paltrey fifty cents.

I was torn with anxiety. Was it enough? Could I, for fifty cents, steel away from the sordid cares of life, and lose myself in obliviousness, gaseing only at his dear Face, listening to his dear and softly modulated Voice, and wondering if, as his eyes swept the audiance, they might perchance light on me and brighten with a momentary gleam in their unfathomible Depths. Only this and nothing more, was my expectation.

How diferent was the reality!

Haveing ascertained that there was a matinee, I departed at an early hour after luncheon, wearing my blue velvet with my fox furs. White gloves and white topped shoes compleated my outfit, and, my own *chapeau* showing the effect of a rainstorm on the way home from church while away at school, I took a chance on one of Sis's, a perfectly madening one of rose-colored velvet. As the pink made me look pale, I added a touch of rouge.

I looked fully out, and indeed almost Second Season. I have a way of assumeing a serious and mature maner, so that I am frequently taken for older than I realy am. Then, takeing a few roses left from the decorations, and thrusting them carelessly into the belt of my coat, I went out the back door, as Sis was getting ready for some girls to bridge, in the front of the house.

Had I felt any greif at decieving my familey, the bridge party would have knocked them. For, as usual, I had not been asked, although playing a good game myself, and haveing on more than one ocasion won most of the money in my house at school.

I was early at the theater. No one was there, and women were going around taking covers off the seats. My fifty cents gave me a good seat, from which I opined, alas, that the shop girl had been right and busness was roten. But at last, after hours of waiting, the faint tuneing of musicle instruments was heard.

From that time I lived in a daze. I have never before felt so strange. I have known and respected the Other Sex, and indeed once ortwise been kissed by it. But I had remained Cold. My Pulses had never fluttered. I was always conserned only with the fear that others had overseen and would perhaps tell. But now—I did not care who would see, if only Adrian would put his arms about me. Divine shamlessness! Brave wrapture! For if one who he could not posibly love, being so close to her in her make-up, if one who was indeed employed to be made Love to, could submit in public to his embraces, why should not I, who would have died for him?

These were my thought as the Play went on. The hours flew on joyous feet. When Adrian came to the footlights and looking aparently square at me, declaimed: "The World owes me a liveing. I will have it," I almost swooned. His clothes were worn. He looked hungry and ghaunt. But how true that

"Rags are royal raimant, when worn for virtue's sake."

(I shall stop here and go down to the pantrey. I could eat no dinner, being filled with emotion. But I must keep strong if I am to help Adrian in his Trouble. The minse pie was excelent, but after all pastrey does not take the place of solid food.)

LATER: I shall now go on with my recitle. As the theater was almost emty, at the end of Act One I put on the pink hat and left it on as though absent-minded. There was no one behind me. And, although during Act One I had thought that he perhaps felt my presense, he had not once looked directly at me.

But the hat captured his erant gaze, as one may say. And, after capture, it remained on my face, so much so that I flushed and a woman sitting near with a very plain girl in a Skunk Coller, observed:

"Realy, it is outragous."

Now came a moment which I thrill even to recolect. For Adrian plucked a pink rose from a vase—he was in the milionaire's house, and was starveing in the midst of luxury—and held it to his lips.

The rose, not the house, of course. Looking over it, he smiled down at me.

LATER: It is midnight. I cannot sleep. Perchanse he to is lieing awake. I am sitting at the window in my *robe de nuit*. Below, mother and Sis have just come in, and Smith has slamed the door of the car and gone back to

the *garage*. How puney is the life my Familey leads! Nothing but eating and playing, with no Higher Thoughts.

A man has just gone by. For a moment I thought I recognised the footstep. But no, it was but the night watchman.

JANUARY 17TH. Father still away. No money, as mother absolutely refuses on account of Maidie Mackenzie's gown, which she had to send away to be repaired.

JANUARY 18TH. Father still away. The Hon. sent Sis a huge bunch of orkids today. She refused me even one. She is always tight with flowers and candy.

JANUARY 19TH. The paper says that Adrian's Play is going to close the end of next week. No busness. How can I endure to know that he is sufering, and that I cannot help, even to the extent of buying one ticket? Matinee today, and no money. Father still away.

I have tried to do a kind Deed today, feeling that perhaps it would soften mother's heart and she would advance my alowance. I offered to manacure her nails for her, but she refused, saying that as Hannah had done it for many years, she guessed she could manadge now.

JANUARY 20TH. Today I did a desparate thing, dear Dairy.

"The desparatest is the wisest course." Butler.

It is Sunday. I went to Church, and thought things over. What a wonderfull thing it would be if I could save the play! Why should I feel that my Sex is a handycap?

The recter preached on "The Opportunaties of Women." The serman gave me courage to go on. When he said, "Women today step in where men are afraid to tred, and bring success out of failure," I felt that it was meant for me.

Had no money for the Plate, and mother atempted to smugle a half dollar to me. I refused, however, as if I cannot give my own money to the heathen, I will give none. Mother turned pale, and the man with the plate gave me a black look. What can he know of my reasons?

Beresford lunched with us, and as I discouraged him entirely, he was very atentive to Sis. Mother is planing a big Wedding, and I found Sis in the store room yesterday looking up mother's wedding vale.

No old stuff for me.

I guess Beresford is trying to forget that he kissed my hand the other night, for he called me "Little Miss Barbara" today, meaning little in the sense of young. I gave him a stern glanse.

"I am not any littler than the other night," I observed.

"That was merly an afectionate diminutive," he said, looking uncomfortable.

"If you don't mind," I said coldly, "you might do as you have hertofore—reserve your afectionate advances until we are alone."

"Barbara!" mother said. And began quickly to talk about a Lady Somthing or other we'd met on a train in Switzerland. Because—they can talk until they are black in the face, dear Dairy, but it is true—we do not know any of the British nobilaty, except the aforementioned and the man who comes once a year with flavering extracts, who says he is the third son of a Barronet.

Every one being out this afternoon, I sudenly had an inspiration, and sent for Carter Brooks. I then put my hair up and put on my blue silk, because while I do not beleive in Woman useing her femanine charm when talking busness, I do beleive that she should look her best under any and all circumstances.

He was rather surprized not to find Sis in, as I had used her name in telephoning.

"I did it," I explained, "because I knew that you felt no interest in me, and I had to see you."

He looked at me, and said:

"I'm rather flabergasted, Bab. I—what ought I to say, anyhow?"

He came very close, dear Dairy, and sudenly I saw in his eyes the horible truth. He thought me in Love with him, and sending for him while the Familey was out.

Words cannot paint my agoney of soul. I steped back, but he siezed my hand, in a caresing gesture.

"Bab!" he said. "Dear little Bab!"

Had my afections not been otherwise engaged, I should have thriled at his accents. But, although handsome and of good familey, although poor, I could not see it that way.

So I drew my hand away, and retreated behind a sofa.

"We must have an understanding, Carter," I said. "I have sent for you, but not for the reason you seem to think. I am in desparate trouble."

He looked dumfounded.

"Trouble!" he said. "You! Why, little Bab ——"

"If you don't mind," I put in, rather petishly, because of not being little, "I wish you would treat me like almost a *debutante*, if not entirely. I am not a child in arms."

"You are sweet enough to be, if the arms might be mine."

I have puzled over this, since, dear Dairy. Because there must be some reason why men fall in Love with me. I am not ugley, but I am not beautifull, my noze being too short. And as for clothes, I get none except Leila's old things. But Jane Raleigh says there are women like that. She has a couzin who has had four husbands and is beginning on a fifth, although not pretty and very slovenly, but with a mass of red hair.

Are all men to be my Lovers?

"Carter," I said ernestly, "I must tell you now that I do not care for you—in that way."

"What made you send for me, then?"

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, loseing my temper somwhat. "I can send for the ice man without his thinking I'm crazy about him, can't I?"

"Thanks."

"The truth is," I said, sitting down and motioning him to a seat in my maturest maner, "I—I want some money. There are many things, but the money comes first."

He just sat and looked at me with his mouth open.

"Well," he said at last, "of course—I suppose you know you've come to a bank that's gone into the hands of a receiver. But aside from that, Bab, it's a pretty mean trick to send for me and let me think—well, no matter about that. How much do you want?"

"I can pay it back as soon as father comes home," I said, to releive his mind. It is againat my principals to borow money, especialy from one who has little or none. But since I was doing it, I felt I might as well ask for a lot.

"Could you let me have ten dollars?" I said, in a faint tone.

He drew a long breath.

"Well, I guess yes," he observed. "I thought you were going to touch me for a hundered, anyhow. I—I supose you wouldn't give me a kiss and call it square."

I considered. Because after all, a kiss is not much, and ten dollars is a good deal. But at last my better nature one out.

"Certainly not," I said coldly. "And if there is a String to it I do not want it."

So he apologised, and came and sat beside me, without being a nusance, and asked me what my other troubles were.

"Carter," I said, in a grave voice, "I know that you beleive me young and incapible of Afection. But you are wrong. I am of a most loveing disposition."

"Now see here, Bab," he said. "Be fair. If I am not to hold your hand, or—or be what you call a nusance, don't talk like this. I am but human," he said, "and there is somthing about you lately that—well, go on with your story. Only, as I say, don't try me to far."

"It's like this," I explained. "Girls think they are cold and distant, and indeed, frequently are ——"

"Frequently!"

"Until they meet the Right One. Then they learn that their hearts are, as you say, but human."

"Bab," he said, sudenly turning and faceing me, "an awfull thought has come to me. You are in Love—and not with me!"

"The Truth is," I Said, Sitting Down and Motioning Him to a Seat in My Maturest Maner, "I—I Want Some Money"

"I am in love, and not with you," I said in tradgic tones.

I had not thought he would feel it deeply—because of haveing been interested in Leila since they went out in their Perambulaters together. But I could see it was a shock to him. He got up and stood looking in the fire, and his shoulders shook with greif.

"So I have lost you," he said in a smothered voice. And then—"Who is the aneaking schoundrel?"

I forgave him this, because of his being upset, and in a wrapt attatude I told him the whole story. He listened, as one in a daze.

"But I gather," he said, when at last the recitle was over, "that you have never met the—met him."

"Not in the ordinery use of the word," I remarked. "But then it is not an ordinery situation. We have met and we have not. Our eyes have spoken, if not our vocal cords." Seeing his eyes on me I added, "If you do not beleive that soul can cry unto soul, Carter, I shall go no further."

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "There is more, is there? I trust it is not paneful, because I have stood as much as I can now without breaking down."

"Nothing of which I am ashamed," I said, rising to my full height. "I have come to you for help, Carter. *That play must not fail.*"

We faced each other over those vitle words—faced, and found no solution.

"Is it a good play?" he asked, at last.

"It is a beautiful play. Oh, Carter, when at the end he takes his Sweetheart in his arms—the leading lady, and not at all atractive. Jane Raleigh says that the star generaly *hates* his leading lady—there is not a dry eye in the house."

"Must be a jolly little thing. Well, of course I'm no theatricle manager, but if it's any good there's only one way to save it. Advertize. I didn't know the peace was in town, which shows that the publicaty has been roten."

He began to walk the floor. I don't think I have mentioned it, but that is Carter's busness. Not walking the floor. Advertizing. Father says he is quite good, although only beginning.

"Tell me about it," he said.

So I told him that Adrian was a mill worker, and the villain makes him lose his position, by means of forjery. And Adrian goes to jail, and comes out, and no one will give him work. So he prepares to blow up a Milionaire's house, and his sweetheart is in it. He has been to the Milionaire for work and been refused and thrown out, saying, just before the butler and three footmen push him through a window, in dramatic tones. "The world owes me a liveing and I will have it."

"Socialism!" said Carter. "Hard stuff to handel for the two dollar seats. The world owes him a liveing. Humph! Still, that's a good line to work on. Look here, Bab, give me a little time on this, eh what? I may be able to think of a trick or two. But mind, not a word to any one."

He started out, but he came back.

"Look here," he said. "Where do we come in on this anyhow? Supose I do think of somthing—what then? How are we to know that your beloved and his maniger will thank us for buting in, or do what we sugest?"

Again I drew myself to my full heighth.

"I am a person of iron will when my mind is made up," I said. "You think of somthing, Carter, and I'll see that it is done."

He gazed at me in a wrapt manner.

"Dammed if I don't beleive you will," he said.

It is now late at night. Beresford has gone. The house is still. I take the dear Picture out from under my mattress and look at it.

Oh Adrian, my Thespian, my love.

JANUARY 21ST. I have a bad cold, Dear Dairy, and feel roten. But only my physicle condition is such. I am happy beyond words. This morning, while mother and Sis were out I called up the theater and inquired the price of a box. The man asked me to hold the line, and then came back and said it would be ten dollars. I told him to reserve it for Miss Putnam—my middle name.

I am both terrafied and happy, dear Dairy, as I lie here in bed with a hot water bottle at my feet. I have helped the play by buying a box, and tonight I shall sit in it alone, and he will percieve me there, and consider that I must be at least twenty, or I would not be there at the theater alone. Hannah has just come in and offered to lend me three dollars. I refused hautily, but at last rang for her and took two. I might as well have a taxi tonight.

1 A. M. *The Familey was there.* I might have known it. Never do I have any luck. I am a broken thing, crushed to earth. But "truth crushed to earth will rise again."—Whittier?

I had my dinner in bed, on account of my cold, and was let severly alone by the Familey.

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The Control of Food Supplies in Blockaded Germany

By ALONZO ENGLEBERT TAYLOR

THE Government of the United States, under Abraham Lincoln, maintained a complete blockade of the Confederacy. The Confederacy had not the power of organization to devise measures of protection and suffered severely under the blockade. The Entente Powers have established a complete blockade of the Central Powers. The Central Powers, possessing highly efficient powers of organization, devised internal measures of defense. In what have these measures consisted? To what extent have they been effective? These are not political questions; they are economic and industrial questions.

The food supply of Germany under blockade by the Allies is a subject that possesses interest for different groups of individuals occupying widely varying viewpoints. It interests the sociologist, since the German measures represent the most highly specialized social-service legislation ever attempted. The student of nutrition is interested, since now for the first time a people is subjected to a rationing on a physiological basis. To the economist the German legislation furnishes illustrations of the enactments that are found necessary to erase the laws of trade and install a veritable state socialism.

The German food problem interests a neutral people whose citizens face the constantly increasing cost of living and wish to determine to what extent increase in the cost of living represents higher standards, disparity between production and consumption, increased cost of production, increased cost of distribution or motivated manipulation of the factors of supply and demand. The German experiences furnish illustrations of the legislative technic of control of production, regulation of distribution, limitation of price and standardization of consumption. The experiences of one people are the lessons of all, and the efficiency of wartime differs from that of peacetime in rigor but not in principle.

In a war of the first magnitude every human being, every animal and every factor in life acquires a military value. In a magnetized bar of iron the atoms of the metal are pictured as polarized in space; in a great war the citizens of a state are polarized in activity. Not alone are military forces, science, industry and agriculture marshaled for the state; the humanities, the arts and religion are inevitably entrained.

Development of Efficiency

IN THE carrying on of a great war military, industrial, economic and social factors are directly concerned. These overlap; and often in the very overlappings lie the most critical features. Perhaps the best materialistic expression of the state of society in a great war is contained in the statement that in a great war the laws of supply and demand are replaced by the law of efficiency. Efficiency is the single rule with which all war operations are measured.

The individual has no rights, and he has but one duty—and that is the duty of a rôle in efficiency. War measures are the visible means by which the forces of society are organized for the one purpose of carrying on the war. In the hour of maximum need war measures have unlimited scope. This is the situation in which the belligerent countries find themselves; and from this point of view must they be judged.

A scheme of war measures, offensive and defensive, comprises the following enactments:

The mobilization of military forces.
The mobilization of transportation facilities.
The mobilization of technical industries.
The mobilization of food supplies and clothing.
The mobilization of capital.
The mobilization of labor; organization of the civil-service army.

The order of enactments may not be the same in different countries, but in the end the necessity for maximum efficiency will enforce extreme war measures along all lines. It was not through necessity alone that Germany first undertook elaborate war measures; the national spirit of Germany had been for three decades the spirit of organization. Individualism in Germany had possessed a smaller content than in France and England; the lesson of communistic efficiency was, therefore, the more easily taught. The Frenchman and Englishman had more liberty than the German; the lesson of communistic efficiency was, therefore, the more painful to learn. But, after two years, the consciousness of the Allies thinks as much in terms of efficiency as does the consciousness of Germany.

Current opinion in the United States is apt to judge the situation in the food supply of Germany solely from the standpoint of the blockade. This is incorrect. The German regulation for the control of the food supplies, the mobilization of the various factors of national subsistence, was in reality a war measure. The food supplies would have been mobilized in Germany had there been no blockade. The establishment of the blockade against foodstuffs accelerated the introduction of regulations for the control of food supplies of the empire, and in part determined the enactments and modified the scale of nutritional units.

The blockade made the mobilization of foodstuffs more difficult in many ways; but, as will be later elucidated, the blockade made less difficult in some ways the enforcement of measures considered necessary by the authorities. The mobilization of food supplies in Germany through governmental control represents, therefore, a war measure and an antiblockade defense, but primarily and essentially an internal war measure. Entirely apart from external considerations, it was necessary for Germany to enact measures to prevent manipulation and speculation in foodstuffs, to eliminate waste and enforce economy.

Switzerland mobilized her grains three months before Germany did. Germany did not undertake serious and studied-out mobilization of her food supplies until eighteen months after the war began. England and France are now undertaking mobilization of food supplies, over two years after the beginning of the war. By March, 1917, regulations for the control, distribution and utilization of foodstuffs and feeds will be in force in England that will lack little of the severity of the present German regulations, though they will doubtless be less elaborate. The inevitable regulations in England have the same foundation as in Germany—efficiency in organization.

Lloyd George and Robertson are as keen on efficiency as Helfferich and Groener, though they have a more individualistically schooled public to deal with. England has one element to contend with that does not exist to embarrass Germany—the pacifist, who regards himself as outside the scope of war measures and may feel inclined to expect the dietary of peacetime. Effective regulation of the production, distribution and prices of foodstuffs must be practically the same problem in all countries in which such control might become necessary, and the enactments would vary little in different countries. Not so with rationing. The rationing of a people will be easy in direct proportion to the efficiency in the households of the masses.

Therefore, the rationing of the French people would be easier than the rationing of the German people, and this in turn easier than the rationing of the English people. Most difficult of all would be the problem of rationing the people of the United States, because we are, of all civilized peoples, the least efficient in household management and the most cantankerous in our notions of diet. In order to understand what Germany has accomplished in the matter of control of the food supplies of her people under stress of blockade it is necessary to have a clear understanding of the factors and quantities concerned in the nutrition of the human body.

Elements of Human Nutrition

THE elements of animal nutrition may be divided into two groups—essential and invariable; accessory and variable. The internal, essential, invariable elements in nutrition are five: Protein; carbohydrate; fat; salts; vitamins.

The body requires certain inorganic salts in variable amounts—chlorides and phosphates: sodium, potassium, iron and calcium. Under the term vitamins are grouped substances of unknown chemical nature that are now known to be necessary in a diet. A diet of polished rice, containing all the known qualitative ingredients of a normal diet, will not maintain normal nutrition in man. If the rice be taken in the natural state, unpolished, the same diet is found to be competent. In the covering of the rice berry is an organic substance that is essential, and this water-soluble substance we term a vitamin. If white rats are given a ration of pure protein, fat, carbohydrate and the normal salts, the animals will not thrive. If, however, a little native fat be added, nutrition becomes normal. In the native fat is a fat-soluble organic substance; that, again, is termed a vitamin. All native meats, grains, vegetables and fruits probably contain vitamins. It will, therefore, be only under most unusual conditions of diet that nutritional disturbances of this kind can develop; and they are indeed uncommon in Caucasians.

Under the term protein we include all the forms of nitrogenous organic substances that are related to the composition of our tissues—white of egg, muscle plasma, blood serum, casein, gluten, gelatin, the albumins, and so on. These proteins, present in both plants and animals, are the food material upon which the growth and repair of the body cells are principally dependent. Some cells of the body endure as long as the body lives, but have a wear and tear; internal parts of the cells must be replaced. Other cells die and must be replaced by new cells. Fats and carbohydrates are needed in the structure of cells, but the amounts involved are minimal in contrast with protein, which is, therefore, termed the chief material for the growth and upkeep of the tissues of the body.

Under the term carbohydrate we include all starches, gums and sugars. These substances are, apart from the sugar of milk, almost entirely of plant origin.

Under the term fats we include all oils, tallows, greases and fats, of either plant or animal origin—suet, lard, butter, olive oil, cottonseed oil. The fats of plant and of animal origin have the same rank in the diet.

The proteins are composed of collections of substances called amino acids, of which some twenty are known. These are regarded as the building stones of the proteins. When proteins are digested they are split into the component

building stones. These are then absorbed, carried to the different tissues of the body, and from these building stones the cells construct the protein needed for growth and repair. The protein of the diet must furnish the different building stones in the needed amounts.

So long as the protein in the diet does furnish the needed building stones in the required amounts it is immaterial from whence the proteins were derived, from plant or animal sources. Plant protein is just as good as animal protein, provided it yields all the building stones; and the mixed plant proteins of a properly selected vegetarian diet do this, though considerably larger amounts are required.

All starches and sugars are in digestion converted into one form of body sugar, glucose. It is, therefore, immaterial from what sources in grains, roots, leaves or fruits the starches are obtained, the final result is the same in the body—glucose, the blood sugar that is the material for all uses of sugar in the body, in growth, in repair and as fuel.

There are four chief utilizations of food in the living body: Food is needed for growth; protein, carbohydrate and fat are all concerned in growth, the protein predominatingly. Food is utilized in upkeep. Food is required in the maintenance of body heat. Food is used in work, through the medium of muscular action. Food utilized for the maintenance of body heat and work is fuel, just as coal is the fuel of the locomotive.

Protein, carbohydrate and fat are alike able to serve as fuel. Fat and carbohydrate are, chemically considered, more naturally to be regarded as fuels than is protein, because fat and sugar are completely burned in the body to water and carbon dioxide, while protein is only partly burned, leaving an unburned residue—urea—which must be removed through the kidneys. In theory, therefore, the ideal relations of the components of a diet are that there shall be enough protein to provide fully for growth, wear and tear and upkeep, the fuel needs being supported by carbohydrate and fat. The body always burns sugar in preference to fat when both are available.

Food Units Required

THE unit of measurement of heat in the body is the calorie. The large calorie, used as the unit in animal nutrition, is equal to the heat required to warm one liter of water one degree centigrade. One gram of protein yields in a calorimeter—a heat-measuring apparatus of the laboratory—about 5.5 calories of heat. Since, however, a portion of the molecule of protein cannot be burned in the animal body, but remains to be eliminated by the kidneys, one gram of protein has in the animal body the heat value of about 4.2 calories. Starch has in the calorimeter and in the animal body the same heat value, about 4 calories to a gram. Fat has in the calorimeter and in the animal body the same heat value, about 9.3 calories to a gram. The gram equals 15.432 grains; the ounce equals about 28.3 grams.

How much protein is required in the diet to maintain growth, wear and tear and upkeep in tissues? This has been one of the great questions of physiology. The earlier standards, fixed in the German laboratories, gave a figure that amounted to about fifteen grains of protein in the diet for each pound body weight of the normally fleshed adult. Children were supposed to require a little more; women and old men a little less. This figure was later somewhat reduced in the standards of Rubner, the leader of the modern German school of dietetics. The British, who are heavy meat eaters, adopted this standard.

The American and Scandinavian schools of physiology, led notably by Chittenden, have long regarded this figure as much too high. Direct experiments on human beings have shown that less than half of this amount is adequate for the protein intake. The statistics of food supplies of different peoples indicate that the figure is much too high. A majority of American teachers of physiology teach that seven grains of complete protein for each pound body weight a day is fully adequate to offer to the body all the building stones required for the tissues of the body. The body weights of Americans, Anglo-Saxons, Teutons and Russians vary from 130 to 155 pounds; the averages in the Latin races are some ten pounds less.

How much fat is required in the diet? As stated, fat and sugar are in large part equivalent. Fat is an expensive fuel on the world's market; starch is the cheap fuel. A diet free of fat is certain to prove incompetent. A diet low in fat is particularly prone to result in nutritional disturbances in children. The average fat inputs—plant and animal fats—in the diet of Americans and Europeans vary between one and three ounces a day, the highest being that of Americans. The input in Japan is much lower, probably not over 0.4 ounce a day.

How much carbohydrate is required in the diet? This depends upon the fuel requirements. The body can be maintained on a diet of protein and fat alone; but it is not an efficient diet, as the protein requirement is much higher in the absence of sugar from the diet. The heat production of the adult fasting body will vary from 1400 to 1700 calories a day, depending upon the size of the body. The heat production of the suckling babe is about 500 to 600 calories.

Let us say that the heat production of a certain man, resting and fasting, is determined to be 1700 calories. When the same resting man is fed the heat production will rise, probably about 150 calories. If he be given 2.5 ounces of protein and 1.3 ounces of fat, these will yield 650 calories, leaving 1200 calories (1850—650) to be obtained from carbohydrates, requiring 11 ounces. If the man be up and about more fuel will be required, even though the type of life be what is termed sedentary. Work requires increasing amounts of fuel with increasing exertions. We speak of light, medium, hard and severe work. A man of average size will require about 2500 calories a day for light work; 3000 for medium work; 4000 for hard work; and up to 6000 for very severe work.

Bodies of different sizes produce different amounts of heat for body heat; but, in general terms, the same unit of work done by men of different sizes requires the same amount of fuel—that is, the mechanical efficiency in men of different sizes is about alike. When a unit of fuel is burned in muscular work three-fourths of the energy is dissipated as heat; one-fourth is converted into work.

The animal muscle is, therefore, about as efficient as the internal combustion engine of best design. The man of 155 pounds body weight, to whom we have given 2.6 ounces of protein and 1.3 ounces of fat, can support any amount of work by the ingestion of appropriate amounts of carbohydrate alone. In actual life, however, men who work hard are in the habit of increasing the fat beyond 1.3 ounces—even beyond 6 ounces.

All protein ingested in excess of the needs of the body will be burned as fuel; it will serve no synthetic purpose in the body. The animal body will store sugar as glycogen, and it will convert excess of sugar into fat; it will store fat as fat; but it refuses to store protein. The body burns of fat and sugar only as much as the heat needs and work needs of the body demand; it burns all protein ingested in excess of tissue needs. Therefore, the urea in the urine in health always corresponds to the protein in the diet. Protein has no virtue as a fuel over sugar; rather the contrary, since the elimination of the urea imposes work upon the kidneys. Protein is expensive, and ought not to be used as a fuel, since cheap carbohydrate serves just as well.

External Factors

A NORMAL diet must contain, in addition to the denominated nutrients, indigestible material sufficient to form a certain bulkiness in the stools. Fruits and vegetables contribute such indigestible residue, most of all if consumed raw; and every diet should contain some raw fruit or vegetable.

A normal mixed diet—mixed in the sense that both plant and animal foodstuffs are included, so chosen as to contain the needed calories—will in practically all instances contain the minimal amounts of protein and fat stated. Individual idiosyncrasy, peculiarity in taste or unusual situation in life may rarely bring about a dietary habit in which the protein and fat are below the minimal norm with a normal caloric intake. But, as a practical rule of diet, a mixed diet containing sufficient total calories always contains sufficient fat and protein. This dictum holds for Caucasian peoples only. In the Orient subnutrition in fat and protein is unfortunately of frequent occurrence. In England, Australasia and the United States are encountered the highest intakes of protein.

The accessory and variable factors of a diet are related to the life habits and personal tastes of the individual. The Kanaka and the Eskimo would each find the diet of the other insufferable. The East Indian regards meat as revolting; the European requires plenty of it. The less civilized and sophisticated a people, the fewer external standards of diet will they possess, apart from such as are grounded upon superstition and religious tenets. The more highly civilized the nervous system, the more exacting become the tastes relating to food and the act of eating.

The least sophisticated of men can be rationed practically as easily as livestock; more easily, in fact, than certain highly bred dogs, cats and horses. The excessively fastidious individual requires certain foodstuffs, obtained in such and such ways, treated with such and such methods, conserved in a certain way, cooked according to a particular recipe, and served in accordance with the most exacting standards of delicacy. The Russian peasant represents the one extreme, the parasitic woman represents the other extreme; the former may be rationed in accordance with the rules of feeding farm animals; the latter must be nourished in accordance with her idiosyncrasies.

Whole peoples possess tastes that

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The All-American Handicap

FELIX

By DAVID GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

IT IS said all things are interrelated. The falling of a hair affects the universe. There is no great and no small to the mind of the true philosopher.

But the poor, stumbling, average man is not a philosopher. He ignores the significance of trifles and takes the consequences.

To De Brancheville, loitering, swinging his walking stick, there approached a dog that sniffed his leg, satisfied his curiosity and passed on. De Brancheville had no suspicion of interrelation or entwined fates. Neither had the dog. The Airedale possessed a certain grave charm which appealed to De Brancheville. "I must get a dog like that," he thought. And there apparently the matter ended. Other dogs might have prompted the same remark, for it is a theory with bachelors that nothing is so comforting as a dog with wistful, yearning eyes. A dog understands the loneliness of single life, likewise its preciousness.

It was the ninth of May and the gods had shed upon Paris one of those mornings that compel thanksgiving for mere unblessed existence. These were the halcyon days, before the war, when Paris was the Paris of Americans. The young green of the grass and trees shimmered ecstatic with spring. The street crowds moved gayly. Men and women smiled without knowing why. Even the patient anglers on the quays fished with a livelier hope, and above spread a sky of milky blue into which Notre Dame thrust its gray ancient towers.

As they say of pickpockets, De Brancheville's dog friend was "working the street."

He was very thorough. He left nothing unexplored which might have sheltered a cat or an uncovered garbage pail.

"Magnificent!" thought De Brancheville. "A life without a lost opportunity! I certainly must get a dog like that." But he knew that he never would. He had kept dogs in bachelor's rooms before. He was waving a friendly adieu to the Airedale, when the rattle of pole chains and clatter of high-stepping horses attracted his notice. In a landau of the Second Empire sat an old lady straight up, an old lady that was obviously a personage. She had seen him and called to the coachman. The carriage swept up to the curb.

"So it is really you," she said abruptly. "I predicted you were never coming back."

De Brancheville raised his hat.

"To err is human, darling aunt."

"Unchanged," she observed, "irreverent to the old, and I suppose," she added, "no more obedient!"

He laughed. "Perhaps disobedience is no longer necessary. I hear she married Gogo and has twins."

"It is true, but grandpapa has now another one selected for you. He is going to give you another chance. He will be pleased to know you have come back."

De Brancheville looked at her suspiciously.

"It is the truth," she said. "He talks of her the whole time. 'What a wife for George!' he says."

"Suggest that he marry her himself!" said De Brancheville.

"He might at that," she answered, "only he is obstinate. He insists that you must do it, if only to make amends. He was very angry when you ran away."

"Is a man to marry to please his grandfather!" cried De Brancheville. "Mark you, darling, I marry no one! I am through with women. I have pleasant things to do and not so many years in which to do them. I am not going to encumber myself."

"But, my dear, you are a beggar! You are dependent on grandpapa!"

"Perhaps," he said; "perhaps not."

Her old eyes fastened on him.

"You have made money, eh? A De Brancheville that has made money!" She threw her head back and laughed.

"Let us talk about you," he suggested. "How are you?"

"Why, older, of course, and in trouble as always. *Tenez!* There is something you can do for me. You are just the one! When will you come?"

"This afternoon."

"Good." She held out her hand. He kissed it dutifully. She spoke to the coachman and was gone.

"A very bad and delightful old woman," he commented. He stood by the curb gazing after the carriage, meditating upon her information. So grandpapa had again selected a wife for him! That old man's hobby was selecting wives. It made life difficult.

What De Brancheville's experience with the female of his species had been only the Recording Angel knew, but it was common knowledge that he had fled home and prospects to avoid marriage. Now he had come back, to find the same situation facing him. There was, however, one helpful circumstance. He was now independent of grandpapa.

Within an Hour He Returned With an Airedale of Bluestock Strain

Before he had fled penniless. He had gone hungry and cold. He had labored. He had staggered with parched tongue across the desert toward the mirage, only to have it vanish again and again, but in the end he had been victor. As he ran over those years in memory, he asked himself why he had left that large open country. The desert refreshed him. The Arizona night thrilled him. The purple mountains at sunset stirred him to tears, but something stronger than these had brought him back. What was it? He could not say. Of only one thing he was sure. It was not to marry a lady selected by his grandpapa. It was not to marry anyone. His younger brother could do that and succeed to the family honors. He himself was for freedom.

Suddenly a cat's snarl rent the air, followed by the rush of padded feet. Almost instantly a dog's wail of agony followed. He knew what had happened. A dog pursuing a cat had been struck by a motor car. Looking round he saw a limousine stop abruptly. The door was flung open and there leaped out a figure lithe and swift and light; a vision white and pink and blossomy.

When he reached her, she was hugging his friend, the muddy Airedale, comforting it passionately. Tears were in her eyes.

"No, not that way, Bobby," she called to the young man in the car. He was struggling with the rug. "Fold it double! That's wrong again! You hold him!"

Bobby hesitated. It seemed superfluous that two people should be contaminated.

"Permit me," said De Brancheville, in English. He rested his walking stick in the car and the dog was in his arms.

The girl gave him a little grateful look, leaped in, spread the rug according to her own ideas, and directed the operation of placing the patient upon it.

"It's nothing very serious," said De Brancheville. He had been going over the case. "Ribs all right. The wheel missed his body. There's just the broken leg."

The patient's tongue slipped out and licked gratefully at his wrist.

Her hat brim lifted and she was smiling in his face, out of misty half-closed eyes.

"He's fond of you!" she said.

"Yes," he answered vaguely. He might as well have said no. But he was gazing into her face, and he did not know what he said. She bent her head again and the hat with the pink roses came down between them. She slipped her hands out of the wrists of her long white gloves and stroked the dog's head. Something dewy and tender glistened in her half-shut eyes, some ineffable grace of spirit shone through her movements. To De Brancheville came a sense of meeting Spring face to face.

Suddenly she looked up again.

"What is his honorable name?"

He did not even hesitate. It was fate.

"I call him Felix," he said.

"Meaning lucky?"

"Exactly!" Liar and dog thief, he stood unashamed and gazed at the vision, till the unfeeling hat brim came down again.

"Vera," said the young man in the car, "you promised to be at Carruthers' at eleven. It is now ten minutes past."

There was a moment's hesitation, then she answered: "Carruthers can wait! We must take the dog home!"

"The dog is comfortable," said Bobby. "Why not drop us at the bank first?"

"Well," she said doubtfully.

"It is the only thing to do," said De Brancheville. He mounted to the front seat as if the matter was settled.

For a moment she was nonplused. A strange man was on the front seat of her car, his dog on the floor and his walking stick standing familiarly in the corner. Her eyes rested a moment on the cane and an exclamation stopped on her lips. Her expression changed to amused wonder.

"To the bank," she said to the chauffeur.

Bobby looked at her in amazement. She smiled sweetly but said nothing.

As the car rolled down the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, De Brancheville repeated a name under his breath:

"Vera," he murmured, "Primavera, Spring herself."

Near the Bourse they turned and drew up before the banking house of Carruthers.

"Bobby," she said, "go in and find out what they want. I'm not going in if I can help it." With a glance at De Brancheville's back and a suppressed giggle she slipped down to the floor and began to fondle the dog.

De Brancheville turned and regarded the scene. The lot of the dog seemed enviable.

"Really," he said, "you will spoil Felix."

"You can't spoil a dog," she answered.

They both laughed and her hat brim came down again.

"His collar seems to be uncomfortable," she went on. "You must take it off when you get home."

It was a curiously thick collar, studded with brass nails and set with a name plate which was on the underside of his neck, and for the most part out of sight.

He assented and there was a pause.

"I feel very guilty," he began presently, "at causing *monsieur* and yourself so much trouble."

"*Monsieur?*" she repeated. "You mean Mr. Clay?"

Apparently, then, she was not married, which was odd, for hers was not the charm of a girl but of a woman in the thirties.

"I suppose so," said De Brancheville.

"He doesn't mind," she went on. "He has nothing to do."

At this moment Bobby appeared.

"They want you to come in," he said.

"I won't," she answered without looking up. "If I've overdrawn they can notify Purdy."

"Vera," he began, "you've got to come in."

She looked up. "What's the matter?" she demanded.

He hesitated, glancing at De Brancheville.

"Go on," she insisted.

"Well," he said, "apparently you've been buying rubber; the market's broken; Purdy's gone to Nice with the keys of your box; and you've got to put up more margin before the Bourse opens. You've got twenty minutes."

"But, Bobby," she began. Then stopped hopelessly.

"Father's somewhere in Spain," he said. "I don't know what to advise."

Primavera in distress was silent. Again fate inspired De Brancheville with an idea. After all what was more natural? He twisted himself round on the driver's seat:

"I know these people. If you will permit me I think I can make them undertake to protect your securities for the time being at least."

She turned grateful eyes upon him.

"No! No!" she said, but he had leaped from the seat and was disappearing into the bank. Once inside he paused but there was no turning back.

"Take my name to Mr. Carruthers," he said. A few moments later the attendant ushered him into a private office, where Mr. James Carruthers sat at a mahogany desk.

"For the love of heaven," exclaimed Carruthers, "where did you drop from?"

"The sky," said De Brancheville. "But that's neither here nor there. What does Purdy mean by going off to Nice with her keys?"

"You'll have to ask Purdy," said Carruthers. He evinced no surprise at De Brancheville's appearance in the transaction. "We carried her yesterday. We can't do any more."

"You're not going to sell her out?"

"Got to."

De Brancheville looked blankly at the wall.

"Well, of course, you can't do that," he said thoughtfully. "How much have you got to have?"

"She's in pretty deep," was the answer.

"Well?" said De Brancheville.

Carruthers consulted a memorandum and pushed it over to his visitor.

De Brancheville examined it, took out his pocketbook and tossed a check on the desk. It was the gesture with which a man pays for a newspaper with a dollar bill.

Carruthers glanced up at him.

"That'll more than do," he said.

"Keep the change," said De Brancheville impassively; "I'll indorse it."

"George," said the banker, "of course I can understand why you do this, but all the same it's awfully decent of you. Not many men would."

De Brancheville eyed him thoughtfully. So Carruthers understood. He wished he did. However, there was nothing to say. He rose. "Just one thing, Jim; don't let anyone know about this!"

"I'll have to tell her."

"No, not even her," said De Brancheville. "She's to think you've carried her. When Purdy gets back put the check to my credit." He went out.

He met her at the door of the bank. She was coming in.

"It's all arranged," he said casually. "Sorry to keep you so long. You see it wasn't anything serious."

"You are so very good," she answered. "I was fearfully worried. I don't see how I can ever thank you."

He bowed.

"Don't try!"

As they went out she gazed at him a moment with half-shut eyes, and De Brancheville was not displeased.

"We must get Felix attended to," she said.

"Felix? Oh, yes," he answered. "For the present I'm stopping at the ——. If you would drive us there ——"

She shook her head.

"That won't do. You know where they'd keep him?"

"I might manage to have him in my rooms."

"No, I tried it once. The only thing to do is to let him go home with me."

"You're very good," said De Brancheville solemnly, "but, of course, that wouldn't do!"

"But you could come and see him," she broke in. "It certainly isn't fair to have him cooped up in that fearful place they'd keep him in at the hotel."

"If you put it that way, what can I do?" he said.

She smiled at him and then the hat brim came down.

"Bobby," she commanded, "go some place and telephone Doctor Dupin that I want him to come at once and set a leg. Don't say whose leg!"

Bobby departed.

"Do you really think you ought to do this?" said De Brancheville. "Picking dogs out of the street is all very Christian, you know, but what will your family say?"

"I don't see how it concerns anyone but Felix," she retorted.

"But you know nothing of Felix."

"One takes a dog for what he appears," she answered. "However," she added whimsically, "it might make Felix more comfortable if I knew something about him. What sort of life has he led?"

Their eyes met.

"What would you guess?"

"Perhaps diplomacy? The pet of courts; things like that?" There was a disingenuous ring in her voice, but it escaped him.

De Brancheville shook his head.

"Things like this: Bartender in Los Angeles, cook with a cow outfit, watcher in an Albuquerque gambling house, prospector, miner."

Her color deepened a little and she dropped her eyes.

"Then he's seen a great deal of life."

"If you call it life."

"It is my idea of life. If the West gets into the blood it's there always. Why is it that the desert gets hold of you so?" As she spoke she seemed to be gazing across unseen wastes of mesa.

"The mirage," he answered; "one is always following it expecting it to come true."

"And it never does?"

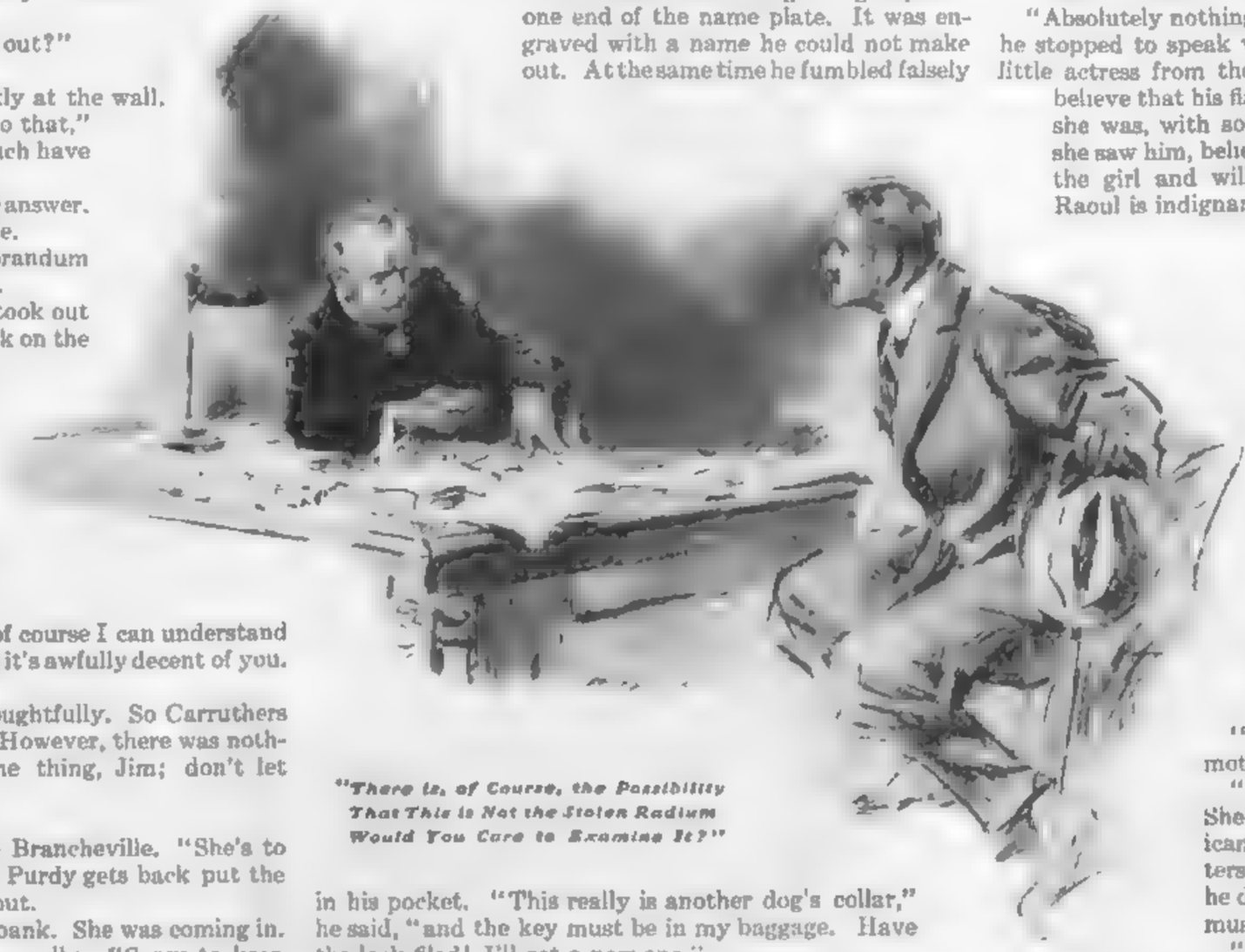
"It never has," he answered. "But who knows? You know the West?"

"Yes," she said.

Then Bobby appeared.

"While I think of it," she said, "you might give me the key to his collar. We must take it off. It's too heavy!"

De Brancheville caught a glimpse of one end of the name plate. It was engraved with a name he could not make out. At the same time he fumbled falsely in his pocket. "This really is another dog's collar," he said, "and the key must be in my baggage. Have the lock filed! I'll get a new one."



"There is, of Course, the Possibility That This is Not the Stolen Radium Would You Care to Examine It?"

"If we're to be back by noon," said Bobby, "we'd better be off."

"Can we drop you anywhere?" she asked De Brancheville. "I'm sorry, but some people are coming to breakfast."

"I'm walking," he answered and got out of the car.

"Don't forget," she called, "Felix will be in at five," and the car shot forward.

"But where?" called De Brancheville. His voice was lost in the noise of the machine. A little hand waved once and the car glided on. De Brancheville stood for a time gazing after it. Obviously she assumed that he had found out who she was from Carruthers. It was unfortunate but hardly serious.

II

THAT morning De Brancheville had planned to drop in at his club, get someone to lunch with him and pick up the threads of his old life. Instead he went back to the hotel and lunched in his room. At this juncture an analytical man would have consulted his watch and observed that, whereas exactly one hour and twenty-three minutes before he had been in possession of complete personal liberty, a sane mind and a small fortune, he was now penniless, save for the money in his pocket, had stolen someone's dog and was in anything but a state of philosophic calm.

De Brancheville, however, was not analytical. He was a man of action, and the thing to be done was to find out who Primavera was and where she lived. He decided to go to Carruthers and make a clean breast of it. He had been too clever with Carruthers. He got to the bank about two and found that Carruthers had gone for the day, presumably racing. Then he had an idea that there might be a clew in Purdy. Purdy must have an office. He got a telephone book, found six Purdys and gave that up. Fate being against him, he killed time till five and then, according to his promise, presented himself at his aunt's.

"George," she began, "you roused my curiosity this morning. Obviously you have made money. I want to know how. Have you married a black heiress?"

He shook his head.

"A gold mine?"

"Not a gold mine."

"But a mine—silver perhaps?" Her keen eyes lighted.

"No, darling," he said, "not a silver mine. The fact is, I stumbled on a very extraordinary deposit of pitchblende, or uranium oxide, from which radium is extracted. To make a long story short, I brought back my fortune in my waistcoat pocket, the only safe place except the stocking."

"I can never tell whether you are joking," she said; "but you must have money or you would not be so independent of grandpapa."

"Your reasoning is sound," he answered. "Moreover, if money or lack of it is the trouble you mentioned ——"

"Money is not my trouble," she answered. "It is your cousin Raoul. I suppose you have not heard. He is engaged to marry an American."

"And you and grandpapa oppose it?"

"On the contrary we like it very much. She is adorable and well to do."

"Then what is the fly in the ointment?"

"She refuses to see him. She is behaving unreasonably."

"What has Raoul done?"

"Absolutely nothing. At Longchamps, three days ago, he stopped to speak with De Belleville, who was with a little actress from the Follies. Raoul had no reason to believe that his fiancée was there, but of course there she was, with some English people. Of course also she saw him, believed that it was he who had brought the girl and will hear no explanation. Naturally Raoul is indignant, but what can he do?"

"Is she fond of him?"

"She adores him."

"Then why worry? It will come out all right."

"But the end of the week we are all to go to grandpapa's in the country. Now she refuses to go to the country and she threatens to write and tell why. You know the duke."

"He can be unpleasant, like all moralists," said De Brancheville sympathetically. "But what can I do?"

"You must see her and persuade her. She will listen to you. You have a bad reputation and besides are attractive."

De Brancheville bowed.

"But why don't you see her mother?"

"You can do nothing with the mother. She refuses to interfere. These Americans have no authority with their daughters. And there is no father. I believe he died before the child was born. You must see the girl herself."

"But is it proper?"

"I shall arrange that. I shall write the mother. Besides, have I not told you they are Americans?"

"Well," he said resignedly, "I suppose I'm to be the goat."

"The what?"

"It is slang, darling," he explained. "American slang. It means I'll go. Not to-morrow. I have business to-morrow afternoon, but the next day."

"I can arrange it for to-morrow morning," she said. "Say eleven; there is need of haste."

"Very well then, to-morrow morning."

"I knew you would go," she said affectionately. "You grow more delightful every year. It is the accumulation of sin."

"I want you to know I'm extremely good," he said reprovingly. "And if I accept this embassy, the least you can do is to mollify grandpapa. Whom does he want to marry me to this time?"

"A widow," she answered. "And that is all that is good for you to learn from me."

"A widow!" murmured De Brancheville. "Holy Blue! A widow!" Never had the idea of marrying a woman selected by his grandfather seemed so objectionable.

Tea was brought in and they talked of other things. As he rose to go, his aunt gave him a note of introduction to his cousin's prospective family. He put it in his pocket, presented his cheek to be kissed and departed. This duty over he drove to his club and telephoned Carruthers' house. It was time Carruthers should have returned from Longchamps. The answer to his inquiry filled him with dismay. Carruthers had not gone racing but to London. He might not return for several days.

De Brancheville walked back to his hotel meditating a telegram to Carruthers. It was not an easy telegram to frame. Moreover, he would first have to wait till Carruthers reached London and then obtain his address. Entering the hotel he bought an evening paper and glanced at the Bourse news. Rubber, after a stormy day, had recovered three points. He was about to toss the sheet into a wastebasket when his attention was attracted by an advertisement that read as follows:

LOST—Male Airedale terrier, with brass-mounted collar bearing name Blazonby Bluestock. Five thousand francs reward. No questions asked! Notify this office!

A premonition told him that this referred to Felix. Some foolish woman was the owner. Hence the enormous reward. Ruminating on the import of this new development, he crossed to the office and inquired for letters.

"Some packages were left for you," said the clerk. "I had them sent to your room. There are no letters."

As De Brancheville entered his sitting room he saw on the table a little bundle wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with narrow ribbon. A card was attached to it, on which his name was written in a woman's hand. He opened it and gazed upon the dog collar that Felix had worn. It was engraved Blazonby Bluestock.

De Brancheville whistled softly. The unknown goddess of spring knew his name. She must have telephoned Carruthers as soon as she got home. But that was neither here nor there. A bereaved female was advertising frantically for Felix. Two courses lay open to him. One was to confess the truth as soon as possible and be ejected like Adam from the garden. The other was to acquire honest title to the dog and confess only when nothing was to be risked by confession. There were difficulties, however, in the way of the latter plan. A woman that would offer a thousand dollars reward for an Airedale would be unlikely to sell it at any price. Moreover, until rubber further recovered, or until Purdy came back, all the money that De Brancheville had in the world was some twenty-five hundred francs in notes.

Suddenly an inspiration came to him. He would purchase an Airedale, as much like Felix as possible, and return it anonymously with the Blazonby Bluestock collar. The only chance of a slip-up would be if Primavera should happen to see the advertisement. Even then there was a way out. He had intimated that he had once owned Blazonby Bluestock. Well, Blazonby was now the property of Mrs. John Doe. His ingenuity exhilarated him. It was the perfect alibi. He glanced at his watch and hurried out, stopping first to purchase a new padlock, the key of which fitted the old one, and then on in search of dog fanciers. Within an hour he returned with an Airedale of Bluestock strain, to all intents and purposes the double of Felix. It was wholly possible that the two might have been brothers. He then wrote an unsigned note, waiving claim to the reward, addressed it to the owner of Blazonby Bluestock and sent it with the dog by a messenger to the newspaper office. By this time he was ready for dinner. Stopping at the office desk to have a bank note changed, the mail clerk smiled and inquired if monsieur had received the packages which had been sent to his room.

"I got one," said De Brancheville; "were there more?"

"There were two," said the clerk. "One like this"—he indicated with his hands the size of the package that had apparently been the dog collar—"and another quite small, cubical, like a little package of chocolates but heavier. They were both wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with ribbon."

"I found the large one," said De Brancheville; "that was all."

The clerk looked troubled. "The servant who took them to your rooms has gone for the night," he said. "If monsieur doesn't find it, please notify me and the first thing in the morning we shall investigate." He felt sure, however, that monsieur would discover it.

"All right," said De Brancheville; "but it can be of no great importance."

He went to his rooms. No small cubical package was in evidence. As he bathed and dressed he kept up an intermittent search. Once it seemed to him that someone had been through the drawers of the chiffonier. His neckties were disarranged and his shirts looked as if they had been taken out and hurriedly replaced. But nothing was missing. His necktie pins and pearl studs were in his jewel box. He dismissed his suspicions and went down to the restaurant for dinner, notifying the clerk that the cubical package had not been found.

De Brancheville dined well that evening. An old Burgundy sent a pleasant warmth through his veins. He reviewed the day and his reflections were agreeable. He congratulated himself upon the happy inspiration which had prompted him to name the dog Felix. Felix was indeed a lucky dog for him. It annoyed him, to be sure, that Primavera should be perhaps close by and he powerless even to send her a message. He wanted to send her endless pink roses addressed to The Mirage, but he could do it on the morrow. As he lighted his cigar he gave over day dreaming. He must get Carruthers' London address and wire him. He went to his room and was at work on the telephone directory when the salon door opened noiselessly and two strange men entered.

"One usually knocks," said De Brancheville.

"You are Monsieur De Brancheville?" asked one of the men.

"I am," said De Brancheville. "What do you want?"

"We have business with you," said the second.

"It is my duty to inform you," the first man explained, "that you are under arrest."

De Brancheville regarded him calmly. "Will you have the goodness to explain why and for what?"

"You will be informed by the proper authorities," replied the officer. "Are you ready to accompany us?"

De Brancheville reflected. Clearly there was no use arguing with the plain-clothes men. He could guess what had happened. In some way the dog's owner had discovered the fraud and De Brancheville's connection with it. It was awkward, but there was nothing to do about it but explain as well as he might. Felix was perhaps not so lucky as he had imagined, but it could not be very serious.

"I am ready," he said; "take me to the *préfet*, or magistrate, or whoever it is that I can explain this matter to."

"The handcuffs will not be necessary," said the officer to his companion, who thereupon put those instruments back in his pocket.

De Brancheville surveyed him gloomily, put on his overcoat and went with his captors.

Twenty minutes later he was sitting in a room at the Central Préfecture waiting for someone—he knew not whom. There was a carpet on the floor, comfortable chairs, a desk with many papers on it and an electric writing lamp. Obviously it was the office of someone of importance. He was puzzled. "Would you mind telling me whom we are waiting for?" he asked one of the detectives.

"Monsieur Le Febre," was the answer.

De Brancheville looked blank. His knowledge of police procedure was vague, but why the great Le Febre should be investigating a case of dog-stealing was beyond him. Presently a mild little man with a sympathetic smile entered. The officers rose and saluted. De Brancheville looked on curiously. He had pictured Le Febre as somber and terrible, with piercing eyes.

The newcomer bowed to De Brancheville, dismissed the detectives and took the chair behind the desk.

"Monsieur De Brancheville," he began, "in view of your family connection we have been in consultation with the Department of Justice, in the endeavor to ascertain if it would be possible to release you on bail, but I regret to state that it has been found impossible. Your offense is, in a double sense, one against the republic."

"Against the republic?" repeated De Brancheville.

Le Febre nodded.

"But conceding that it was technically a theft," said De Brancheville indignantly, "you can't imprison a man for stealing a dog."

Le Febre looked at him mildly.

(Continued on Page 74)

His Heart Stopped Beating. This Was Raoul's Fiancee. This Was the End of It All

THE STUDY OF FOOTPRINTS

The Shod Foot—By Melville Davisson Post

SKETCHES BY W. D. I. ARNOLD

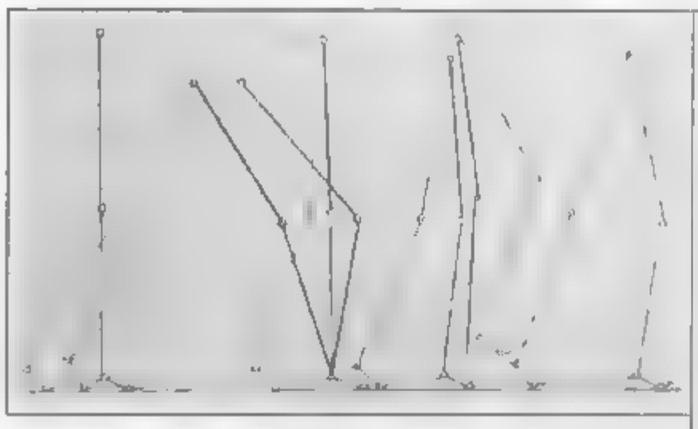


Figure 5

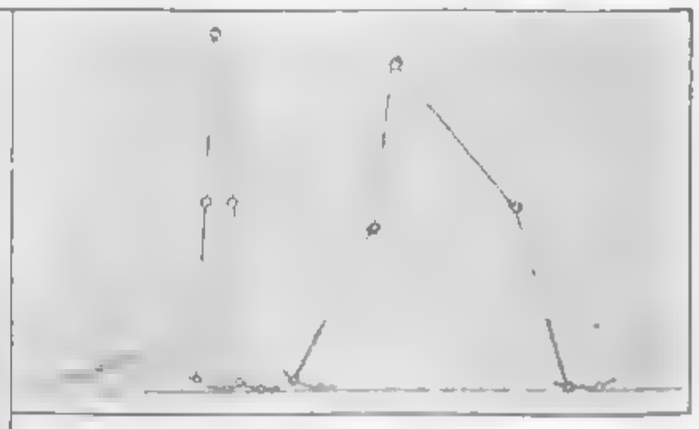


Figure 6

IT USED to be said by Matthew Arnold that hardly anybody would think of taking an English book of reference if he could get a French or German one. At any rate, no one ever seemed to realize precisely how a man walks until the Teutonic scientists began to study the subject.

It was commonly explained that the physical method of walking was to throw the body forward, out of equilibrium, and catch it with the foot. Gross pointed out that this theory was ridiculous. We, in fact, walk by advancing a leg and then leaning the center of gravity upon it in order to continue in the same manner with the other leg.

With this theory for a base, the criminologists in the great universities were presently able to equip the police inspector with a number of rules of primary importance.

The police of a great Germanic city found themselves confronted one day by a puzzle they were wholly unable to work out. The owner of a warehouse situated in a suburb of the city maintained that a bale of valuable rugs had been carried out of the warehouse on the night of the sixteenth of April.

The police took immediate charge of the case. There had been a little rain on the evening before and they found two lines of footprints where a man had come to the warehouse door and returned from it. They were able to follow these tracks to the shop of an Austrian who dealt in antiques. In America this man would have been called a junk dealer, since he possessed only a single room with a dirt floor, situated in the environs of the city and filled with articles of but slight value.

The police were able to show that the Austrian had made these footprints. But here the mystery presented itself: When the man understood what the police were after he at once said that he had gone to the warehouse, on the evening in question, in order to inquire whether the merchant had for sale any of the articles in which he commonly dealt; but that when he arrived the warehouse was closed and he had returned to his shop.

The police searched the shop with German thoroughness, but found no trace of the bale of rugs. They were able to see that the man had not left his shop after he returned from the warehouse, for there were no other footprints in the wet earth in the environs of the shop; evidently he had not gone out after he returned. And, also, it was evident that no bale of rugs was anywhere about his shop.

The police, profoundly puzzled, returned to the merchant.

They thought he was not precisely clear about the bale of rugs he said was stolen. He was not able to produce an invoice of it. But he said it had been a long time in the shop, was of great value, and showed them the outline in the dust on the floor where it had been lying.

The Bubbles on the Floor

UNABLE to unravel the mystery, the police sent to the authorities for an expert. The expert came and looked at the two lines of tracks. He at once said that the man who came to the warehouse on the night of the sixteenth of April had come empty handed, but had unquestionably gone away carrying something heavy. He explained that when one is walking without a burden one travels in a straight line, turning the feet out at an angle common to that individual. See Figure 1. But that when one is carrying a heavy burden one invariably walks with the feet straight and the legs wider apart, in order to give the body a more stable support under the added weight. See Figure 2.

Thus, when we find a line of tracks going straight ahead close together with the feet turned out, and afterward these same tracks wider apart and the feet set straight, we may be certain that the person who had begun to walk without carrying anything had now taken up a burden to carry.

It may be interesting to add the method by which the expert discovered the concealed rugs. When he arrived at the Austrian's shop he took a kettle of water and poured it on the dirt floor. He went over the whole floor very carefully. Presently at a certain point he directed the police to dig up the floor. They found the bale of rugs buried at this point.

The Austrian had dug up the floor, concealed the rugs, and tramped the earth down so that the eye could not detect anything unusual. But the expert knew that if the earth of a hard dirt floor had been recently disturbed, and one poured water on the surface, air bubbles would appear. Thus, when he found bubbles he was certain the earth had been disturbed.

Figure 10

Even a cursory examination of the diagrams will give anybody a good deal of information about how a man walks. In Figure 8 the German diagram A A runs through the heel is the border of march." The called "the line lines C C show the direction of the footprint with respect to the line of march. The Germanic authorities maintain that when the normal person walks in a straight line a line drawn through the center of the heels will also be a straight line—that is to say, the heels go ahead precisely on a straight line.

But other investigators are inclined to doubt this. They say that when the normal person walks in a straight line this line of march will touch only the inner border of the heel instead of running through the center of the heel. It may be that with the German military step the line would go through the center of the heel. But in nonmilitary countries, like America, it will usually be found, in normal instances, that the line of march touches the inner border of the heel and not the center.

This is true of normal persons walking in a straight line. But in abnormal persons—sailors, fat men, the aged and infirm, and children—the line running through the heels will be a zigzag, like the line B B in Figure 4.

The Germans say that persons of leisure turn the foot out more in walking than do workmen or persons in trades. It is thought that women turn the foot out less than men. It is also believed that certain races, like the negro, walk with a very exaggerated foot angle; while the North American Indian travels with the foot almost parallel to the line of march.

Gross undertook to demonstrate the mechanical factors in the act of walking. These factors are outlined in Figure 5. He points out that when one takes a stride the perpendicular distance from the hip joint to the ground is reduced, and that as the stride is increased this distance is lessened. Thus, with each step, as the body is lowered, it has to be again lifted. This, he said, was the reason why it was easier for a man to run than to walk rapidly with a long stride. See Figure 6.

It is said that one day, when Gross was driving through the park with an acquaintance, his friend pointed out that several persons had gone along in the dust on the road before them. He asked Gross whether he could tell him who the persons were.

The professor got down out of the carriage and drew a mark across the road with his cane; then he stepped off fifty feet along the road in the direction in which the tracks were made and drew another mark across it. He then counted the number of footprints in each of the three tracks within that distance.

One of the lines of tracks showed fewer prints than the other two. Gross, therefore, said that this track had been made by a tall man. The tracks showing the greatest number of prints indicated a short person, while the third track was that of an old woman with a stick.

The persons had not gone along the road together. The tall man had gone first. The peasant woman had followed, since the point of her stick was sometimes to be seen inside the track of the tall man; while the short man had been the last on the road, his track now and then overlapping that of the peasant. Gross thought the tall man was a peasant by the formation of the shoe, and that the short person was a cavalry officer, as he had a tendency to turn in the toe as one does in the saddle.

Zenker used to say that the bare foot gave the most information. But Shauenstein maintained that the shod foot gave more signs of identity. He used to relate a case in his lectures in which it was known that an assassin had carried away the body of his victim, because of the changed manner in the line of march. But the particular thing about this case of which Shauenstein was especially proud lies in another direction:

He was shown a coat, which was supposed to belong to the man who had disappeared. There was no mark of violence on it except a bloodstain, which extended from the collar down the seam of the coat to the right-hand pocket. After he had examined this coat he told the police that the man who had worn it was dead.

The police regarded this statement with astonishment. The bloodstain did not indicate an excessive hemorrhage and there was no mark of violence on the coat. They did not understand how the learned professor could make any such conclusive statement. Shauenstein then pointed out that he had found in the dried stain one of the small bones of the tympanum known as the "stapedial bone," which is situated deep in the interior of the skull. Any wound bringing this bone to the surface must necessarily result in death.

Lessons Learned in Cobblers' Shops

IT IS always extremely easy to say from a shod footprint whether the one making it has been standing, walking or running; and also to say, in an approximate degree, the rapidity of the motion.

When one runs rapidly it is always the posterior border of the heel which strikes the earth first. This will be deeply indented. Of all parts of the shoe, in the moving subject, the back portion of the heel and the toe leave the clearest imprints. See Figure 7. One is then able, in nearly every case, to determine the sort of shoe that has been worn; to know whether the toe is round or pointed; whether the heel is flat or narrow, cut out on its inner side or square. And, with a little knowledge of the sorts of shoes worn by different classes of persons, one will be able to say in what class the person making the imprint under inspection belongs.

When the imprint of the shod foot is discovered at the scene of a crime the toe and heel should be first observed to determine the class of shoe to which it belongs. One should notice whether the toe is pointed, round or square; the heel wide and low, or high and narrow; the sole narrow and tapering, or wide, bowed and twisted, as is sometimes the fashion in American shoes.

Then one must examine the track for heelplates or any mending of the sole or heel, such as patches and stitches, and where the peg marks or stitches appear. If there are nails, tacks or pegs in the heel or sole they must be carefully counted and any missing ones indicated.

After the footprint has been thus carefully examined one must study it for the peculiarities of the person who made it. Every man walks in his own way, and he wears out his shoes always in the same peculiar manner. One must look for these peculiarities in the wear of the shoe as indicated in the imprint.

In order to indicate these peculiarities with accuracy Niceforo has formulated a diagram that ought to be studied by everybody who makes any pretension to criminal investigation. The curved lines in Figure 8 show the points on the imprint to be examined for these individual characteristics.

One must not imagine that the Italian criminologist made an arbitrary diagram. It is said that for many years he studied the worn shoes in the shops of the Neapolitan cobblers.

He examined and compared a great number of shoes worn by the same individual before he laid down the rule that the personal formula is constant—that is to say, every man walks in a manner peculiar to himself, and the areas of greatest wear on the heel and sole of his shoe are always at the same points. Consequently in every case, except that of the new shoe, one leaves the formula of his identity imprinted in the track of his shod foot.

On the nineteenth of March, 1889, Bourdon was assassinated in the Ville Chauvad, at Auteuil. For a long time the most careful investigation of the Parisian authorities failed to disclose any trace of the assassin. Finally on one of the steps leading to the villa they found, in a little puddle of water, the print of eleven nails.

This was the only clew the police ever found.

But it was entirely sufficient. With that clew of the eleven nails they finally located the assassin, D'Alorto. He confessed, disclosed the names of his accomplices, and explained that they had all taken the greatest care to see that no traces were left behind them. But that in going up the steps on the way to the crime he was suddenly so overcome by the fear of the gravity of the offense about to be committed that he stopped for a moment. This pause, while he remained standing with his weight resting on one foot, was sufficient to make the imprint of the nails of the heel of one of the shoes on the stone step that had been softened by the puddle of standing water.

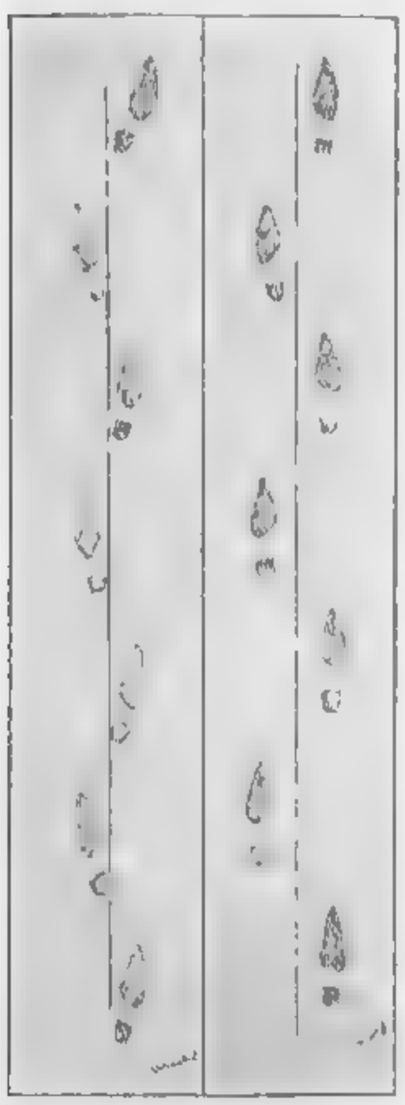
When the learned author of *La Police et l'Enquête Judiciaire Scientifique* was shown one of Conan Doyle's stories, at the page where Doctor Watson expressed his astonishment at the ability of Sherlock Holmes to arrive at the conclusion that the assassin was a tall man because of the distance between his footprints, he made the following ironical comment:

Conan Doyle Outdone

"I WONDER what this friend of Sherlock Holmes would have said if he had been told that, from the study of a footprint, one could determine precisely not only the height of the person who had made it but also the spread of his arms, his height sitting, the distance from the point of his elbow to the end of his fingers, the length of his third finger, and even the length of his little finger!"

One has sometimes read of criminals deceiving the police by walking backward in order to create the impression that two persons instead of one had arrived from the same direction and had gone away in some unknown manner.

The special lecturer at the University of Vienna has explained the manner in which one can always tell whether such a device has been resorted to. He says that when one walks backward the steps are always shorter, the line of march is hesitating and uncertain, and the footprints invariably disclose a "digging in" of the toe, because in attempting to take a long step backward one must commence it by planting the point of the sole on the ground.



Figures 1 and 2

The effort of criminals to mislead the police by fastening on the foot a shoe of a different character from that usually worn by them is also easily detected.

Gross says that the first thing to be observed about footprints evidently made for the purpose of misleading the police is that they are always to be found in a conspicuous and good medium. A well-formed and exact footprint will be found, more perfect than those usually discovered under like conditions.

And it will happen, with these excellent prints, made intentionally, that one will find, just forward of the heel, the mark of a strap by which they were fastened to the foot.

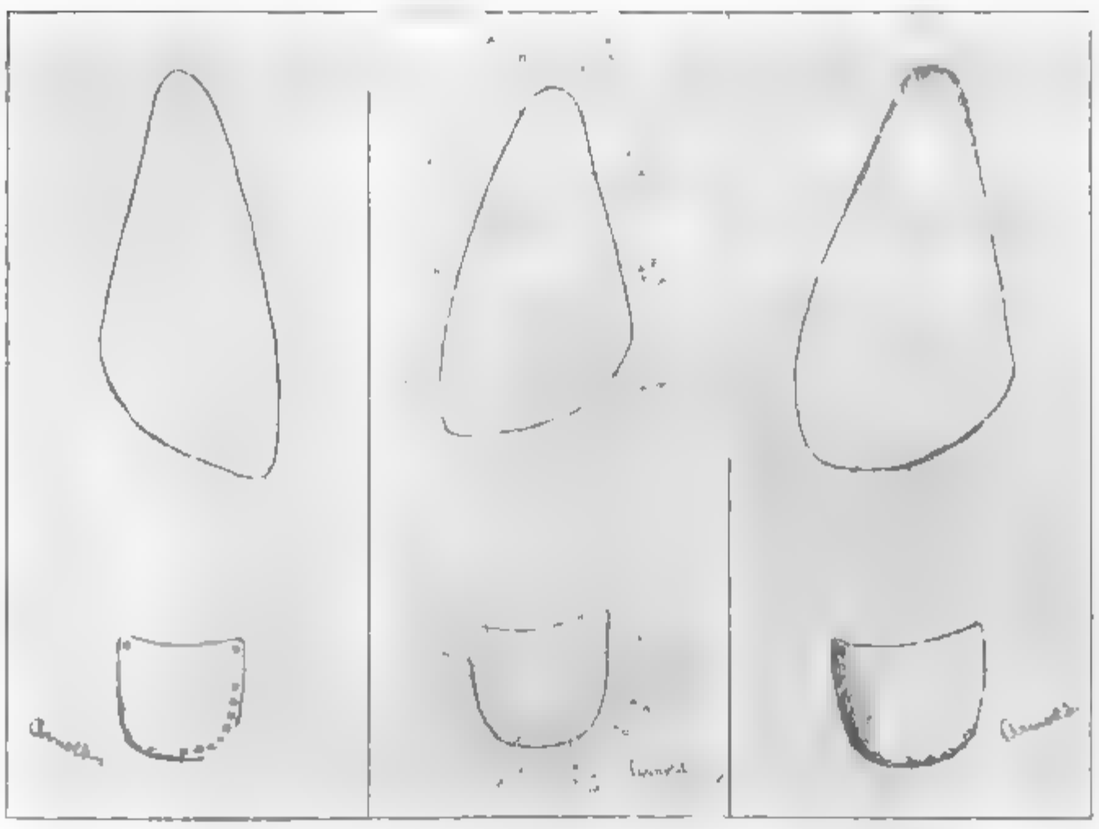


Figure 9 Figure 8 Figure 7

The relative depth of certain portions of the imprint—as, for example, the toe and heel in these manufactured footprints—will not coincide with those made with a similar shoe worn by a person whom it fits. Thus, a man endeavoring to make imprints with a woman's shoe, or a woman with a man's shoe, will rarely succeed in deceiving an experienced inspector. The stride will somewhere be found to be inconsistent with the imprint; the man will step too far and the woman not far enough.

Footprints have often played conspicuous parts in American criminal trials. But an examination of the cases will make it at once apparent that our courts have never had the benefit of anything that could be called an intelligent scientific investigation of such criminal evidences.

One or two obvious peculiarities have been wholly relied upon in American cases. Thus, in Hunter's case, in North Carolina, in the newly plowed earth near the theater of the crime, the police discovered a peculiar track where a man had crossed a field. The left toe of the man's boot was deeply impressed in the earth, while the heel was hardly visible. This was a peculiarity of one of the man's feet. The other was an ordinary track. It was not difficult for even a rural constable to conclude that the man who walked here suffered from some physical defect. And from this conclusion the prisoner, Hunter, was suspected, since his left leg was about two inches shorter than the right, the result of an attack of white swelling. This physical defect caused him to walk on the left toe, the heel of the foot not touching the ground. It was shown that, walking in this manner, he made a track identical with that found in the plowed field.

Footprints were also the controlling factor in Carlton's case, in Illinois.

On the night of Saturday, the nineteenth of April, the barns of a man named Ridenbauer were burned to the ground. On the following day the premises were carefully examined, and finally footprints were found leading south of the barns in a path toward the county road. Mud was found on the fence at the corner of the field, indicating that someone there had climbed the fence.

This led the investigator to examine the field, which had been sowed to oats.

The oats had not yet come up and the field was soft. They found the footprints of someone who had walked across this field. And it appeared that the imprint of one of the feet made a deeper impression than that of the other. There was evidently some physical reason for this difference in these two foot imprints. After a good deal of reflection the investigators concluded that the man was probably lame. This deduction led to the arrest of Carlton, who was lame and walked with what the witnesses called "a kind of hop."

It will be seen from these cases that our courts have considered the footprint as evidence only when it showed some exaggerated peculiarity. It is consequently clear that, in all the great number of cases where this exaggerated peculiarity was absent, the footprint as indicatory evidence has been practically abandoned in American cases. This means that in a vast number of cases, for lack of an intelligent scientific examination, the very best indicatory clews have been neglected in our criminal trials.

Sometimes rough dimensions of a track have been compared with the shoe of the accused, a practice open to the greatest errors and never permitted by any intelligent criminal investigator. Sometimes the track found at the place of a crime has been roughly compared with the imprint of the accused's foot, but never with scientific accuracy; so that one has rarely found an American court willing to convict a criminal on footprint evidence without some strong corroborative testimony.

We find nothing to compare with the cases that have been cited by Frecon, where the criminal, in endeavoring to escape, slipped on the edge of a ditch; and from the striations left in the clay by the nails in his shoe he was identified and convicted; or, as in the case at Lyons, where the criminal, who had accomplished an elaborate robbery, was identified because he happened to step on a leather cushion. From this print on the leather cushion the experts were able to arrive at the size and form of shoe worn by the burglar. It was the track of a right foot, with a broad sole of what was then a fashionable form, with an extremely pointed toe and a large heel.

The imprint of this heel showed a nail or peg at the inner corner and eight nails or pegs running in a half row round the outer turn of the heel. The heel was also worn on the posterior border at the curve of this row of pegs or nails. See Figure 9. These accurate data, taken from the mere imprint on a cushion, enabled the police to locate the burglar.

It is true that the shoe of the accused, containing nails, is sometimes considered by an American court. But such a fact has been taken, usually, as a mere crude evidential sign, to be considered only with conclusive evidence from some other quarter. Sometimes in the most conspicuous cases the presence or absence of such important evidence seems to have been wholly overlooked by American courts.

Stofen's case, in California, is a striking example. One day the treasurer of a certain county did not return to his house for luncheon. In the afternoon his wife went over to the treasurer's office in the courthouse to find out what was the matter. The treasurer's office was locked.

She looked up the janitor and got it open. There was no one in the office and the vault door was closed. She knew the combination to the vault and, being by this time alarmed, opened it. When the vault door swung back she found the inner door of the vault closed. But the key to this door, attached to the husband's bunch of keys, was standing in the lock. The janitor pulled the door open and they found the treasurer lying in the vault in a dazed condition.

Did the Treasurer Kick?

WHEN he had recovered he said he had gone to the office in the courthouse at the usual hour on this morning, opened the office and the door of the vault. He entered the vault, but when he came out with the trays he was confronted by a man with a weapon. The robber ordered him to drop the trays. This was the last thing he remembered. He concluded that he was struck down. When he had recovered consciousness he was lying in the vault, with the doors closed. He was there eight hours, and from time to time kicked with all his strength against the sides of the vault in order to attract the attention of any persons who might be in the courthouse.

This story of the mysterious assailant did not seem to be convincing.

In the trial of the treasurer it became important to know whether, in fact, he had kicked against the sheet-iron sides of the vault in order to attract the attention of persons in the courthouse. Lying on the floor and striking out with the feet, the blow would naturally be delivered with the heel. And it would have been easy to determine whether or not there were any heel marks on the sides of the vault. But such an investigation did not seem to occur to the authorities in the case, so far as the report discloses. Fortunately they were able to say that this story of the kicking on the vault lined with sheet iron was fiction, because

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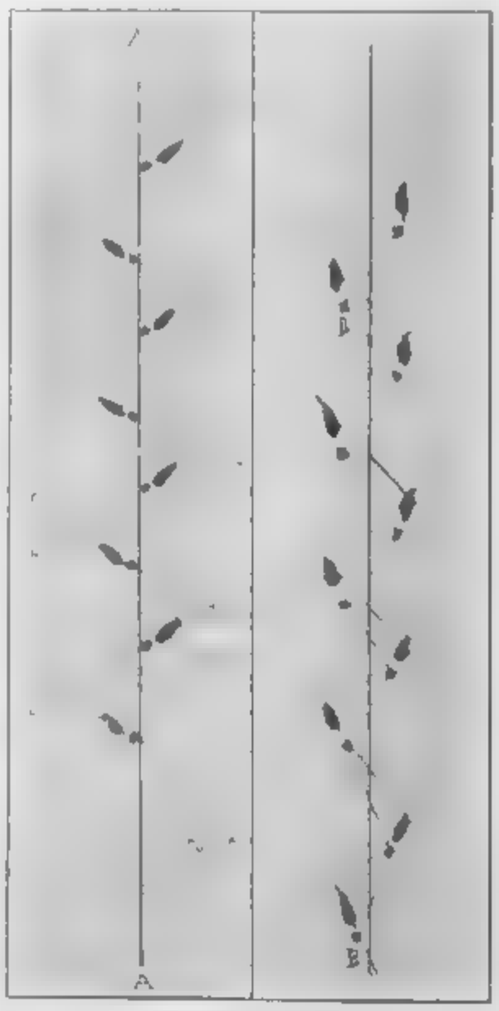


Figures 3 and 4

BUG HUNTERS OF INDUSTRY

The Problem of Factory Cripples—By James H. Collins

ONE Saturday afternoon your automobile stalled for the first time since you had bought it. Before then it had been absolutely dependable, but on that day you couldn't get it to go again. The family outing was spoiled, you spent two hours waiting in a hot country lane, and it cost five dollars to have a repair man come out and locate the mysterious trouble. He found it in a moment—a small defective part in the ignition apparatus, which was worth fifteen cents.

There you were, with several hundred dollars of automobile that ran perfectly and fifteen cents' worth that wouldn't run at all. That defective fifteen cents' worth cast a cloud on life. According to the repair man this cheap part was defective when it left the factory. As you examined the bit of metal that caused all the trouble you wondered why somebody at the factory couldn't have taken about a minute more to make sure that this particular piece was of better stuff.

In this country there is a big problem, one peculiar to our American scheme for making things—the problem of factory cripples. Our American factory system makes things in enormous quantities, all alike, for a close price, to meet a tremendous demand. Each operation has to be figured down to the last minute of time, the last cent of cost, the last ounce of material. The workers are speeded up by bonus wages, and everything is made as nearly automatic as possible. A good-enough system—it provides commodities on a scale not dreamed of by grandfather and works best where it has the greatest freedom for growth. The chief complaint about it comes from the smaller manufacturers who cannot attain size and hold their own. This seems to prove that the system is satisfactory for getting results.

The bigger, the faster, the more nearly automatic, the cheaper, the better—that's the American idea! But the closer this system is brought to that ideal, the greater is the margin for cripples—defective parts and products that somehow slip through organization, and get out into the world and make trouble for everybody. Men make mistakes, machines make slips, materials have shortcomings. Modern products are complex. One tiny part that wouldn't work on that Saturday afternoon may discredit the whole motor and the system by which it was made. Despite the care to keep everything up to standard, a certain microscopic percentage of the product falls short, and the bigger the output the worse the damage. So every production system needs its force of inspectors, and every product has its peculiar inspection difficulties.

Products Have Become So Complex, and Promise to Become So Much More So, That the Inspector Is Absolutely Necessary

The Cartridge That Lost the Contract

BACK in the old days the Western bad man, with notches on the butt of his gun, was often finicky about his cartridges, so he loaded them himself because he was afraid to trust his life to some half-grown girl in a cartridge factory. The chance of his getting a bad cartridge might have been expressed as one-millionth. But it could have happened, nevertheless, because an American munitions concern once lost a big foreign rifle contract through that one defective cartridge in a million. This contract had been nursed along for months, and about all that was needed to clinch it was the approval of the king. His majesty came to try the rifle himself. It was loaded and put in his hands. He pulled the trigger. There was only a dull metallic "Plink!" He tried again, with the same result; so he threw down the gun in anger, and the contract was lost. Maybe a competitor slipped a dummy cartridge into the gun at the last moment. Nobody knows.

Now if this problem of cripples is followed through a modern ammunition factory, one sees that inspection is a technical job, a human game, a detective story and a bit of a gamble. A rifle cartridge must be made of good stuff, so all materials must first be tested by chemical and mechanical methods to maintain the standard. It must fit the chamber of the gun with great accuracy, especially in these days of rapid-fire machine guns, so the diameter, taper, length, profile and head must be gauged to fine dimensions. The primer is a complicated little device in itself, quite apart from its explosive element, and must be seated with great accuracy. The bullet must be standard weight within a grain or two, and also perfectly balanced as to distribution of weight along its length. When the cartridge is finally loaded there is only one way to be certain that it will really shoot—and that is to shoot it! Of course the whole output of the factory could not be inspected that way. So the product is divided into units, and a certain number of cartridges are drawn from each unit for inspection. Some are torn apart in order that the loading may be examined, and thus destroyed, while others are fired in rifles in order to make certain that the ballistic standard is being kept up. Under the conditions introduced by the present war, with an output running into millions daily, the number of cartridges destroyed by the inspectors is very large.

Another illustration of the complexity of inspection can be taken from the same factory: The breechblock of a shotgun, at the beginning, is a piece of metal weighing twenty-two ounces. When it is finished about fifteen ounces of the metal have been machined and ground away. There have been one hundred and three separate operations upon it, accompanied by fourteen inspections. It is accurate within five one-thousandths of an inch, and yet it is only one part in a shotgun that must go through twelve hundred separate inspections from start to finish.

Along the line of such a process, of course, there are innumerable chances for defects and errors to slip in. A little variation in material or tool, or deficient lubrication of a machine, or momentary oversight on the part of a workman, or even a touch of indigestion in an inspector, and a defect develops. It is built into a shotgun and hidden from sight until the weapon is in the hands of a purchaser, who may write in to say that if the gun had been any good he would have bagged a dozen rabbits.

Our modern factory processes are so largely automatic that some of the details of inspection can be made automatic too. A good illustration of this is to be found in a shot tower, where the cooled shot are sent rolling down a gentle plate-glass incline and made to take a little jump over a gap. The perfect round shot makes this jump easily. But misshapen shot cannot roll fast enough to get impetus, so they fall into the gap and are remelted.

The Human Element in Production

BUT it is the human element that is eventually the chief concern of the inspector. Men make more mistakes than do machines. Almost any inspector will agree with Edison, who once said that he had always been able to improve machinery much more easily than men. The old idea in factory inspection was to set a policeman to catch the erring worker. If the latter made a mistake the inspector was satisfied to detect him, haul him into the front office, and fine him the cost of his error. If the employee made a few more mistakes discharge followed. That was a simple system—so simple that it did not really work.

Inspection for defective production nowadays takes more things into account. A cripple is only a symptom. It must be run down to the real cause. The worker in whose hands it is found may not be responsible at all. Some shortcoming in material or a mistake made in another part of the plant may have been passed along, intentionally or otherwise. Or the defective part may have originated outside the factory altogether.

The treeing department of a certain shoe factory was turning out so many spoiled shoes, which had to be sold at a loss, that the superintendent tried to correct the trouble by imposing penalties on the operators. This made it hard to keep good operators in the treeing room. The man who trees shoes has to clean them up after all the other departments of a factory have completed their work, washing spots from shoes, removing wax and shellac, ironing wrinkles out of the leather, touching up finish and color and correcting surface blemishes. Investigation disclosed that most of the cripples originated with the purchasing department of that factory, which had been making a splendid showing lately. This good record had been attained by the department's substituting cheaper grades of leather, saving a few cents on each pair of shoes. But the color washed out of this leather, so the shoes had to be recolored in the treeing room.

The first step in eliminating defects is to take every precaution in regard to the raw material used by the plant. Unless this material is carefully watched the factory may be purchasing cripples outside, unawares. Therefore the engineering department or the purchasing agents draw up specifications for each kind of material needed, stating what is wanted in the way of quality, strength, weight, color, finish, dimensions and the like, whether it be brass rod, or steel castings, or cotton yarn, or what not. This outline furnishes a measure for materials, like a yardstick for cloth. The specification terms are written into

The Inspector Must Have Human Qualities, for the Mere Faultfinder Doesn't Get Very Far

(Concluded on Page 45)

Twenty-Four Hours in June

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

They Talked Great Poetry, Though It Was Couched in "No," and Say "Yes," and Whispered "Isn't It Corking?"

BERT MICHADO was a very up-and-coming young man. His salary as assistant to the buyer at Grafenheimer Brothers, the notions jobbers, was only eighteen a week; but Bert attended the elegant dancing academy of Monsieur Browne and wore his Alpine hat with cocky amiability. He was going to make his mark in buttons, which are a necessary ware and more poetic than thread or needles. He had his eyes on the Boggs Button Works. In the notions trade George Boggs is the Edison, the Wagner—Hans or Richard—the blue-eyed angora of buttons. Mr. Boggs has reformed the methods of sorting and grinding Mississippi River clamshells, and from Davenport he controls a generous share of the pearl-button market.

Bert, after canvassing his possibilities as aviator, movie actor, Red Cross hero, and district attorney of New York City—for all of which occupations he knew himself to have secret gifts—had decided to become future manager of the Boggs Button Works.

But he could not get nearer to the head offices, at Davenport, than Mercer Street, New York, where the Boggs Eastern Agency occupies a floor in a neat cast-iron Corinthian building. Bert's chief often sent him to the Boggs offices, and he yearned over the rows of buttons in the display cases, but never met anyone more job-bestowing than a young house salesman.

For more than a year Bert did not even see the Boggs Eastern representative, Mr. Everett Vibels. He was excited when Mr. Vibels was at last pointed out to him; he was thrilled by the button viceroy's air of having had a bath, a shave, a shine and a raise in salary—not more than ten minutes before. Bert felt that if he could impress his personality on Mr. Vibels he might be allowed to go out to Davenport and learn the trade.

He ambled up to His Excellency's secretary, handed her a priceless smile, and said:

"I'd like to see Mr. Vibels."

He became aware that this was no ordinary secretary. The young woman was a mitten-minded maid, with large gray eyes, much delicacy of waist and hands, and a quiet nastiness of demeanor. She condescended:

"Why?"

"My dear young lady ——"

"I am not your dear young lady. You come from a jobber, don't you? One of the salesmen will be glad to attend to you. Mr. Vibels does not bother with small individual accounts."

Bert could not say to the contemptuous fair "I want a job." He looked her over slowly, amusedly, from her shoes to her Bronx coiffure, and observed:

"Well then, somebody's dear young lady, permit me to say that you seem too intelligent not to know how rude you are."

He expected her to throw away her dignity and quarrel interestingly. But she also looked him over, from his shoes to his coiffure, in a manner that made him feel as though his shoes had a large patch and his hair needed cutting; and made answer:

"Ah?" And returned to typing.

Bert left the Boggs offices in love. He was delighted to find a girl who resisted his charms and determined to make her like him, which, at twenty-three, is a sound first step in falling in love. Also, he seemed to be slightly nearer the managership of the Boggs Button Works, being in love with the regal secretary of the imperial Eastern representative of the cosmic Boggs.

Whenever he went to the Boggs offices thereafter he strolled over to Mr. Vibel's secretary and renewed his demand to see the great man. She always had some new manner of insulting him. She was a *grande dame* in sateen sleeve protectors.

All he could learn about her was that her name was Miss Pribble. It is doubtful that she had any first name. She was probably born with a knowledge of stenography, with primly dressed hair, and with the name of Miss Pribble. She didn't mind Bert's hanging about. It gave her the chance to be snippy.

Though Bert presently so impressed the stony heart of the Grafenheimer buyer as to be raised to nineteen dollars a week, and to be assured that he was showing signs of almost human intelligence, he could make no effect on Miss Pribble, not by wearing an aster or by being manicured; not by speaking of belonging to Monsieur Browne's class in ballroom deportment or by mentioning a box party at a regular theater. He had to do something startling. Youth in love is always going to do something startling. It has a preference for rescuing the maiden from large bands of thugs. But if Miss Pribble was ever waylaid by thugs on her way home Bert never knew it, as he was busy in the Grafenheimer office from four to six P. M.

When December came Bert said to Miss Pribble:

"Gosh! Going to be a cold winter! Believe I'll sneak in a vacation and go down to Palm Beach."

"Huh!" said Miss Pribble.

"Well, I guess I could if I wanted to!"

"Sure! That's what they all say."

Every time he went to the Boggs offices Bert mentioned the indisputable fact that the winter was cold and the much less probable fact that he was going South. The fourth time Miss Pribble snapped:

"Well then, why don't you go? I live in a boarding house, and I know all about these ten-a-week Florida visitors. But always they were there last year or are going next."

"But me," said Bert calmly, "I'm going now; next week. I'll send you a picture post card of me there."

"Yes, when you do I'll frame it."

"Well, by golly, I'm going." And he went!

It must not be supposed from a certain lack of wisdom in his admiring Miss Pribble that Bert was a pathetic case of youthful dementia. He was a valuable junior at Grafenheimer Brothers'. He demanded and received a week-end vacation. He had two hundred dollars in the savings bank. He drew out one hundred and one dollars—the dollar was for unexpected expenses—and when a blizzard was edging about New York he started for Palm Beach and June. That is, for one day in June. He had not stipulated to Miss Pribble how long he would be among those present.

II

MR. ALBERT MICHADO, recently "Hey-you-Bert!" of Grafenheimer Brothers, was taking his first gorgeous meal in the land of palms and luxury. He had arrived at Palm Beach at seven P. M. and it was now seven-seven. Though he was thrilled by actually having made this pilgrimage of love, he was decidedly interested in food. Florida is noted for its food, you know. Envy Bert, then, as you follow him, course by course, through his first repast among the millionaires.

He had a wholesome vegetable soup; and when the soup was half consumed, and the waiter's back was turned, he reached for the catsup bottle—and then he had a full plate of soup again, and that soup had become tomato soup. After this Bert indulged in a quite tropical hamburger sandwich, a cup of coffee, and a hunk of apple pie, lighted a cigarette; and on his high stool he lolled as one can loll only in this halcyon land. His check was thirty cents, which shows how economical you can be, even in luxurious surroundings.

Then he left the internationally famous café, which is called the "Seminole Lunch Room—Gents' and Ladies'," and wandered about Palm Beach—that is, about West Palm Beach, which is to the rest of Palm Beach as Hoboken is to New York.

The fact that he had to run down to Florida to warm the heart of Miss Pribble did not imply that he had to buy the place. He had come cheerfully down in the day coach of the train. For meals he had consumed thirteen bananas, two boxes of peanut bars, four apple pies, two ham sandwiches, nine bottles of assorted pop, and a large private can of deviled chicken. And here he was under practically the same buzzards and palm fronds as the people who had come down in private cars; and already he was privileged to send post cards that ought to awe even Miss Pribble.

Though it must be admitted that there were neither palms, Seminole Indians nor girls bathing, to be observed from the West Palm Beach Curio Shop, at it he obtained excellent photographs of all these aristocratic subjects, and informed Miss Pribble that he was "Having nice trip. Wish you were here!"

"Now," said Bert, "I'll pound my ear, and make up for that day-coach seat. To-morrow I s'pose I might as well see something of the place, too, being as I'm here for the day."

He slept the sleep of the up-and-coming at Mrs. Wizzle's Tourist Hotel, in a room that had all the advantages of a room in a high-priced hostelry—that is to say, it contained a bed, a chair, a bureau, and running water—which ran when you tipped the dainty hand-painted pitcher.

III

WHEN he woke to a golden Florida day, with roses at—well, not exactly at his window, but perfectly discernible at the back of a house less than a block away—Bert devoted considerable care to dressing up to his new social station, in white flannel trousers, a blue coat, a three-dollar shirt, a Panama hat—or at least a Nicaragua hat—and canvas-and-leather shoes. Simplicity, he felt, was the thing.

At breakfast at Mrs. Wizzle's hotel Bert wondered whether he had been mistaken about this simplicity motif, when the whole dining room raised its collective head and panted at the entrance of a young man clad after this fashion: A bottle-green coat, with belted back; a Panama, with a parti-colored band; a tie of purple and red and green and orange; striped flannel trousers; liver-colored shoes; tortoise-rimmed amber sun glasses, with a black silk ribbon bearing a monogrammed silver slide; a large rose; a large initial belt buckle; a large bang above the right temple; and a perfectly enormous walking stick.

"Gee-whiz!" Bert worried. "I wonder if I've hit it wrong. Maybe Old Ribbon Counter, there, has the right idea. Hate to admit it to little Pribble, but I've got about as much idea of how millionaires dress as I have of whether the King of England calls his wife 'May' or 'Dearie' when they're playing double solitaire."

He went rather uneasily through Florida streets characterized by such exotic features as houses with porches, stores with glass fronts, and hotels of particularly tasty

tin brick. His new flannel trousers suddenly seemed scanty and plain. He wished he had bought that nine-dollar pair instead of these for seven. He took off his Panama and regarded the black band with severity. He thought that two girls on a stoop were laughing at him, and suddenly he became feeble and loose about the knee joints. Just as he was beginning to feel superior again, he came out on Lake Worth. He looked across to Palm Beach proper, and his pride went out of him, his feet became almost useless for walking, and his Panama but a mockery.

A strip of oily water, scattered with white steam yachts, with express cruisers and catboats and silk-curtained launches. Across the water a line of palms and magnolias, from amid which rose a hotel like a range of hills, a palisade of lemon yellow with white pilasters—the Royal Poinciana. While Bert stared, a hydro-aëroplane rose from the opposite shore and casually whirred above the hotel. Bert's eyes drifted from it to a buzzard circling in the dome of the sky. It seemed to him that the bird was an insolent sentinel of this still, glistening luxury; that it was watching him, asking him how he dared intrude.

He took the ferry across to Palm Beach in a state of panic. He wanted to flee back to West Palm Beach and hide in the first train north. He was admitting all the contemptuous things Miss Pribble's look had ever said. He wished he were in his New York furnished room, reading a comic section and gently waving his feet in the air.

Now the ferry was grounding in the chaste slip on the sacred precincts of Palm Beach. The wing of the Poinciana makes a shining court, with shadowy places among the palmettos and avocados, magnolias and wreathed live oaks, and the coconut palms that rise above all. Bert, the New Yorker, tried to be sniffy about a mere six stories, but the hotel ran along in a wall that shut him in—and shut him out; a wall pierced with a thousand windows of the rooms of wealth. On the high roof were perched buzzards. He didn't know they were buzzards. He didn't, he felt, know anything.

"I Live in a Boarding House, and I Know All About These Ten-a-Week Florida Visitors"

He went along the walks muffle-footed and pious of demeanor. Pretty girls in sports coats and striped linen skirts, and altogether delightful silk stockings, went by on bicycles. For Bert the bicycle became an almost too aristocratic conveyance. A foreign-looking man and woman, smooth, brown, passed in a double wheel chair. The man leaned on his stick and surveyed Bert superciliously. He said something to the woman, and laughed. Something about Bert ——? Bert felt like a banana peel.

"Rats!" he growled, utterly without conviction.

With a consciousness that his feet were making an inexcusable racket on the wooden floor, Bert crossed a wide porch, ambled down some miles of hallway, past arcaded shops with cobwebby gowns on display, and came to the lobby and two-thirds of the Social Register. Society was demanding mail, inquiring about baggage, talking in twos and threes about tables, circulating in a colored mob—young men with college air and hair; vivid girls; old, shrewd-looking men and women. They were gossiping, nodding, laughing at one another—and at him no one glanced for more than a second. He felt damp about the hatband. "Must get out of this horse show or some mere duchess will come up and kiss me; and then I'll be queered with all the princesses," he sighed.

A mahogany writing room, a very carpeted and polite writing room, was discernible. He bolted into it.

"I'll write Miss Pribble—good letter; then beat it outdoors, where the Four Hundred can't ambush me," he resolved.

He found a desk; he reached out a hand for stationery in the breezy manner of a well-traveled man who has stayed at hotels in quite important towns in New Jersey. He took his hand back and looked foolish. There was no stationery in the racks. With enormous pains to appear casual, he glanced at the racks on other desks. The only stationery in sight was under the elbows of people writing.

"Course!" he sighed. "They give out the stuff at the office to keep outsiders from butting in and writing to dear Cousin Jenny that they're staying at the Poinciana—X marks my room. And me—Albert J. Outsider is my real name."

He was aware that the man at the next desk, a weighty, outdoorish, amused man, with a round bland face, was watching him sit before a useless desk. Bert scrambled in his pockets for an envelope and made figures upon it; and these were the cryptic figures he made:

2
2
4

He repeated this accurate but not very valuable calculation several times; rose with pontifical dignity and left the writing room, saying to himself: "There now; I guess old cantaloupe-face realizes I did have some writing to do!"

He crawled out on the porch again. It extended before him, miles long and acres broad, dazzling and dangerous, with throngs of persons who would laugh at him. He made his way past them. He apologized to people for walking in front of them—he almost apologized to the subtropic sun for daring to share its beams without having registered at the hotel—or, at least, wiring to engage a beam. He avoided the shaded and popular sections of the porch, and trotted on till he found a hot stretch where the only view was of a not very enlivening laurel bush. He did not wish to occupy space desired by decent, right-minded people. He felt that the Poinciana did not clasp him to its lemon-colored bosom.

In this deserted hot space of the porch Bert was beginning to feel slightly secure and to expand in the warmth after the long tedium of the Northern cold. He was reaching in his pocket for his last box of cigarettes when he stopped, not daring even to take his hand out of his pocket.

Someone had taken a rocker near him and was observing him. Bert made himself as inconspicuous and innocent as he could. He tacitly assured the observer—he assured the sun, the palms, and the entire management of the Royal Poinciana Hotel—that he hadn't really been thinking of being so bold as to take out a cigarette and light it. He edged his eyes round till he could get a glimpse of this new spy. He remembered. It was that most colorful of tourists, the young man with the green coat and amber sun glasses whom he had seen taking a twenty-five-cent breakfast in West Palm Beach.

"Huh!" considered Bert. "He doesn't belong here any more than poor old Bertie does."

He felt safe again; and, though he did not go so far in recklessness as actually to smoke that cigarette, he looked coldly at the fair young man. He wondered: Was his own costume really less proper than this splendor? He hadn't dared to examine closely any of the genuine guests of the hotel, but he had an impression that they were not gaudy.

"Beastly outsider!" he reflected about the broken colorist. "Regular bourgeois—that's what he is."

Down the line of rockers came a darky servant, straightening the chairs. The green-coated one started from his chair, looked self-consciously at Bert and at the servant, tossed his head and stalked away. His timidity made Bert a very lion. Himself, he wasn't afraid of a servant! He sat still. The servant carefully did not disturb him. Bert was filled with a new consciousness of his own high standing.

"What is that bush?" he said to the servant.

The servant replied that it was a bay—which it wasn't—with such deference, such a prolongation of the "sir," that it occurred to Bert that he didn't wear any large sign saying "I do not belong here. I am a humorous object."

He waggled his head in comfort. He boldly plunged his hand into his pocket again. He brought out his box of cigarettes. He counted them, careless of who might see his system of economy. There were all of seven, and he lighted one as though for more than a hundred years he had done nothing but sit about in large rockers on porches in Palm Beach, the Bahamas, the Riviera, and smoke cigarettes—lots of cigarettes—and scatter ashes on the porch if he felt like it.

When two men drifted to rockers beside his, he did not care, though a glance at their knife-edged faces and Vernon Castle hair told him they were the Accepted—really In. He peeped at them; he listened for the utterances of the Gilded Youth. One of them wore a gray jersey coat and white trousers, and a Panama with a plain blue band; the other a suit of white flannel.

"By golly, dressed simply—like me!" he rejoiced. "Oh, I knew they'd all be copying me! Bet the fashion editors are wiring their newspapers. Oh, they stood out; but they all had to come to it when old Bertie said 'Simplicity, ladies; simplicity!'"

Both of the scions of our new American Nobility produced copies of that aristocratic periodical, Scandal Scrapings, and read with a concentration that showed the advantages of college training in making our Better Classes superior to the common herd.

"Old Tommy will be sore," said one of them—unconscious that his liquid music was being wasted on one of the common herd. "All about his divorce!"

Both of them laid down their papers, completely exhausted by their studious application, and stared moodily at the laurel bush.

"Let's play some tennis before bathing hour."

"Tennis!"

"Well, let's go down to Bradley's and have a drink."

"Oh, well ——"

"I say, I believe I'll engage a wheel chair by the week."

"Oh, d' yuh really think it's worth it?"

"Yes; running clear down to Bradley's, two-three times a day."

Yawn. Tired rising. *Exeunt omnes*, bearing their own corpses.

The common herd, as represented by Bert Michado, stared after them. He had learned that Bradley's, that far-distant point to be reached by wheel chair, was about a hundred feet from the end of the Poinciana.

"Bet they have escalators to get from their motor cars to the sidewalk," he grunted; and again: "Well, old Bertie, you're a fool, as usual! Awed of that! Why, my son, you may be ignorant, but if you couldn't sound more intelligent than those swells, Grafenheimer's would fire you in twenty-four minutes."

He walked blandly, spaciously, down the porch. As he passed the group of initiates who had previously awed him he beheld them with a cold and anarchistic eye. With an air of occupying the royal suite and having four footmen and a court poet awaiting him, he rolled into the lobby and up to the desk. He looked level-eyed at a clerk, a magnificent and highly cynical clerk, and suggested:

"Stationery."

"Yes, sir," implored the clerk, and whisked a whole pile of embossed linen into his hand.

He received it with marked calm, condescended across the lobby to the writing room, and sat happily down to transcribe his heart's young passion for Miss Pribble.

He gradually ceased to keep up an appearance of grandeur. He leaned on his elbow and carefully scratched different places on his scalp. He resolutely crossed his legs, seized a pen, wrote "Dear Miss Pribble," hesitated, laid down the pen, and crossed his legs the other way. He picked up the pen and glared at the nib with surprise and extreme dislike. He tilted his chair and rocked in it tentatively. He uncrossed his legs and squared his shoulders, as though he was done with all this nonsense. He picked up the pen sternly and wrote:

I can hardly believe I am here in Fla., & it is still harder to believe that up in N. Y. it is probably snowing, it is so warm & bright here.

He stopped. He tapped with the pen. At last he really became busy—in drawing, with great attention to details, the portrait of a can of beans. Somewhere about the middle of this study in *genre* he made his discovery.

Having come hundreds of miles to write a letter to Miss Pribble and pour out all the ecstasy he had never been able to voice in her immaculate presence, he had nothing to say to Miss Pribble. He didn't want to write to Miss Pribble. He was bored by the thought of Miss Pribble.

While all the world reeled about him and ancient temples were shaken like clothes on the line, while the sky was darkened and his expenditure of seven dollars for flannel trousers seemed a bitter waste, Bert continued to depict the can of beans. He could not get any picture of Miss Pribble into his mind. She was a gray blur 'way off in a gray New York. He couldn't remember anything she had ever said to him. Had he ever loved her?

He carefully put all of the stationery in his pocket and staggered away, bearing the world's whole burden of disillusion. What was life worth, when he had come clear to Palm Beach, at vast expense to himself and considerable inconvenience to Grafenheimer Brothers, on a pilgrimage of purest love, only to discover that he wasn't interestingly in love at all?

Little did the people about think that the good-looking young man in an ordinary blue coat was the modern Lord Byron, with a heart of ashes and dust!

Despite the blackness of his state of soul, Bert remembered that he had only one day at Palm Beach, and that if he missed the famous bathing period, beginning at

eleven, he might never see it again. He bore his cosmic sadness along the pine walk toward the ocean beach. But he walked as one aloof. It is probable that he did not look very carefully at more than six or seven pretty girls on the way over.

He sat on the sand of the bathing beach a little way from the line of awning chairs. He tried to forget his unmanning grief in the sight of the splash of indigo sea and a steamer that wallowed down the horizon, bound for magic lands—for Jamaica or Costa Rica. He began to envy the throng clean-shouldered brown young men in bathing suits, their wet arms shining; girls in satin bathing suits of blue and green, with white collars that cut the outlines of their throats; older men, tanned and deep-breathing, with the assured manner of executives. Laughter and a murmur of happiness came from the crowd on shore; shouts and skippings and tremendous splashing from the crowd bathing.

Suddenly Bert saw the picture as a whole, as joy in blue and gold, and he forgot the hauteur of Miss Pribble, forgot the tragedy of finding that he could forget Miss Pribble, and looked among the kaleidoscopic groups for somebody with whom he could play through the bright end of his adventure in June.

IV

BERT was impressed by a dozen girls in the downy groups, but the girl he most noticed was with none of the groups. She sat alone, even farther than himself from the social precincts in front of the line of hooded chairs. He could not understand why so appealing a person was alone. She was a girl to play with, a light little fairy figure in a white net frock, with a suggestion of slim ankles below frills, head held up, as though she was accustomed to attention, and a small whimsical nose, as though she was accustomed to laugh. But it was a dolorous nose now: its bridge was wrinkling and its little tip was quivering with anger, after the fashion of a cottontail bunny in the presence of a stirring lettuce leaf. She was digging a white lace parasol impatiently into the sand.

Despite her dignity of twenty and a new net frock, Bert wanted to pat her round cheek and ask "What's matter, honey?" He decided that she was waiting for a dilatory suitor. He was sorry for that young man when he should come.

For twenty minutes Bert watched the lone girl—watched her and liked her, and wanted to run and play with her. She became tired of active anger. She sat still and gazed out to sea. She was touching to Bert—she who was made to be the center of laughter, alone and melancholy. He saw her eyes follow enviously a tall girl who came dripping from the surf, slipped into a bathrobe held by a perfect suitor with a monocle, and sat down in the midst of a welcoming group.

"Poor little kid!" thought Bert. "She wants to be mixing, too, like that big bruiser of a girl. I bet she's like me: doesn't know a soul at Palm Beach, even though she is such a swell. Why, the poor little kid!"

He went to sit near the fairy girl. But he was embarrassed. He devoted himself to constructing a sand castle, while he assured an imaginary policeman that his intentions were entirely proper; and if any man said that Albert R. Michado was a masher, that man—by jiminy—lied!

He fancied her repulsing him with "How dare you address me, sir!" He confined himself to a purely mythical conversation, in which he made a number of witty observations on bathing, the opera season in New York, Charlie Chaplin, motor cars, artichokes, and other moral topics. He heard himself inventing startling epigrams, and he was in the midst of the most graceful inquiries about her state of health when a large, serene male, clad in a tight brown bathing suit, swaggered by them.

"The dogs'll get that sausage yet!" Bert said, unconsciously aloud, looking after the plump one.

He discovered that his eyes had met those of the fairy girl. He flushed, and expected to be called "Sir!" directly; but:

"Yes!" she said.

"Wond'ful day!"

"Yes"

"Sea's a beautiful blue here—'course there aren't the cliffs you get on the New England coast." He wished to give her every opportunity to refer to the old family place at Newport or Bar Harbor.

"Oh, is it all cliffs there? This is the first time I've ever seen the ocean—here in Florida."

She didn't seem to intend to call him "Sir!" at all. She looked at him with eyes that were beginning to light up.

"Honestly? Oh, you can't be a Westerner!"

"I am so! You New Yorkers —— You are a New Yorker aren't you?"

"Yes. How can you tell?"

"Because of the way your coat is cut; and you have such nice funny broad *a*'s."

Bert tried to look like a person whose coats and *a*'s were always cut smartly, while she raced on:

"You New Yorkers always think that anyone who comes from west of Pittsburgh must wear chaps and a gun."

"No, we don't, because we see Westerners on every corner. You can't go into a café without running into the California or Wyoming Club singing about how they hate New York and want to be back West; and you expect them all to take the midnight train. But if you go back to the same place a year later there's the same bunch, still talking about the dear old buttes, and still sticking right on in New York. Honestly now, wouldn't you like to see Fifth Avenue?"

She looked angry once more and jabbed the sand with her parasol.

"I used to think I wanted to be naughty and go to a Broadway cabaret, but now I don't ever want to see the East again. The people here are perfectly horrid. So cold ——"

"I knew there was something the matter. Tell me about it."

"Oh, you wouldn't understand; you New Yorkers, with your social cliques ——"

"But I'm very unimportant. I—uh—I go to scarcely any of the smart dances."

"That shows you really are in society—to say that! I can tell that, even if I have been here only a week."

"Only a week here?"

"Yes; that's all daddy could get away for. He and I are going back to-morrow. I suppose you're here till way into March."

"No; I've dropped in just for a day."

"Then you're on your way to Havana or the Bahamas. Worse yet!"

"But what is the matter? Tell me"

"Honestly, do I look like a plague, or a leprosy or something?"

"Not to me!"

"Then why am I a wallflower here? Back home—why, there was sometimes as much as a boy and a half wanted to dance with me in an evening! Here—the dance last night —Ugh!".

"Yes; I guess you probably managed to dance a few times at home! But here—I know how it must have been. You went to the big dance and nobody looked at you, and you saw nice young men making a fuss over girls that weren't a quarter so pretty or light on their feet as you are; and you were so angry that when your father tried to comfort you, you wouldn't listen, but just flounced up to bed."

"How did you ever guess? Oh, you didn't see me, did you? I don't remember seeing ——"

"No; I wasn't there. I went to bed early. These big crushes at the Poinciana always bore me. I—I just guessed it. But we New Yorkers—you see the beastly town is so big that you can't know all the people, and you get so many invitations that you simply have to protect your precious spare hours; and it's easier to cut out strangers than friends."

"Yes; I suppose so. You must lead a dizzy whirl—my! Still, I'd just like to try it once."

"You won't think I'm presumptuous, will you, if I invite your father and you to lunch? I'm here for such a little while, it really doesn't matter if I pick up the social threads or not; and I sort of feel as though I ought to make it up to you for the rudeness of the other Easterners, and return some of the hospitality you Westerners are so famous for. May I?"

"Why, I guess so. I'm just terribly grateful to anybody that thinks I'm still a good-hearted little fool ——" Her gay voice became tragic. She forgot shyness of the stranger. She dropped her parasol and looked at him imploringly. "Honestly, it's the most terrible week I've ever had! I must look like a horse thief. Out home I did think people liked me—I really did; but here —— Once I was day-dreaming here and I saw a boy who looked so much like Mark Halverson, back home, that I nodded to him; and he just stared at me and cut me dead. And once I was sitting on the piazza beside a girl—why, she was younger than I am, and she wore the most awful tessy dress—and I said 'It's a nice day.' And she said 'Yes'—as though I was awfully fresh in speaking about her friend, the day; and right away she got up and left me.

"Hon-est-lee! I feel as if I had a little bomb hidden in my glove, and they had caught me with it! Oh, I don't want to know their horrid old society! I used to; but now all I want is to play a little. I should like to go to a dance, and have one of your Easterners commit himself about the weather being warm, before I go all that long way back to the West. It's such a long trip—and I was so happy coming down; I just danced on the observation platform, and

(Continued on Page 46)

Towing the Large Man, She Came Panting Back

Borrowing From Your Uncle

The Farmer's New Friend—By Herbert Quick

THE writer has just completed a tour of the United States for the purpose, among other things, of learning what he could of the farm-loan needs of the United States. These journeyings have covered some twenty thousand miles of travel, and the expenditure of some fifty-three solid days of hearings, at which men of all occupations—farmers, agricultural students, county agents, professors of the extension departments of agricultural colleges, landlords, tenants, landowners, real-estate agents, bankers, loan agents, abstracters of title, rural workers along sociological lines, officers of life-insurance companies, editors of farm papers—men and women of all walks of life that relate to our farms and farming, have testified as to agricultural conditions. These hearings have been held in forty-four of the forty-eight states of this Union, and have pretty well covered the farming conditions in all of them. Any mind that takes to such an experience some little knowledge of the matters dealt with cannot fail to receive from it a good deal of enlightenment.

One thing stands out in bold relief as a high light in the picture of the complex series of problems that must be solved if farming is to be properly financed in this country, and the rush of competent farmer material to the cities lessened. This is the urgent need of some way for the proper financing of men of agricultural efficiency, ability and integrity who can farm well, wish to farm, and cannot get land for want of money. No such condition exists in the city. A Charles M. Schwab, a Henry Ford, an Andrew Carnegie or a J. Pierpont Morgan might serve as an illustration of the sort of men who are ever on the lookout for business efficiency, coupled with the right sort of ability and integrity in city affairs; but any business man who reads this is a better one. The crying need of city businesses is not for money, but for brains and trustworthiness.

I know of a farm hand who had never made over three hundred dollars a year in his life until he was picked up by an editor, who was attracted by his writings, as a promising fellow for the publishing business, and given a position in an editorial office at twenty dollars a week. Within three years that young man refused an editorial position at five thousand dollars a year, because he was already earning several times his initial nonagricultural wage, and had on hand work so attractive that he would not leave it, thus retiring from what he called "a fight half won." He had been a good farm hand. He loved the soil. If he could have acquired a farm and a home in the country he would never have dreamed of quitting it for the city. He would have lived in his rural neighborhood and been a powerful force for making it a good place in which to live. He would have earned far less than he now receives, and, you may say, would never have achieved so high a plane of success; but that is by no means certain.

There are broad fields of usefulness, public and private, opening to the farmer with a talent for public life and extraordinary skill in farming. But the point is that rural life had far greater need of him than did city life. Editors there are in plenty; but great farmers are few.

The Riddle of the Sphinx

YET, after all, that is not the main point. The main point is that he ought to have been financed as a plain business proposition. He was strong, honest and efficient. If he could have been placed on a farm and given a chance to pay for it he would have done the trick. If there had been some system by which money could have been supplied to him with which to acquire land, he would have paid for the land and rendered a profitable rate of interest to the lender of the money.

His case is extraordinary with respect to the unusual ability shown by him in his city occupation. But all over the country there are young men who can succeed on the farm, but will fail in the cities, or will make only humdrum, moderate urban successes. Such are the young men who are yearly being turned out by the agricultural colleges, either as graduates or quite as good as graduates, so far as are concerned the needs of practical farming, and who cannot obtain farms, though they are filled with that enthusiasm for their chosen pursuit which fills the young graduate in law or medicine, and which makes so strongly for success. The pinfeathered lawyer or doctor may rent an office and, if he waits, is pretty sure to get some business. Very few of them, so far as can be observed by one who has been through the professional sweat, actually fail. Waiting does their business for them.

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

With the penniless farmer, the case is woefully otherwise. The longer he waits, the higher goes the price of land. He cannot get a farm by degrees; it must be acquired as a whole. He is in the same predicament as a young doctor, who must obtain a flourishing practice all at once or never. In other words, he is in an almost impossible position. The result is that he gives up in despair and takes a position as a teacher, or enters some business in which ability can be financed by employers.

The loss to country life of the able and ambitious farm laborers and agricultural students is only a part of the drain under which rural life is suffering. The farmer with two or three sons loses all but one of them to the city, almost as a matter of course, unless he is exceptionally well-to-do. The farmer's son who has shown by years of efficient farming that he can make good ought to be able to marry the girl of his choice and have the chance to make good as a farmer. He has grown up on the farm, and has occupied the position of a farmowner by his part in the management of his father's farm. To drop to the status of a farm hand may not be a social lowering, but it is something worse—it is a distinct descent in financial prospects. As a farm hand, he simply cannot marry and support a wife; and he is too proud to ask any girl to marry such prospects, even if any girl would be so foolish as to accept him. He drifts to the city; or he accumulates an outfit of horses, tools and equipment, and rents a farm.

And this brings us to the largest class of farmers possessing farming ability and integrity—the skillful farm tenant. All over the United States the best men speak of the increase of farm tenantry as a sort of national Riddle of the Sphinx, not to answer which is for the nation to be destroyed. Landlordism has come upon the United States in a form worse than the landlordism of Europe, even before the last remnant of the public domain has been reduced to private ownership—that wonderful domain out of which it was once vauntingly sung that "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm."

Wherever land is rich and valuable it is passing into the hands of renters under a system of tenantry that amounts to a conspiracy to rob, first, the soil; next, the tenant, who has no abiding place save from year to year; and finally, the landlord, who finds his farms getting poorer.

These tenants are, many of them, as good farmers as America possesses. Surveys show that in the Corn Belt the tenants make larger labor incomes on the average than do the owners of lands who operate them for themselves. The tenants do not receive so large incomes as the owners, for the accepted method of reckoning farm-labor incomes allows five per cent interest on the land value and capital value before wages are reckoned; but in strict labor income the tenants, on the average, make more out of the lands than do the owning operators—this owing to the excessive value of the land. They could not do this if they were shiftless ne'er-do-wells, as they are often unjustly described. They sometimes labor so effectively that by skinning the land they are able to buy it. Not one in ten, however, who should in some way be financed for that purpose, is able to buy land.

Everybody gains when the tenant becomes a farm-owner under circumstances that enable him to pay out. He gains by becoming a fixture in the neighborhood. His family gains in standing and self-respect, and in the opportunity of finding permanence in the neighborhood society, in school and in church. School and church and Grange and Society of Equity and Farmers' Union, and all coöperative effort, gain by this new accession to their ranks of a real farmer and his family.

How the Farm Hand is Helped

THE landlord gains in the long run by having a fixed security substituted for waning fertility and deteriorating buildings. The land gains by passing into the hands of a man interested in its upkeep and improvement, instead of in the mining of the soil for this year's profit. The nation gains in the character of its citizenship. Nothing is more remarkable than the testimony of prominent Southerners as to the desirability of making landowners of the negroes.

"Give a negro a farm of his own," they say, "and he becomes a good citizen at once. From the moment that he becomes a landowner he ceases to be a dangerous man. If we could make every decent negro a landowner one of our greatest problems would be nearing solution."

The reason for this is plain. The transformation in the negro is more evident, perhaps, than in the white man; but the same thing takes place in both. What takes place is the steadying and uplifting effect of having a stake in the land.

The United States Government has undertaken, through the Federal Farm Loan Bureau, to finance the long-time needs of the farmer. The Federal Farm Loan Act, when fully in operation, will make it possible for any farmer complying with its provisions, anywhere in the United States, at any time, to borrow any sum, from one hundred dollars to ten thousand, for any term of years from five to forty, at reasonable rates of interest, up to half the value of his land plus one-fifth of the value of the permanent insured improvements upon it.

This is the greatest job of loaning on real estate ever undertaken in the history of the world. But it has frequently been asked:

"How will this benefit the farm hand who may be a perfectly safe business risk but hasn't the money to pay his way to within reach of a loan? How will it help the tenant farmer who has equipment but not enough cash to make a first payment on the farm? How will it help the ambitious young man with farming skill and education, either of the classroom laboratory sort or of the fields, to get a farm when he is provided with nothing but the essentials of success—given land—but lacks what, after all, should be less important, money?

"The Federal Government is organizing twelve great land banks to cover in their operations the whole of the continental United States—exclusive of Alaska—to loan money to whom? To people who can put up two dollars or more of security for every dollar advanced! Isn't this a sort of Barmecide feast for the farm hand, the young farmer without land or money, and the tenant who is ready for a farm and can't buy it? When was there a time when any man had any difficulty in buying a farm if he had half its value in cash? Isn't this another exemplification of the text: 'Whosoever hath, to him shall be given'? How are integrity, ability and efficiency in farming to be financed under this new law—unless they possess two hundred per cent in collateral? And do you call loaning

on two hundred per cent security helping the under dog? It looks a good deal like the old bad deal!"

This is nowhere near so true as it sounds. There are farmers in astounding numbers all over the country who own their lands and are yet very poor. They possess lands that will yield splendid returns for money invested in their more adequate financing, but are outside the scope of the old loaning system. Farm loans as now made exert a strong pressure in favor of the large farm and against the small one.

In the Corn Belt, and elsewhere in regions of high land values, money-loaners discriminate, for perfectly proper reasons, in favor of the loan of five thousand dollars or more; and the farmer who wants to borrow on farm mortgage a sum less than this is not much better off than as if he lived in the high-interest zone. In some of the best farming regions of the country, where money to loan on farm mortgage is supposed to be plentiful at five or six per cent, the man who wants a long-time loan of a thousand dollars or less does not know where to get it, though the large farmer may be courted by the loan agents with offers of funds.

In other parts, like New England, the financial institutions have had their attention directed to the West and the cities so long that farm loans all about them are neglected. The president of a Connecticut insurance company stated at one of our hearings that, though his concern had something like a hundred million dollars loaned on farm mortgage—I do not remember the exact sum—not one dollar was loaned on a Connecticut farm. And yet there is no better land than some in Connecticut, and there is no state in which money for farm development could be more profitably or safely used in very considerable volume. The eyes of the mortgagee have been turned away from New England, and similarly from many other regions. One New England farmer stated that in his county the average farmer would not have the nerve to ask a farm loan of a bank or trust company—or of anyone, in fact, except the village capitalist.

Good Land That Needs Financing

IN STATES possessing a "spotty" soil—that is, a soil which varies widely with locality—it has not paid the loan companies to work out an organization for safe loaning; and so these regions, larger in extent and quite as great in national importance as the broad stretches of lands which are so uniform that a man might land in the night from a parachute and pay for the farm on which he alighted with perfect assurance that he could not be much deceived in the land values, are not financed at all, in any systematic way, as to their farm loans. These farmers are without money on farm mortgage, even though they own their farms. In other regions—immense regions—the business of furnishing abstracts of title has not been developed; and the loan company must either send a skilled man at great expense to make a "search," or rely on the opinion of the village lawyer. It does not pay to make loans, especially small loans, under such conditions. In other places the boundaries of the farms must be established by surveys.

Widely spread over the United States are lands the values of which are low, though constantly rising, and the loans required are small. Loan companies cannot profitably handle their needs. It costs money to make a farm loan; and it costs no more to make one of five thousand dollars or more on land covered by an abstract of title made by a bonded abstracter than to loan two hundred and fifty dollars on a bit of a farm described by metes and bounds—"from a spring at the foot of Dead Man's Hill; thence in a northerly direction, twenty degrees east, to a sycamore; thence due west, to a stone," and so on.

This matter of boundaries is one in which east is east and west is west, and never the twain shall meet. A Western lawyer bought a tract of land in the Appalachians. He took the muniments of title and struggled with them for a day to discover—if such a thing might be—whether the land conveyed was of the area and description of the tract sold him. He was used to abstracts referring to quarters, sections, townships and ranges, under the rectangular system devised by the United States Land Office many years ago, under which the wayfaring man, though a fool, may drive to the exact spot mentioned in any deed from any county seat in the West. These old metes and bounds were a Chinese puzzle to him; so he sent the papers to a legal friend in the East.

"Please look these over," he wrote, "and see whether I am buying any land in any particular locality or not. I am accustomed to a different mode of description, and where the lines are described as running from a hole in the ground, thence in an upperly direction to a state of mind, it puts me up in the air!"

And all these things—small loans, queer descriptions, boundaries rendered uncertain by the death of the sycamore, the drying up of the spring since George Washington ran the line, or the removal of the stone, sharply varying values from farm to farm and from hillside to hillside, lack of legal ability or bonded abstract companies—all these put the loan companies up in the air, too, and place on the farm-loan black list millions of acres of farms the values of which are just as stable and loans on which are just as safe as are those of Grundy County, Iowa—and, as Mr. Peggotty might say, "I can't say no fairer nor that." But all these problems the Federal Farm Loan Bureau must, as a matter of legal duty, work out. Wherever loans may safely be made, the work of making them must be systematized and perfected by a Federal Bureau.

It seems quite within the bounds of possibility that within a few years this work will develop not hundreds of millions but perhaps thousands of millions of choice farm loans, which the present system does not reach at all; and will also add new empires to the areas open to lenders outside the Federal System. And all the farmers so reached, and a multitude of others, are quite as needy as the moneyless farm laborer or the tenant who lacks the wherewithal to pay fifty per cent of the purchase price of a farm.

The new system is not one that gives solely to him who hath. It operates also in the interest of him who hath not. But if it leaves the laborer, the young man starting out in life and the tenant farmer altogether without help, it will not have reached the bottom of the pile of superimposed canines. Let us see about this.

At Topeka, Kansas, a man who has won great prominence among the bankers of America made the statement that in his opinion the Federal Farm Loan System will make it possible for such of our tenant farmers as possess some capital and the equipment a tenant farmer must have, together with a little money, to buy farms in far greater numbers than is now possible. He stated that in his country—the Missouri Valley, where land is high—he would, as an investment banker, regard it as good business to finance such purchases. The Federal Land Bank mortgage, he pointed out, may be for as long a term as forty years, and is made upon the amortization plan—that is, it must be paid off gradually in annual or semiannual installments.

If made for thirty-six years, for instance, the annual interest plus one per cent will extinguish the debt in the time mentioned. The rate will scarcely be higher than five per cent; so that an annual payment of six per cent will take care of the debt, principal and interest. A second mortgage subject to such a lien is a thing entirely different from the second mortgage hitherto known to and contemned by investors. Such a first mortgage has few of the characteristics of the ordinary mortgage. It does not worry the debtor or the owner of the second mortgage by falling due and demanding payment or renewal. It may be paid off at will after five years; but it may be carried on for a generation as an annual charge of much the same character as a tax or a water rate.

The law requires that whenever it is not made for the refunding of outstanding indebtedness the loan must be for the improvement of the farm—for livestock, fertilization, draining, leveeing, for buildings like silos, barns or better houses, fencing, clearing or otherwise reclaiming; so that the security of the Federal Land Bank loan is in most cases increased by the expenditure of the money loaned, and the second mortgage is made better. Moreover, the tenant who becomes an owner begins to build and improve. The farm gets better, instead of running down.

The annual amortization slowly reduces the first lien, while the farm grows better. Round it grow up the loves and traditions that bind the owner to his home. If he is a good man it will take an agricultural convulsion of Nature to eject him from that farm—provided, as our banker friend cannily stated, the annual charges against him are not too high. He figured out for us what he meant by this—and in doing so he made a computation of the greatest importance to the tenant farmers, the landlords and the whole people of the United States.

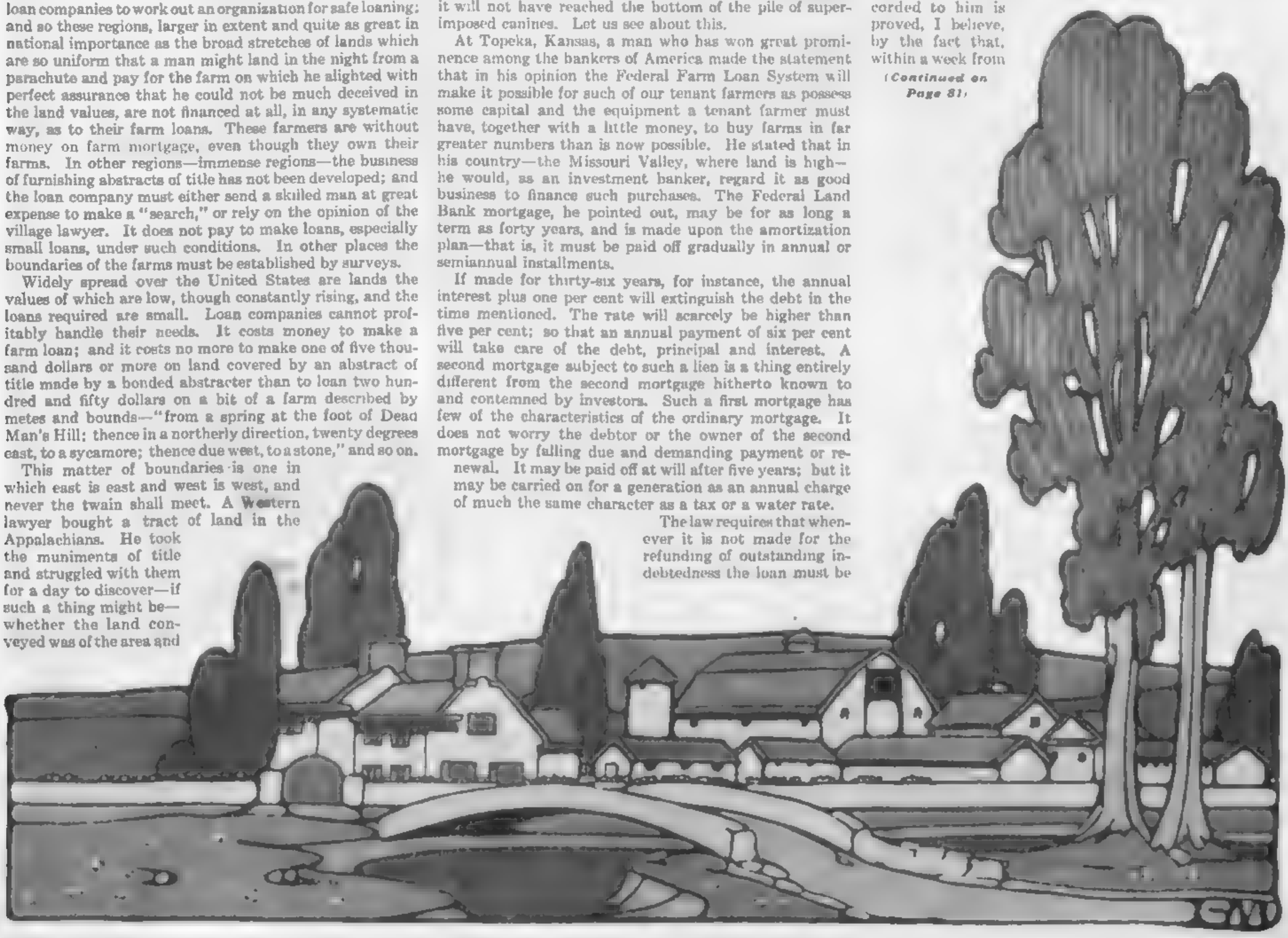
Sound Second Mortgages

"SUPPOSE," said he, "that a tenant farmer, a good man, comes to me and says that he has the equipment to farm eighty acres of land, and can raise, from funds saved or by making a sale, fifteen hundred dollars. He can buy the eighty acres for eight thousand dollars. He can join the nearest National Farm Loan Association and borrow from the Federal Land Bank half the value of the farm four thousand dollars—and turn this sum over to the seller of the land. This leaves the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars to be provided for.

"I should figure that if the interest on the first mortgage the amortization charge, the interest, taxes, insurance and upkeep—did not amount to more than a fair rental for the land it would be a safe loan for an investment banker. I should not think so if the first mortgage had only three, five or ten years to run; because I should figure that it would take him about ten years to pay off my second mortgage. I think seven per cent would be a fair interest for the second mortgage to bear and that it would be good paper to handle."

That this gentleman from whom I quote from memory has won the prominence among the bankers of America that I have accorded to him is proved, I believe, by the fact that, within a week from

(Continued on Page 81)



CAPPY RICKS, WHEAT BARON

Wherein J. Augustus Redell Scores a Knock-Out

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Friend of My Heart, I Love You! Dama Eet! I Say Eet!"

SEÑOR FELIPE LUIZ ALMEIDA, secretary-treasurer of the West Coast Trading Company and familiarly known as Live Wire Luiz, gazed a moment in dumb popeyed admiration at his partner, J. Augustus Redell. The latter watched him suspiciously, for he knew from experience what was coming. He was not disappointed.

"Friend of my heart!" the little Peruvian cried excitedly, and held out his arms to Redell, inviting a fraternal embrace. "I love you! Damn eet! I say eet! You are one wezard weeth the money-making schemes!"

Mr. Redell cautiously compromised on a hearty handshake; to avoid a kiss he was careful to keep the table between himself and Live Wire Luiz.

"Shall we empty the corporate sock and climb aboard for every cent we can beg, borrow or steal?" he demanded.

"Sure, I bet you!" Live Wire Luiz cried; for, though a featherweight physically, he was possessed of the courage of an Alexander.

J. Augustus Redell put on his hat, took from a pigeonhole in his desk the last trial balance of the West Coast Trading Company's books and departed for a conference with his banker. Half an hour later he returned, and the expectant Luiz promptly noted a cloud on Mr. Redell's sunny countenance.

"I can't arrange for a loan," he reported disgustedly. "The limit, in view of our present obligations, has been reached."

"On margin of ten cents," suggested Live Wire Luiz, "take a chance, *amigo*. Thees is not speculation. It ees what you call the ceench weeth the copper reevets."

"I figure it that way; nevertheless, copper-riveted cinches sometimes aren't properly cinched and Fortune bucks out of the packsaddle. I dare not take a long chance on this, Luiz.

"If something went wrong we'd be sadly embarrassed. We dare not take a chance up to the limit of what money we have on hand, because we need those funds for other things."

Live Wire Luiz swore mournfully in Spanish. Redell nodded and retired to his own office, where for an hour he sat with his head in his hands, searching his agile brain for a bright idea that would lead him out of his dilemma. Suddenly he leaped to his feet, tossed his hat to the ceiling, and caught it again as it came down.

"Cappy Ricks is my meat," he declared aloud. "Besides, I owe Cappy one for making a monkey out of me on that lath deal. He hoisted me on my own petard—whatever a petard may be. Now I'll hoist him, and incidentally annex a profit for the West Coast Trading Company."

He rushed out into California Street and for the major portion of the day was very busy among various shipping offices. When he returned, late in the afternoon, to the offices of the West Coast Trading Company, his alert young face wore a pleased and confident smile. Live Wire Luiz noted this and took heart of hope.

II

CAPPY RICKS, president emeritus of the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company and the Blue Star Navigation Company, was, for the thousandth time since his voluntary retirement from active business some ten years previously, overwhelmed with his ancient responsibilities. Mr. Skinner, his general manager, in charge of the lumber end of Cappy's vast interests, had, under the insistent prodding of his wife, consented grudgingly to a vacation and had gone up into the Sierras to loaf and fish.

Scarcely had Skinner departed when one of the Blue Star steamers ran ashore on the Southern California coast, and Captain Matt Peasley, Cappy's son-in-law and right bower, in charge of the shipping end, left immediately for the scene of the disaster to superintend the work of floating the stranded vessel. This left Cappy riding herd on the destinies of the Blue Star ships, with Mr. Hankins, Skinner's understudy, looking after the lumber.

Prior to boarding the train, Matt Peasley had ventured the suggestion that Mr. Skinner be ordered by wire to return to town at once; but this veiled hint that the Blue Star ships could not be managed by the man who had built up the Blue Star Navigation Company had been received very coldly by the president emeritus of the Ricks interests.

"Young feller," Cappy informed his son-in-law testily, "I'll have you know I was managing the Blue Star Navigation Company quite some years before you quit wearing pinafores; so I guess, while you and Skinner are away from the office, we can manage to stagger along after a fashion."

"But I don't like to have you worried with business after you've retired ——"

"Retired!" Cappy hooted. "Swell chance I've got to retire! I'll die in the harness whether I want to or not. Tut, tut, my boy! Don't be afraid to put me in as a pinch hitter for this organization. The worst I can do is to single—and I might clout a home run."

"But Skinner has been away two weeks ——"

"Enough! It would be a bad thing to obsess Skinner with the notion that we can't get along without him. Then he never would take a rest; and I don't want any martyrs or neurasthenics round my office. You got anything on the fire that's liable to burn or boil over before you get back?"

"Nothing to worry about, Cappy," Matt answered. "Our five-masted schooner Mindoro is the only vessel requiring immediate attention. She arrived at Sydney yesterday with lumber from Grays Harbor, and as yet I haven't been able to get a satisfactory return cargo for her."

"What have you been holding out for?"

"I want to get a cargo for delivery in San Francisco if possible. The vessel will be ready to go on dry dock by the time she gets back here; and besides, I'm planning to put a semi-Diesel-type engine in her."

"Not by a jugful! She wasn't built with a shaft log, and I won't have you weakening my Mindoro by cutting away her deadwood ——"

"Tish! Tush! You're a back number, Cappy. They don't cut through the deadwood any more. They run the shaft over her quarter and hang it on struts."

"She'll carry a helm ——"

"She'll not; but if she does, let her. It'll give the helmsman something to do."

Cappy subsided, fearful that if he persisted he might be given new evidence of the fact that times had changed a trifle, here and there, since he had ostensibly gone on the retired list.

"Well, I'll take care of the Mindoro," he assured his son-in-law. "Early in life I adopted the woodpecker as my patron saint. Ever since, whenever I want anything I keep pecking away, and pretty soon I bust through somewhere."

The following morning, bursting with a sense of responsibility, Cappy came bustling down to the office and got on the job at eight-thirty. After looking through the mail he called up all the freight brokers in town and urged them to make a special effort to line up a San Francisco cargo for the Mindoro; then he summoned Mr. Skinner's stenographer and was busy dictating when Mr. J. Augustus Redell was announced by a youth from the general office. Cappy went to the door to welcome his beloved young friend and business enemy.

"Come in, Gus, my dear boy," he chirped, "and rest your face and hands." He turned to the stenographer. "That will be all, my dear, for the present. I can't dictate business secrets in the presence of this—ahem!—harumph-h-h!—er ——"

His desk telephone rang. Cappy took down the receiver and grunted.

"J. O. Heyfuss & Co. are calling you, Mr. Ricks," his private exchange operator announced.

Cappy smiled and nodded. J. O. Heyfuss & Co. were ship, freight and marine insurance brokers.

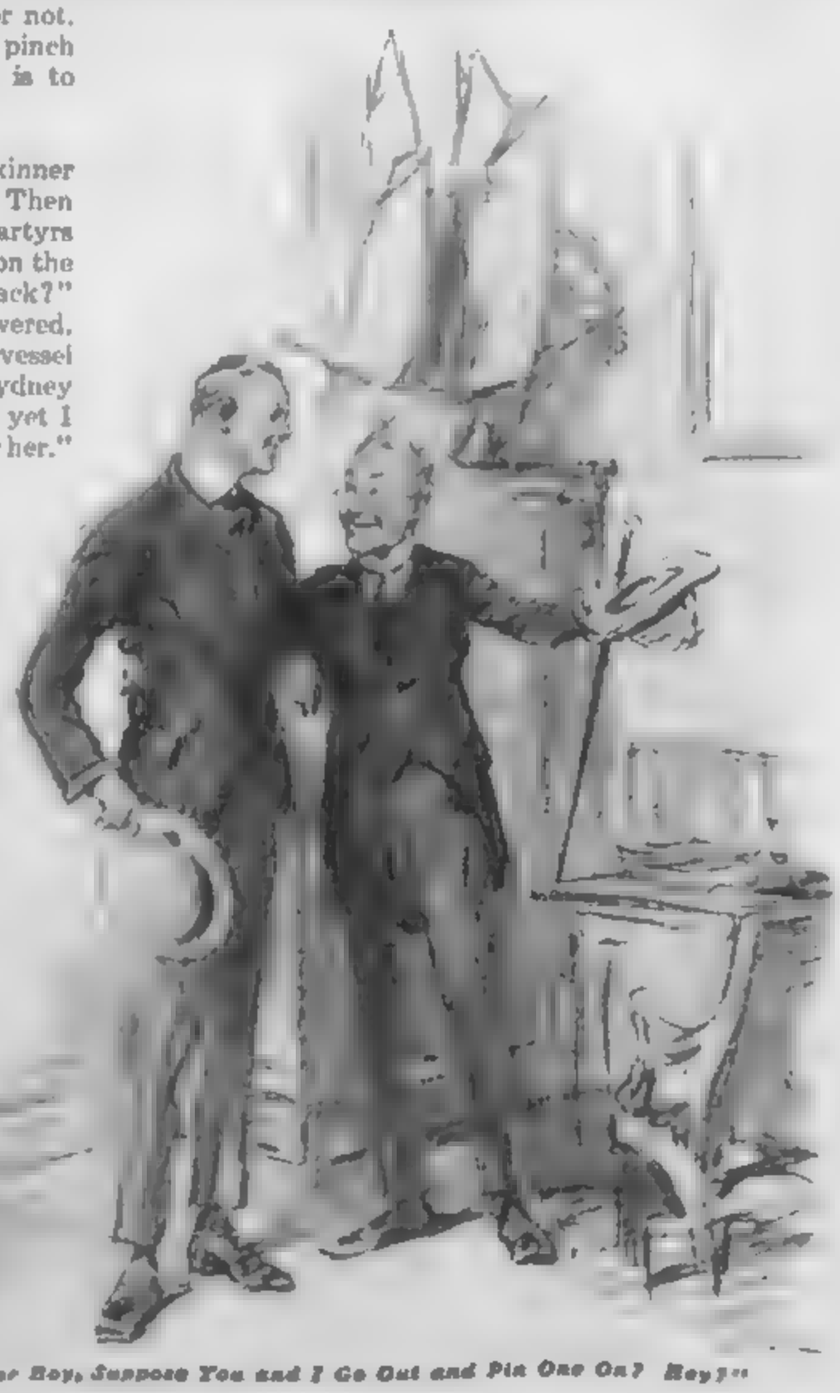
"Something doing for my Mindoro," he soliloquized aloud.

"Mr. Ricks?" a voice came over the wire.

"Hello there!" Cappy replied at the top of his voice. For some reason he always shouted when telephoning. "Ricks on the job! Whatja got for my Mindoro, Heyfuss? . . . Zinc ore? Never carried any before. Don't know what it looks like. . . . Yes; that freight rate is acceptable. We should have more, but God forbid that we should be considered human hogs. . . . Yes. . . . Sure it's for discharge in San Francisco? . . . All right. Close for it. . . . Good-by! . . . Hey there, Heyfuss! Don't close in a hurry. See if you can't get the charterers to pay the towage over to her loading port. If they won't pay all, strike 'em for half."

He hung up without saying good-by.

"Well, that's out of the way," he declared with satisfaction. "Just closed for a cargo of zinc ore from Australia to San Francisco ex our schooner Mindoro. Matt Peasley's been hunting wild-eyed for a cargo for her—scouring the market, Gus—and nothing doing! And here the old master comes along and digs up a cargo while you'd be saying Jack Robinson. By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, if you can show me how the rising generation is going to get by ——"



"My Dear Boy, Suppose You and I Go Out and Pin One On? Hey?"

He paused suddenly, leaned forward, and pointed an accusing finger at his visitor.

"Gus," he charged, "you're up to something. I can see it in your eyes. You look guilty."

Mr. Redell hitched his chair close to Cappy and with his index finger tapped the old gentleman three times on the right knee—three impressive taps.

"Alden P. Ricks," he began with equal impressiveness, "I have a scheme ——"

Cappy chuckled and slapped his thin old thigh.

"I knew it! By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet! Gus, if you ever come into my office and fail to pull a scheme on me I'll think you aren't enjoying your usual robust health. What are you going to start now? A skunk farm for cornering the market on Russian sable?"

"Cut out the hilarity. This is serious business, Cappy. I can show you where you and I can waltz into the Chicago Pit, make a killing on December wheat, and escape with a sizable wad before our identity is discovered."

Cappy, caught off his guard, blinked at the enormity of the prospect; but, remembering his dignity as a business man, he shook his head sadly and replied:

"Wheat! Wheat, eh? A lumber and shipping man monkeying with wheat? Not for little old Alden P. Ricks! No, sir! When I go speculating I stick to my specialties—lumber and ships. Did you ever hear of a gambler, winning a fortune at faro, who didn't drop his winnings on the ponies?"

"But this is a beautiful layout."

"I don't know anything about wheat and I'm too old to learn. Besides, I don't trust you, Gus. You're an infernal scoundrel; and experience has taught me that any time I take your tip and go in on a deal I have to step lively to keep from being walked on."

"But this time I'm free from guile. I won't stab you, Cappy."

"No use! The last boat just left, Augustus."

Mr. Redell, however, was made of rather stern stuff. He was a young man who never took "No" for an answer. Persistence was his most striking characteristic.

"Now listen," he implored. "Let the dead past bury itself. I give you my word of honor, Cappy, that this deal is on the level. Just let me put all my cards on the table while you take a look; then, if you don't want to come in, all I ask is your word of honor that you'll stay out while I round up a partner with red blood in his veins."

Cappy pricked up his ears at that. He saw that Redell was serious; he knew that once the latter passed his word of honor he never broke it. Still, Cappy did not wish to appear precipitate in his surrender; so he said weakly:

"I'm against speculation."

"You mean you're against foolish speculation," Redell corrected him. "I take it, however, that you have no objection to playing a sure thing."

"Well," Cappy admitted, "in that event I might be persuaded. Nevertheless, I'm afraid of you. There's a fly in the ointment, even if I cannot see it. You owe me a poke, and you'll never rest until you've squared the account between us."

Mr. Redell held up his hands in abject distress.

"Cappy," he pleaded, "don't say that. You wrong me cruelly. It is in my power to stand idly by and let you assimilate a poke right now; but, just to show you I haven't any hard feelings, I'll do something nice for you instead."

"What do you mean—nice?"

"I'll save you money—not only to-day but for years to come; and I'll save your self-respect."

"Shoot!"

"Call up J. O. Heyfuss & Co. and tell them to take their cargo of zinc ore in bulk for your schooner Mindoro and go to the devil with it!"

"But, good gracious, boy, I have to get something for her homeward trip!"

"In this case nothing is better than something. Do you know anything about zinc ore?"

"Yes; as much as an Eskimo knows about the doctrine of transubstantiation."

"I thought so. Well, I'll enlighten you. Zinc ore is blamed near as heavy as lead, and it's as fine as cement. Load it in a ship in bulk and, what with the pitching and rolling of the vessel on a long voyage, she opens up every seam and crack in her interior; then this powdered ore sifts into the skin of the ship and down into her bilge, and you'll never be able to get it out without tearing the ship apart. Why, after a vessel has freighted a cargo of zinc ore there may be as much as fifty tons left in her after she's supposed to be discharged; and, of course, thereafter she'll carry that much less cargo than she did before. Besides, the consignees are liable to send you a bill for the shortage; you can gamble your head they'll deduct it from the freight bill."

"Holy sailor!" Cappy was appalled.

"Why," Redell continued, "I'm surprised at your ignorance, Cappy!"

"And I'm amazed at your intelligence! Where did you get all this zinc-ore dope?" Cappy challenged. "How do I know it's true?"

"I got it from Captain Matt Peasley. I heard him give it to J. O. Heyfuss on the floor of the Merchants' Exchange two weeks ago, when Heyfuss tried to sneak up on his blind side and hang that cargo of zinc ore on him. I guess they weren't importing much zinc ore when you were active in business, Cappy, or you'd be hep without being told. You see the plot, don't you? As soon as Heyfuss learned that Matt Peasley and Skinner had gone away, leaving a defenseless old man on the job, he organized himself to spear you."

"The shameless son of a sea cook! By gravy, Gus, you're my friend!"

"Need any more proof?"

"Not a speck."

"Then I'll give you some. Call up Heyfuss and declare that ore cargo off; after you've done that I'll tell you where you can get something better. Moreover, you can close the deal yourself and save the brokerage."

Cappy Ricks called up J. O. Heyfuss and in a few terse sentences told that individual where to head in.

"Now, then ——" he began, facing round on Redell once more.

Again Mr. Redell's index finger tapped Cappy's knee. Dramatically he pronounced a single word:

"Wheat!"

"Wheat?"

"Wheat!"

"What kind of wheat?" In his amazement Cappy was rather helpless.

"Number One white Australian wheat."

"You jibbering jackdaw! Wheat? Don't you know blamed well that wheat is one of the commodities Australia never exports to these United States? Why? Because we don't need her dog-goned wheat! We grow all the wheat we need and a lot more we don't need; we export that, and it's just as fine wheat as you'll find anywhere. Moreover, any time our crop is a failure, our next-door neighbor, Canada, is Johnny-on-the-spot, ready to make prompt delivery. So what in thunder are you talking about?"

For answer J. Augustus Redell drew from his pocket that morning's paper and pointed to the headline of a front-page story. Cappy adjusted his spectacles and read: Bakers Announce Six-Cent Loaf!

"Hum-m-m!" said Cappy.

"You bet! And it's a smaller loaf, by the way. Doesn't that argue that there is something doing in wheat, when the price of bread goes to six cents for a half portion?"

"Well, there might be something in that, Gus. Crack along and tell me some more."

"Until the identity of the real culprits is fixed, Cappy, we must blame the war in Europe for the six-cent loaf; likewise for the fifteen-dollar shoe that formerly cost our wives six or seven; for the eleven pounds of sugar for a dollar, when twenty to twenty-two pounds was the standard in the good old days. Europe is too busy fighting to pay much attention to farming; the wheat farmers of Canada are somewhere in France, instead of being at home tending to business; and it has been up to Uncle Sam and the Argentine Republic to feed the world, you might say. Naturally speculators have seized upon this condition to shoot the price of wheat to the skies, and in desperation the millers have been casting about to buy cheaper wheat. Investigation discloses the fact that Australia has an enormous quantity of wheat on hand; some of it is the surplus of the 1915 crop. Of course she has exported all she could to England; but, at that, she has been handicapped."

"How?"

"Because when a ship sails from Liverpool with goods for Australia, it is a rare case when that same ship promptly loads with Australian goods and puts back to Liverpool. She takes a cargo of coal, say, from Newcastle up to Manila; a general cargo from Manila to Seattle or San Francisco; thence to a West Coast port with a general cargo; thence to New York with nitrate; thence to Europe with foodstuffs or munitions. Australia hasn't had the tonnage to export her wheat and it's been piling up on her. Now they've simply got to sell something to get some ready money."

"This is perfectly re-markable!"

Redell took a document from his pocket and gravely handed it to Cappy, who examined it and discovered the same to be a charter party, consummated the day before between the West Coast Trading Company, owners of the barkentine Mazeppa, and Messrs. Ford & Carter, a well-known export and import firm whose principal business

"I Don't Know Anything About Wheat and I'm Too Old to Learn. Besides, I Don't Trust You, Gus. You're an Infernal Scoundrel"

was done in grain. Cappy read the charter party carefully and even verified the signatures, with all of which he was familiar. The vessel was to carry a cargo of wheat from Melbourne to San Francisco at a freight rate of —— shillings.

"Re-markable!" Cappy declared. "Pre-posterous!"

"Seeing is believing. Call up Ford & Carter, and they'll jump over themselves to give you a cargo of wheat for your Mindoro."

"Im-possible!"

"Well, I'm telling you. Why, it stands to reason, Cappy! Canada and the United States are so much nearer Europe than is Australia it has been cheaper to use our wheat, and the result is we've been cleaned out; and the newspapers are filled with dismal stories of the sufferings of the poor due to the increased price of bread."

"Come to think of it, Gus, there has been a lot of that stuff in the papers lately. But, of course, when a fellow's stomach is full and he isn't in danger of being attached for debt, he never thinks of the less fortunate brother. Yes, Gus, I dare say the demand for our wheat now exceeds the visible supply."

"Is it any wonder, then, that this condition of affairs should come to the attention of the Australian exporters? Just because Australian wheat has never been shipped into the United States is no reason why it shouldn't be shipped—particularly when the price of flour goes up daily. Why, we pay two and a half for the fifty-pound sack of flour that formerly cost us a dollar and a quarter! Eggs are up to seventy cents a dozen—by jingo, Cappy, what's going to become of us?"

"God knows!" Cappy answered dismally.

Redell had him hypnotized. Already Cappy could see the gates of the poorhouse opening to receive them all Redell's voice brought him back to a realization of his peril.

"You'll find, Cappy Ricks, that for months to come every sailing vessel that carries lumber to Australia from the Pacific Coast will come back with a cargo of wheat while these war prices are maintained."

"Great Jumping Jehoshaphat! How'd you get next to all this, Gus?"

"The early bird gets the worm, and success comes to the man who creates his own opportunities. I thought it all up out of my own head, Cappy, and then tried it out on Ford & Carter. It knocked 'em cold for a minute; but that was only because the proposition was so unusual. When I explained the situation to them, however, and gave them time to digest it, both offered to take me out to luncheon. You can see for yourself they've chartered our Mazeppa at a fancy freight rate."

Cappy licked his lips.

"The Mindoro is sound, tight and seaworthy," he murmured. "She could carry wheat."

"Come on in, Cappy. The water's fine!"

"I'll do it! Gus, you're a mighty good fellow, if I do say it that shouldn't. I have five windjammers en route to Australia this minute, and, by the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, if I can get wheat charters for all of them on the return trip I'll accept, if it costs me money. Gus, something has got to be done about this high cost of living or we'll all go to hell together. There comes a time in a man's life when he must put aside the sordid question of 'How much is there in it for me?' and ask himself: 'How much can I put in it for the other fellow?' Gus, it's our Christian duty to furnish tonnage to import this wheat. We should, as patriotic citizens, make it our business to boom Australian wheat in the United States and give these dog-goned pirates that gamble in the foodstuffs of the country a run for their money. Food prices should be regulated by this Government. The Chicago Pit should be abolished by legislative enactment ——"

"Well, they won't do it this year, Cappy," Redell interrupted dryly. "Still, it occurred to me that I saw an opening where two high-minded philanthropists—to wit, Alden P. Ricks and J. Augustus Redell—might strike a blow for freedom and at the same time give these wheat speculators a kick where it will do them the most good. When one cannot annihilate his enemy the next best thing is to take some money away from him; and you and I, Cappy Ricks, can take a young fortune away from these fellows, while at the same time depressing the price of wheat and doing our fellow countrymen a favor. Are you prepared to volunteer under my banner? If so, hold up your right hand."

Cappy held up his right hand.

"Out with it, Gus," he ordered; "out with it! This is most interesting."

"Ah! You're interested now, are you? Well, bearing in mind the fact that your specialty is lumber and ships, I will give you an opportunity to withdraw before it is too late. Besides, it occurs to me that I have already done enough for you to-day."

"Don't be greedy, Gus. Remember there is an exception to every rule. Besides, I'm getting old and—er-ahem!—hell's bells, boy, I've got to have my fling every once in a while. Come now, Gus! Out with it! I believe your proposition embodied the coupling of both our names in the betting, did it not?"

"It did, Cappy. Still, come to think of it, I really ought not come in here and tempt you into speculating ——"

"How much money do you want?" Cappy shrilled impatiently. "Cut out this infernal drivel and get down to business. Unfold your proposition; and if it looks to me like a winner I'll take a flyer with you if it's the last act of my sinful life."

"On your own head be it, Cappy. Here goes! However, before laying my plan before you, perfect frankness compels me to state that my visit to you was not born of an overweening desire to do you a kindness or make money for you. Philanthropy is not my long suit—in business hours; and my interest in you to-day is purely a selfish one."

"Go on; go on, boy! Am I a child in arms?"

"I have made a ball, Cappy," Redell continued, "and I want you to fire it. I have a splendid prescription to make a clean-up in December wheat ——"

"Give me your prescription."

"Well, sir, my prescription lacks one small ingredient to make it a standard household remedy. You can supply that ingredient—to wit, cash of the present standard of weight and fineness. Every spare dollar that Live Wire Luiz and I can get our hands on is working overtime in the legitimate business of the West Coast Trading Company; every loose asset with a hockable value has been hocked, and we dare not strain our credit with our banker by borrowing money with which to speculate. If I apply for a sizable loan, without putting up the collateral, he'll ask me what I want to do with the money—and if I answer truthfully he'll throw Luiz and me and our account out of his bank. And I never was a very successful liar. Therefore, in consideration of the valuable information I can furnish, I suggest that you carry me for a quarter of a million bushels of December wheat."

"How much will that cost me?" Cappy queried warily.

"We'll operate on margin. I think a margin of ten cents a bushel will do the trick; of course, if wheat should go up a point you'll be asked to come through with more money. However, I have a sneaking notion that a well-known financial heavyweight like you can place his order with any of the local brokers without having to put up a single cent; at the most, they might ask you for five thousand or ten thousand dollars. But they know you're good for any engagement you may make; they'd be tickled to death to have your promissory note. I suggest that you get in touch with a sound brokerage house in this city—one that is a member of the New York Stock Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade—and sell, for my account, two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of December wheat at the market."

"What'll I do for myself?"

"Go as far as you like. You know your own limitations. I'm desirous of selling a quarter of a million bushels at the market; and, as I am furnishing the plans and specifications for this raid, I suggest that you sell at least a quarter of a million yourself."

"Funny business!" Cappy murmured. "Selling a quarter of a million bushels of wheat you do not own and never will! Hum-m-m! Ahem! Harumph-h-h! Then what?"

He bent his head and gazed very severely at Mr. Redell over the rims of his spectacles. For reply Mr. Redell took from his pocket thirteen sheaves of paper and handed them to Cappy, who investigated and discovered them to be thirteen forty-eight-hour options on thirteen sailing vessels bound to Australian ports with lumber, and not as yet provided with a return cargo to the United States.

"By to-morrow morning I shall have exercised those options and closed for thirteen cargoes of wheat," Redell explained. "You have five vessels bound to Australia also. Give me an option on them for their return cargo and that will make eighteen."

"Yes, yes. Then what?"

"I will charter all of the eighteen to Ford & Carter, who will load them with Number One white Australian wheat for Pacific Coast ports. Before doing so, however, Ford & Carter will have closed contracts with Pacific Coast milling companies for the sale of every grain of it, in order to protect themselves against a falling market."

"Naturally. And the market is ——"

"December wheat closed in the Chicago Pit yesterday at $1.89½, and the market has been very stiff for quite a while. The bulls are right on the job."

"Will not the advent of all this Australian wheat depress the market?" Cappy shrilled excitedly.

"Not unless the bears happen to find it out, Cappy," Redell retorted gently. "It is our job to bring the matter to their attention, for it so happens that Alden P. Ricks and J. Augustus Redell are the only two people in the United States who happen to know about it. Ford & Carter know; but they are very conservative, and I doubt that the tremendous possibilities of this information have occurred to them. At any rate, we'll probably be first aboard the lugger."

Cappy nodded sagely.

"Are you sure, Gus, my dear young friend, that we are not too conservative in selling but a quarter of a million bushels each? There's such a thing as playing 'em too close to the vest, you know."

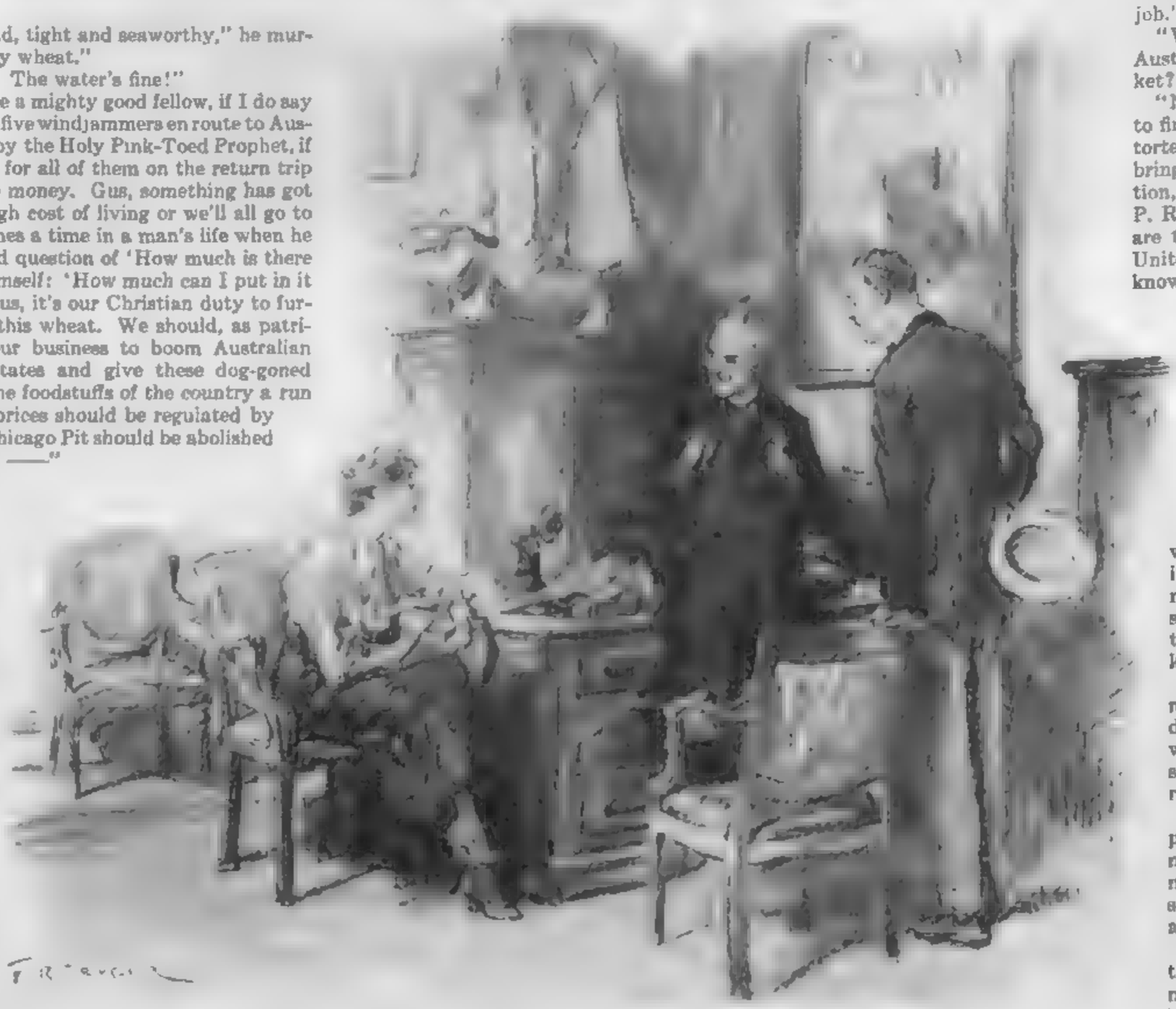
"We'll try selling half a million bushels first; if that doesn't depress the market we'll just keep on selling until something happens. That's right, isn't it?"

"I think so. The bulls will probably grab that first half million bushels to hold up the market; they may even absorb a million. We'll try 'em, at any rate. What next?"

"Having sold all we can at the market, Cappy, our next move will be to kick the market to pieces."

"How?"

(Continued on Page 68)



"That Will be All, My Dear, for the Present. I Can't Dictate Business Secrets in the Presence of This—Ahem!—Harumph-h-h!—or ——"

THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VIII

THE ornithologist was absent but a brief while. Then, with the force of an explosion in our midst, a thing came to pass so utterly odd, and so bound up, as it transpired, with the destiny of the Craigensides, that I feel obliged to describe it in detail.

This event took its rise in the return of Mr. James Smith with the act known as Man or Mechanism. This act, as was to be inferred from the handbills, had to do with a sort of Frankenstein's monster, a thing in the likeness of a man, which would make seemingly independent movements, whether electrically energized or inspired with the very breath of life its proprietor would not take it upon himself to say. That, in short, was what he left to the critical judgment of his audience to determine.

The baggage of the new company came into the Glade late on Monday afternoon. At that hour I was sitting with my senior and colleague, Mr. Bag Fuller, on the canoe float presided over by the boatman Sturgis. Mr. Fuller pointed out with his pipe stem the huge black box which in his opinion comprised the Man or Mechanism act. I had only time to take note of its brass corners and heavy construction, when it was up-ended and urged sidewise onto the stage. The expressmen were straining and shouting curses underneath it, as if the thing were a grievous weight on their shoulders.

"Funny what will amuse people," said Fuller.

He was of the opinion that the act was a fake act, as nearly everything in life was nowadays.

"Ain't no more real than those needles," he said mournfully.

The needles he referred to were pine needles, and were being strewn from carts, among the roots of weary, bald-headed pines.

Sturgis stirred sleepily, rubbed the bowl of his pipe against his nose and uttered:

"I think it will turn out to be a man, not a mechanism."

"Man nothing!" retorted Fuller. "Ain't it likely a man would be given away first crack out of the box. He would cough or get a cinder in his eye."

"There are people with remarkable nerve control," said Sturgis. "I knew a man who went twenty minutes without winking his eyes, for example."

My fat colleague was an opinionated man. He waddled away unconvinced.

The policeman at Silver Glade had, in addition to his other duties, that of taking tickets at the theater gate. It was, as I had pointed out, a sapping of his authority and a lowering of his dignity to give him a job beyond that of merely towering impassively among his fellow citizens. But the management that year was bent on economy. Already the road was a squeezed lemon, about to be thrown into some financial gutter.

And thus it happened that on this Monday night at seven-thirty I was "on the gate," as they used to say at Silver Glade.

As darkness fell the arc lights shone more boldly among the debilitated pines. I heard the torturing creak of wooden swings, and the sound of lobster shells snapping when trod on—this in the lucid intervals between the whirls of the merry-go-round.

At a quarter to eight the manager of Silver Glade thrust his sweating face anxiously over the gate.

"It's a good house, isn't it?" he said nervously. "I hope nothing goes wrong with these acts. Outside the Man or Mechanism thing they don't amount to much, I tell you flat. Mostly silent acts, curtain raisers. They've made long jumps too. Slapped together at the last moment. That's what they get, fighting for cheaper acts. These acts have come from five different holes—they don't know each other even."

He went off grumbling.

I then became conscious of the figure of Mr. James Smith lumbering up the center aisle. His head swung like a bull's, right and left; he seemed to be taking stock of the few people who had come in.

Reaching the gate, he stood back in the deep shadow behind me, with only a muttered word or two, and there he remained until the audience was made up and the first act well started. He then went through the gate and made for the dressing rooms. A full minute had not passed when Jane Craigenside presented her ticket.

"Where is Captain Craigenside?" I inquired.

"Wild horses wouldn't drag him here," she replied. "He's not the man to want to be amused."

My thought was that, in her present mood, she wasn't the kind of girl to be amused either, if it came to that. I had never seen any young woman in my life whose eyes gave less assurance of a likelihood of being entertained by what was going forward.

I showed her to a seat myself, and later, getting my colleague, Mr. Fuller, on the gate, I summoned courage to take the empty seat beside her. I was conscious of an agitation on her part which made her reluctant to talk. But if this was how she felt, why had she come to Silver Glade at all?

I confess she puzzled me.

The first act was silent—a pair of acrobats. The second was of the sort technically known as slapstick. One man played a concertina while the other pummeled him systematically with a barrel stave.

Stealing a look at the girl by my side from time to time, I saw that she was watching with a rigid face and that her mind was otherwhere.

Then the Man or Mechanism act was announced, and now the audience shifted on those wooden benches, for this was the act that had been featured, and with the mystery of which even philosophers and sages, it was averred, had not been ashamed to concern themselves. Out of the tail of my eye I saw the girl beside me sink forward and put out one hand to the iron chair back in front of her.

Mr. James Smith Was Standing Hatless at the Wheel, Heading for the Open Sea

An attendant appeared, rolling out from behind the wing-screen an immense black box studded with brass nails which I had caught a glimpse of earlier. This he placed at the left of the stage and withdrew.

Next appeared a tall, pale man robed in black, with a black skullcap on his head and long straw cuffs at his wrists. This was Mr. James Smith. The ex-ornithologist was certainly master of strange trades as well as a manufacturer of omens. He stood viewing the audience like a man lying in wait, his pale eyes oddly lighted. Indeed, so haunting was this light that judgment was instinctively passed against his experiment before he could so much as open his mouth. This prejudice was heightened also by the molelike protuberance on his forehead.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he unctuously said, "I am a man of few words, and I prefer that you should judge my manikin rather by its own actions than by my account of it. It is the work of my own hands; whether alive or not, you shall judge for yourselves. If motion in the limbs be once granted, you see for yourselves it would only be necessary to simulate the digestive and peristaltic processes to have a completely functioning organism—in short, man. Ladies and gentlemen, I now disclose to your eyes the manikin. Is it man or mechanism?"

He bowed low. Then going to the black box he took the lid entirely clear of the front face of it. Many nervous sighs were heaved in the obscurity below him; a noise arose of divers feet pressing hard on lobster claws and peanut shells.

They were looking into the staring eyes of a waxen figure nearly six feet high, reposing on a half couch of palest rose. The black hair was slightly curly, the nose aquiline, the chalklike features those of a man of perhaps thirty and of great personal beauty. This figure was clothed in black velvet slashed with scarlet stripes.

The face was weird and trancelike beyond words. It was not human, it is true, but neither had it the insipid quality of a face of wax.

And now this strange circumstance was superadded to the others: The girl beside me strained forward in her seat and whispered "It is he!"

Could I believe my ears? Had she recognized this corpselike figure? "It is he!" Who then? And what might be his real relation with the uncanny ornithologist? There was about all of this a child's magic, a fantastic Orientalism, that yet held me spellbound. I leaned forward, expecting I know not what, perhaps that the whole parcel of them would disappear into the gaping jaws of the dragon painted on the canvas wing.

My hand fell on Jane Craigenside's. As before when I had taken it, it was cold; and again I experienced a vague shock that this should be so. It seemed certain that the cold fingers of some horrid fear had fallen on her. And yet in the moment when she had said "It is he" I could have sworn that a note of relief, and even immeasurable gladness, had mingled with that other note of strain and terror.

"It is who?" I said gently, hoping that in that moment of rapt attention the word might fall which would make all clear.

I was disappointed. She shook her head slowly, her eyes riveted to the mechanism, to which the fat operator had now turned back.

"I show you now his inward part," he said suavely, twitching at his straw cuffs. "I trust that it is not all wickedness."

There came a click; a door in the small of the figure's back opened, revealing a collection of springs and cogs—about enough to fill an ordinary alarm clock.

"It must be reflected from the sides—by mirrors," said the girl in the same curiously absorbed whisper. She was quite oblivious of me. I began to see that she wished this thing to be a man—that her whole soul cried out that it should prove a man. Her steady eyes flared with the fierce light I have already noted; the line of the jaw, the pouted lip, the slope of the lashes, all went to emphasize the strain of the barbaric and imperious which was her inheritance

from that grim line of seamen who had sprung from the house of Craigenside. She breathed stormily. The black ribbon slung about her neck moved; one point fluttered on my cheek.

But my own attention returned to the stage. Our friend, Mr. James Smith, had flung out on the bare boards a system of wires ending in what appeared to be small bulbs of black rubber.

Speaking slowly, in his thick, grating voice, which seemed to have been long unused, he called the attention of the audience to the fact that the man—or mechanism—was now about to move.

"You will observe," he continued, "that when I press this bulb he walks alone. I have provided him with the floating principle of equilibrium. You all know that the thing which keeps the balance of the human body is afloat in an inner compartment of the ear. This principle I sought to imitate in vain for many years, and I discovered my method only by chance, through feeding domesticated pigeons on bread crumbs soaked in brandy."

A murmur came from the audience.

Mr. James Smith pressed the bulb. There came a whirr, a clack, the left hand of the object shook, the fingers remaining rigid. In another instant, with a faint sound of clicking, the thing stepped out of its box and took a stiff step or two along the stage, its crimson-clad arms dangling.

Mr. James Smith dropped the bulb he had been holding. At once the Man—or Mechanism—came to a halt. The arms twitched spasmodically, and the head canted a little to one side, the eyes, however, continuing wide open and utterly without expression.

"It is necessary," said its proprietor, "to simulate by electrical impulses the effect of muscular contraction and expansion. It is plain that if the peristaltic and respiratory impulses could be similarly simulated, the organism would differ in nowise from man's. It would be possible to nourish it, as a system of normal reflexes."

He then drew from his pocket a small package, and uttering pleasantly the words "Red pepper," slashed it through the air.

Several gentlemen in the front row sneezed. Smith sneezed himself; but the figure in striped velvet remained unaffected. There was something severe and statesmanlike in its profile, actually the same look of cramped greatness which you will see, for example, in the portraits of William H. Seward.

As to the authentic nature of this miracle, people were about equally divided. Some were saying that of course the pepper would not have its effect on sawdust; others averred that the figure was a man who had schooled himself to endure its ravages.

But the girl at my side sat white-faced and silent, following with all her soul the least movement of that perplexing manikin. Useless to recount its bag of tricks. It sat in a chair, it picked a handkerchief from the floor, it raised a china cup to its lips, it put a derby hat on its glossy head. The range of its performance was, of course, narrow; the fact of mere movement on the part of such a contrivance was what was remarkable to those of us whose minds habitually swung open on hinges of wonder. Once when the current of its being was cut sharp off the thing fainted dead away, and lay limp in the arms of its creator, still with its miraculous eyes wide open in that impenetrable glassy stare of which it was past master.

I did not once see the quiver of an expression there. There was not the slightest movement of the lashes, not the least flutter of a lid or wrinkling of skin round the eyeball—movements which chiefly control and determine the expression. I did not so much as detect the pulse of an artery in the neck or an expansion of the lungs, and yet there was a lurking, underlying something there like human personality.

"Has it a soul?" breathed Mr. James Smith in one place. "Ladies and gentlemen, I do not know."

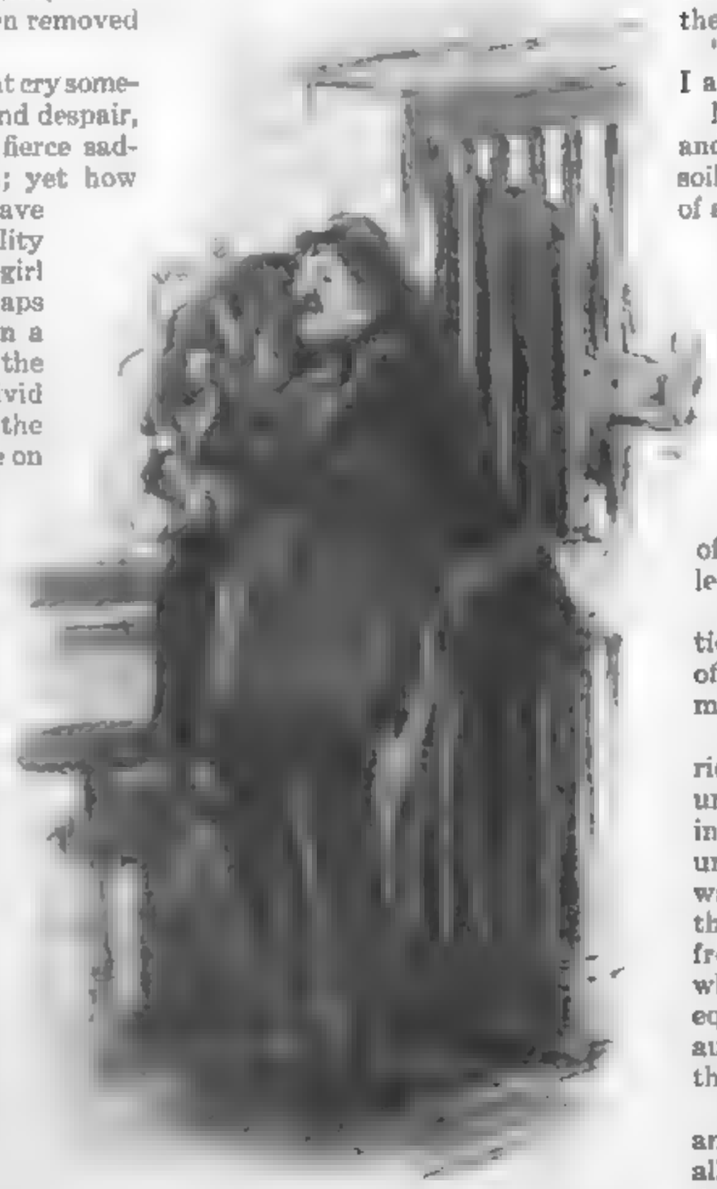
In the very moment of deciding that the thing was a mechanism I had called to mind those swiftly whispered words of the girl at my side, "It is he!" when the lid had been removed from the box.

I seemed to read into that cry something between yearning and despair, a note of unconquerable fierce sadness. It was recognition; yet how should the man Smith have modeled with such fidelity the face of a man this girl had known? Had he perhaps copied these features from a living model? Or was the man himself behind this livid mask? I remembered the trepidation of Craigenside on seeing the ornithologist's bag, and it began to be plain to me that this was no haphazard business

As these reflections crossed my mind the proprietor of the act said in his suety voice that, for the benefit of those whose eyes might be dim or whose judgment was yet undetermined, the figurine would walk into their very midst and undergo the closest scrutiny possible to be given it.

A runway was brought, a wooden chute, with cleats nailed across it, which we had made use of the week before in connection with the performing horses.

"He is coming down," whispered Jane Craigenside. "We shall see."



"It's Only a Straw Man After All, and Pretty Well Drowned Too"

The manikin hesitated on the verge of the descent, tottered, put out a foot in exact accordance with the elaborate leg action laid down for it, and began the descent.

The strangest feelings flooded through me as I beheld the uncanny contrivance approaching at its precise, shuddering stride. I heard the soles of its boots tap in the wooden aisle. I saw the graven face loom closer; there was a fixed light in the eye, which seemed frozen in the socket, and not the slightest movement of the lids, although a swirl of dust just then passed over the theater fence which set everybody coughing.

With the same mechanical accuracy it came on, dragging its wire, until it was within ten feet of where we sat. At this moment a soul-stirring change came over it. I do not aver that there was so much as a quiver of a facial muscle—the lids were as before, there was no breath in the nostrils—and yet I could have sworn that the look of yearning and despair which I had seen in the girl's face was now reflected in these dark eyes, which only a moment since had seemed as impenetrable as stone.

It was all in a second; a thrill passed through me as my sense of this interchange of profound emotion grew more certain. Already the girl was rising in her seat, her clenched hand pressed into her cheek—when there came a click which had hitherto been no part of the action.

The manikin reeled in its tracks, and I heard the fat Mr. Smith lumbering down the runway. As he wrapped his immense arms hard about the scarlet body of the mechanism he shouted hoarsely:

"The sea wind. Ladies and gentlemen, the air has proved too heavy for it. I ask your kind indulgence ——"

He was back on the stage with the agility of a spider, and in a second had clapped the figure into the box and replaced the lid. At this moment, and before the ornithologist could make his apologies, the girl whispered to me:

"Mr. Weymouth, will you take me out? I am not well."

My hand was already at her elbow; and I hurried her up the aisle, past my soiled and shuffling colleague, whose eye of a boiled codfish bulged with curiosity, and so into the deep shadow cast by the theater fence.

Her white dress was all that was now visible. The dark plumes of the aged pines hung over us like brooding murderers. Step by step I followed her as she made the circuit of the fence. She moved like a sleepwalker, one slim arm outthrust, until at length we stood at the bottom of a rickety flight of outside steps which led into the dressing rooms.

"You can be certain of my discretion," I remember saying. "I am an officer of the law, but I am first of all a man."

The tension was so great that the ridiculous flavor of this assertion passed unnoticed by her. She took her skirts in her hand and began the ascent of the uncertain outside staircase. When she was in the act of turning the knob of the door at the top a loud outcry arose from within—a chorus of voices in which fear and accusation seemed equally blended. It must have been audible even to those sitting in the theater seats.

In one bound I was at the girl's side, and had thrust hastily past her into the alleyway which ran the length of the dressing rooms and separated them from the stage proper. The place was thick with the bodies of partly denuded performers. A sweating strong man barred my way; his eloquent arm shook with soft and complicated muscles. His was a silent act, but he proved to me that he did not lack a tongue.

"I tale you," he shouted, "I haf heard 'eem cry out!"

He pointed to a wooden door on which was stenciled in black paint the figure 3, and now I saw that my colleague Fuller had been before me. He must have run across the stage itself. He was kneeling before the door and staring through a crack in the panel.

I turned to a pale-faced, scintillating young woman, the wife of the strong man, whose dress was hung to her freckled shoulders by the veriest threads of scarlet. She cried madly in my ear that murder had been done in there, and that the other officer refused to break the door down.

Mr. Fuller in truth looked not a little pale. He had committed the fatal intellectual folly, for an officer, of reading too much law; and he was now besieged by a hideous doubt of his legal right to enter without a warrant.

"This woman says she heard a sound like something had fell into the river through the trap," he muttered. "But that ain't nothing more than hearsay."

He glared at the insistent woman with a resentful eye which said plainer than words that she had manufactured this story on purpose to embarrass him. It was, however, perfectly true that the whole place overhung the river. The tide was now running out strongly, and we could plainly hear the piles grunting and squealing together underneath. Flashes of moonlight from the water came through cracks and knotholes in the floor.

"Who is in the room?" I shouted.

"The Man or Mechanism act."

I hesitated no longer, but put my shoulder to the flimsy door and burst it in.

Sturgis Threw Down His Oars and Brought the Thing In Dripping, With a Piece of Kelp Clinging to It

Directly opposite me, on a ruined chair, sat Mr. James Smith, his skullcap awry, his hands fumbling with a curious nickel-plated pipe which I recognized at once as an opium container. His eyes were calm, but his chest rose and fell strongly, as if after violent effort by one not in the best of condition, and the knoll of flesh on his forehead was flooded with a sinister scarlet. But there was not the slightest trace in the room either of the black box or of the hideous and questionable shape that had lain within it. Only in the center of the floor yawned a hole, made by a lifted trap, two-feet square, disclosing the bright chaotic silver of the running tide ten feet below.

"He's dropped him in the river!" quavered Fuller.

"Then search at once," I cried; and closing with Mr. James Smith, I added: "You are under arrest. In the name of the Commonwealth I arrest you."

He mouthed the stem of his pipe, and the glistening astral double lids drew back slowly with their infernal snakish motion.

"What's the charge?"

"You are charged with the murder of an unknown man—your assistant."

The ornithologist here trailed some symbol in the air with his pipe stem. At the same time I noted that the lump on his forehead had lost its red glare and had recovered that peculiar and even loathsome iridescent whiteness.

"My assistant?" he said with a nasty leer. "I had no assistant."

"The thing in the box, then."

"Ah," said James Smith, "if you choose to call a figure stuffed with straw an assistant ——"

His face was as calm as the face of a stone god and his cold eye gleamed.

"The thing you refer to was a toy, a mechanism," he said in even tones.

"It failed to work in a crucial moment, as you have seen. In a rage I destroyed it and threw it in the river. Who had a better right?"

I stood aghast at the smooth and horrible plausibility of this assertion. It was a mechanism—and he had destroyed it. What proof had we that it was not a mechanism? We were accusing him of murder, and yet not only the identity, but the living reality of his victim hung in doubt. If it was indeed a thing of rags and wires I should be the laughing stock of a county.

But even while I hesitated Jane Craigenside stood at my elbow. With her hand at her throat she cried fiercely, woefully:

"He lies! He lies! It was a living man. Oh, why do you all stand there talking! Let the river be searched. It may not be too late even now."

These words broke the spell which the assertion of the ornithologist had laid on all of us. I called to Sturgis and Fuller to take boats and proceed along the river's bank, following the tide and keeping an eye out for the black box and its unlikely occupant. I reserved to myself the duty of escorting the prisoner to the jail. Our jail consisted of a double cell, screwed to the floor of a log cabin which had seen service as a lunchroom.

A yellowed sign, "Ham Sandwitches 5 cents," still lingered on the wall.

As soon as Smith was fairly in the cell a shadow of misgiving crossed his bloated face. He gripped the bars.

"Gentlemen," he said earnestly, "I swear to you that what I have told you is the truth."

"I hope for your sake it may prove so," I returned grimly.

While waiting, I held an inquiry among the members of the troupe, but nothing of a positive nature was to be learned. As the Glade manager, Wakefield, had already told me, the five acts had come from five different houses. They had come late, and had hastily occupied the dressing rooms assigned to them. On one point they were all agreed: None of them had seen the supposititious partner of Smith lingering in the alleyway, nor had any of the Glade employees seen him in the Glade. All the others had been seen, and were now identified; but this man—or mechanism—had not been seen. Strange fact! It occurred to me that perhaps the make-up of the man, his utter lack of expression as he lay in the box, had deceived them.

"You see," said James Smith, "there was no such man."

Sweat stood in large beads on his shining brow.

"You may be right," I said; "but I am not convinced of it. You are no fool. Man alive, why should you destroy your means of livelihood? How can you expect me to believe you so infernally childish? It's nonsense!"

"Oh, Why Do You All Stand There Talking! Let the River be Searched. It May Not be Too Late Even Now"

"Truth," he murmured. "I am subject to fits of rage."

He sank back on the stained mattress, and precisely then I had another thought.

"And why—why should you drop box and all in, if I may ask? You had no quarrel with the box, I should imagine."

He did not answer. But then in the very moment when, as it seemed to me, confession trembled on his lips, I heard outside among the pines the noise of a crowd of people coming toward the jail.

"Now, then, Mr. James Smith, we shall see," I said.

In the faint light of the cobwebbed lantern his face was darkened by a horrible uncertainty. He clutched the bars, he swayed, he glinted, he breathed with a hoarse catarrhal rattle in his throat. I assure you I wished myself well rid of him and of the case as well. I was as certain as of anything in this world that the man facing me there was guilty of the most damnable atrocity—the murder of a hypnotized subject.

And suddenly Sturgis burst in with a limp, draggled body slung over his shoulder. The head hung down; some of the pallor had soaked off in the water, but there was no mistaking the hawknose, the black hair, the wide staring eye, and the scarlet trappings of the manikin which had just now paraded upright before our eyes. A system of tangled wires hung from its thigh.

"Here we are," said Sturgis. "It's only a straw man after all, and pretty well drowned too. Man or mechanism, hey? Well, neither, just at present. Not even a good donkey's breakfast."

I glared at Smith. He had entirely recovered his self-possession.

"I suppose I may ask you to unlock this," he said insolently, rattling the door of his cell.

Now in strict truth it was beyond my power to release, of my own accord, a man whom I had once arrested in the name of the Commonwealth. But I thoroughly disliked the notion of being laughed at in open court, and the idea of confessing to that rat-faced little judge, with his feazing goatee, that I had arrested the prisoner on the charge of drowning a straw man made no appeal to me. I therefore unlocked the door to the cell.

"Sorry to have detained you," I mumbled, crestfallen.

My hatred of the man in that moment was as extreme as my puzzlement.

"I suppose I may take my property," he said with a gesture toward the scarlet figure.

I nodded, lowering the lantern. He stooped, picked up the manikin, and in another moment we heard his huge feet crunching among the pine cones and lobster shells. Instantly Sturgis closed a moist hand over mine.

"Quick! Follow him, but at a distance," he said in a shaking whisper. "We are not through with this man yet."

"What the devil ——" I began, staring through the black pines.

"Come, quick," said the boatman. "We have him safe enough, if we follow on."

I followed my friend in amazed silence. The crowd had evidently tired of waiting in the environs of the jail. The curious features of this business had not been noised abroad, and it was thought to be nothing but some sort of drunken brawl of a kind with which those who frequented Silver Glade were only too familiar. The lower part of the Glade was empty when we came into it, and the arc lights were out; but still we could see ahead of us the moving shadow of that mysterious man who carried a scarlet puppet slung over his shoulder.

"He will go into the hotel," whispered Sturgis.

He was wrong. The ex-ornithologist did not go into the hotel. He first came out of the thicker growth of pines behind that building; and then with the moon shining on him, he began to run toward the boat landing as if an imp were in his heels. Once there, and with the same unexpected agility he had displayed in coming to the rescue of his mechanism in the theater, he darted aboard a long, shark-like motor boat which was tied up there, the Fra Diavolo.

The Fra Diavolo was a speed boat, shining in brass and mahogany, and stuffed full of luxurious divans and wicker chairs. It belonged to a youth called String Fortescue, who haunted the Glade as if its nymphs were sacred.

Mr. James Smith cut the painter with a knife. Next we saw him stoop and turn the flywheel over. We heard the engine sputter, we saw the ornithologist straighten up and seize the wheel.

"He will escape after all!" groaned Sturgis, breaking into a run.

"Escape?" I said stupidly. "Escape? But we have let him go."

Sturgis made no answer. He ran forward, only in time to catch in the face a dash of spray from the sheer of the Fra Diavolo, which began to move fast toward the mouth of the river. Mr. James Smith was standing hatless at the wheel. The moon sparkled on his polished dome, and we saw very well that he was heading for the open sea.

"Quick—oars," cried Sturgis, fumbling with the painter of a boat equipped with two sets of rowlocks.

I had never seen him so disturbed. The water slapped over his shoulders, but he paid it no heed. He stared back into the Glade; there was no sound of following footsteps.

"You are crazy as a loon!" I yelled. "How are you going after that thing with oars?"

"Lame engine," puffed Sturgis. "Don't argue. Come on. He may stop any minute."

(Continued on Page 93)

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 17, 1917

The New Utopia

PRESIDENT WILSON'S address to the Senate in January was damned with faint praise—or, just damned. To many distinguished preachers, politicians and business men his proposals were "Utopian"; "beautiful ideals"; "desirable, of course, but not practical." To one of our historians they were "asinine."

There was a time in the history of this nation when we made ideals come true by believing in them. America was discovered, settled and preserved by faith in such "beautiful ideals" as are embodied in the Declaration of Independence, which in its day was quite as Utopian as President Wilson's proposals. Nothing is so practical as an ideal in which men believe.

A Call to the Nation

PRESIDENT WILSON'S address is the most important and the most admirable public utterance that has been heard in the United States in many years. It expresses the supreme interest of this country in its foreign relations. The country, we believe, is ready to support it heartily.

We want peace, first for ourselves, but also for the world. This war has made it doubtful, at several junctures, whether we could have peace for ourselves. Through trade, travel, investments, and so on, common world interests interlace more and more closely. Opposing alliances of nations to secure a dubious balance of power grow more and more extensive. Any future war is quite certain to be a great war, and to affect more rigorously those nations that seek to stay out of it. Presumption is all in favor of the President's declaration, some time ago, that we could hardly hope to keep out of another world war.

Peace now depends absolutely upon the will of any nation. If it asserts that its honor or vital interest is involved, the world has no recourse save to submit to an ordeal by battle, even though the whole world may be involved in it. In the present state of the world's development that is a ridiculous situation. There must be some organ to express and assert the common interest as against any particular national interest. No other arrangement contains a reasonable guaranty of peace.

The United States is pretty well agreed as to that. It should be willing, then, and glad, to take its share in establishing and supporting an organ of the common interest. To declare that we want lasting peace, and then sit back and merely advise Europe how it may secure lasting peace, without being willing to take our share in securing it, would be a contemptible rôle. There may be differences of opinion over details; but details are unimportant now.

The idea that President Wilson expressed to the Senate ought to receive the country's hearty indorsement.

Centralized Bank Power

THE Federal Reserve Act became law a little over three years ago. What chiefly recommended it to many people was that it theoretically reduced or neutralized the power over bank reserves which the big banks of Wall Street had long exercised. Evidently, however, it was not concentrated power itself that these people feared; for this act probably concentrated in the hands of a few men greater power over banking than any like number of men had ever exercised anywhere else in the world.

Last September, without much opposition or discussion, the act was amended in a way that increased the power of the central board. At this session of Congress other amendments are proposed that would still further extend the board's power. They would require all national banks to deposit all their legal cash reserves, except five per cent—which is only till money—with the Federal Reserve Banks. They would empower the board, by a vote of five members, to increase the banks' reserve requirements by one-fifth at any time, thereby drawing that much more bank money into the central reservoirs.

Amendments adopted last September or proposed now would increase the central institutions' discretionary powers in handling the reserves deposited with them and in issuing circulating notes. Broadly speaking, half a dozen men could expand or contract bank credits at will, merely by pressing a button.

Not that the amendments adopted last fall or those proposed now are necessarily obnoxious. They may be very useful. But we are always talking about the danger of centralized power; yet in various cases we cheerfully hand over to a few men centralized power to a degree hardly known elsewhere; which finally means that our practice is better than our preaching.

Burying Dead Languages

THE General Education Board, backed by thirty-five million dollars of Rockefeller money, proposes, in coöperation with Columbia University, to try a series of experiments that look toward reorganization of elementary and secondary education. The experimental school will ignore Greek and Latin, and stress modern languages. It will try to find a method of teaching mathematics in connection with the ordinary practical uses of mathematics. Science, industry and the domestic arts will be prominent, and increased attention will be given to music, drawing and the arts.

Every effort will be made to keep the pupils in constant contact with their natural, industrial, social, economic, vocational and domestic environment, so as to derive the basis for their school work from real situations and thus make school work constantly real to them. The theory of education known as formal discipline will be discarded and an attempt made to secure mental training through the study of subjects that are valuable in themselves, and not merely useful as means of discipline.

A highly praiseworthy and promising undertaking, we should say; frankly experimental, with no implication that public schools or other institutions of learning shall adopt this school's recommendations until at least a strong probability of their usefulness has been raised.

Yet we find the proposal ponderously assailed as a blow to culture; an opening wedge to a merely sordid materialistic scheme of education, which, ignoring æsthetic and moral values, will presently make us a race of efficient Hottentots.

The notion that a boy going to sleep over his Cæsar is still traveling in the high road to culture, while a boy all excited over an account of how the Wright Brothers invented a flying machine is in a blind alley, dies hard. All the same, it is dying.

Law and Sense

IT FREQUENTLY happens that after a case has traveled for some years through the courts, and the lawyers have buried it under a whole mountain range of precedents, technical points, ingenious theories and suppositious perils to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the Supreme Court brushes all that aside, looks simply at the essential elements of the case, and decides it according to sound common sense.

Its recent decision upholding the "blue sky" laws of Ohio, Michigan, South Dakota and—inferentially—some twenty other states, is an illustration. These laws were designed to stop an extensive and peculiarly detestable form of swindling. They vest large discretionary powers in state boards. Those powers might be abused. They might be applied in a hidebound, vexatious way, so as seriously to embarrass legitimate investment business. In any event they would impose some trouble and expense upon legitimate business. So lower courts declared them void, as an undue interference with interstate trade in stocks and bonds.

The Supreme Court expresses the kernel of it in few words by saying that the prevention of swindling is within the police powers of the states; and if that does incidentally impose some burden on legitimate business it is for the state to say—within reasonable limits, of course—whether or not the object in view is worth the burden.

Intelligently administered, these laws need burden legitimate business but little. It is for the states to see that they are intelligently administered, with an eye single to keeping out the swindler. We have always believed that precisely the best thing for legitimate investment business was to keep out the swindler.

Investment Tendencies

LIFE-INSURANCE companies—mostly mutual—and mutual savings banks have about ten billion dollars of invested assets. This is much the biggest concentrated investment fund in this or any other country. The investing is done by experts; and the changes that occurred in a ten-year period, as disclosed by a recent report, should be interesting to individual investors.

The biggest item, footing up four billion dollars, consists of real-estate loans, and the next biggest—about half as large—consists of railroad bonds. These two are the prime investments; and the great preponderance of loans over railroad bonds must be viewed in the light of the fact that these investors have well-organized facilities for making mortgage loans.

In ten years loan investment increased more rapidly than railroad-bond investment, especially in the case of life-insurance companies. Their investment in mortgage loans, in fact, increased a hundred and forty-four per cent, while their investment in railroad bonds increased only sixty-seven per cent. At the same time their investment in municipal bonds increased two hundred and twenty-seven per cent.

As the freer agents—investments of savings banks being strictly prescribed by law—the life-insurance companies' changes are the more significant. The fact that they increased their investments in mortgage loans, municipal bonds and public service-company bonds by almost a billion and a half, while increasing their investment in railroad bonds by only half a billion, is not a wholly satisfactory sign; for it suggests a disparagement of railroad investment.

Commercial Failures

TAKING it all round, 1916 was the best business year the United States ever experienced; yet there were seventeen thousand business failures. Compared with twenty-two thousand the year before, this is encouraging; but practically one out of a hundred of all concerns in business failed, and, year in and year out, through good times and bad times, the proportion of failures never varies very far from one per cent.

In only two hundred and sixteen of the seventeen-thousand failures did the liabilities exceed one hundred thousand dollars. Nearly all the failures, in other words, were of small concerns.

Credit men assign many reasons for these failures, such as lack of experience, insufficient capital, injudicious extending of credit, overbuying—which merely means unwise buying—and so on. But we venture to guess that one cause was present in nearly all of them—to wit, poor bookkeeping. They did not keep books so as to know exactly what it cost them to do business and precisely how they stood all the time.

We recommend again to every business concern an accounting system that will show costs accurately.

A Growing Idea

AGRICULTURAL and labor coöperation have been formally sanctioned by Congress. The Government has long informally sanctioned joint rate making by railroads. The new Shipping Act provides that certain agreements among water carriers to restrict competition shall be valid when approved by the board. The act to permit coöperation by manufacturers for export trade will doubtless pass.

We are steadily giving statutory acknowledgment to the plain fact that in various cases unrestricted competition is harmful.

Now the Chamber of Commerce of the United States is urging coöperation that would restrain competition in certain industries based directly on natural resources the known supply of which is strictly limited.

There is abundant evidence that unrestricted competition in soft coal mining works badly, for it leads directly to great waste. A recent report by the Department of Agriculture shows that timber is in somewhat the same condition. With keen and unlimited competition among lumbermen, many of whom are holding great areas of timberland that will not be available for market for years, but upon the capital investment on which interest must somehow be earned, there is wasteful overproduction every now and then; the most conservative methods of cutting are not followed, and there is very little attempt to reforest the cut-over areas, though, as consumption exceeds Nature's growth of the forests, this is bound in time to lead to shortage and still higher prices.

The Forest Service recommends coöperation among lumbermen—not extending to the fixing of prices or limiting of output—as a partial remedy.

WARM DOLLARS

By Frank Goewey Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

A STOCKY young business man strode resiliently down lower Woodward Avenue and wheeled into a cross street near the river. John Kent's brisk walk in the September sunshine had splashed his smooth, lean cheeks with pink. His brown hair crinkled mostly along the edge of his forehead. Vitality bubbled in his blue eyes.

He approached the entrance to a low, short building. "Gordon Machine Shop—George Gordon and John Kent, Proprietors," was painted in sooty white on the red bricks. The tread of the junior partner had been elastic; but as he opened the office door his whole body became taut. He marched in self-consciously and spoke a formal salutation to the only other occupant of the little room.

"Good morning, Mr. Gordon!"

The tall figure that stood near a side window twisted about at Kent's entrance. The bent broad shoulders stiffened. The brooding gray eyes instantly turned hard. The shock of grizzled tawny hair and the crisp beard seemed to bristle, all at once, like an old lion's mane. A leonine voice growled from the deep chest:

"Good morning!"

The bookkeeper and the stenographer were not due to arrive until half past eight. The partners continued alone in the cramped plain office, but they exchanged no speech after greeting each other. Kent sat down at a flat-top desk. He swiftly opened and sorted the pile of mail on his blotter. Gordon stood, almost rigid, beside the window until the young man crossed the room and set a tray of letters on the big table in the farthest corner. Then the head of the firm stalked to his place.

Kent unlocked the safe and stuffed a handful of customers' checks into the cash drawer. He turned and looked wistfully at his partner. John had racked his wits for the last nine weeks trying to determine why his business associate and foster father had altered suddenly in mid-July from paternal affection to cold dislike. A dozen times he had begged or demanded the reason. The dour Scotchman always refused to explain. Yet now Kent longingly repeated his question again:

"Spit it out, dad, won't you?"

The stern, proud old face gave no sign that the veteran master machinist had heard the appeal. The stony gray eyes were not lifted from the letters on the corner table.

Though Kent felt innocent of any dereliction, he hung his head as if he bore a shame. For half a minute after his rebuff the young man quivered in front of the safe. Then he trudged heavily from the office into the little shop.

The moment the junior partner closed the door between Gordon and himself his resilience began to return. He greeted the workmen cheerily as he traversed the aisles lined with closely set machine tools. The first smell of oily metal was an elixir to John every day. His blood raced now like the belting. His pulses throbbed in harmony with the rhythmic jar of the punch presses and automatically shifting turret heads. His eyes held such sparkles of lightning as danced on the bright commutators of the motors.

But this morning his tingle of satisfaction in the busy shop dulled very soon to an ache of lonesomeness. Kent missed more than ever before the stalwart, kingly old fellow he had left in the office. Each successive day of the last two months he had yearned increasingly for the comrade presence of "dad" beside him whenever he made the rounds of the factory. They had been like father and son for years. Gordon had taught Kent his trade. The pain of their estrangement had grown unbearably poignant to the young man.

John did not want to return to his desk, though the familiar clatter of the shop no longer soothed him but jangled his tense nerves. He impulsively decided to call now instead of later, as he had intended, at the Walling Engineering Works down the street, where he was having built the first model of a carburetor he had invented recently. Kent left the Gordon Machine Shop by a rear exit. Five minutes later he entered the dingy big office of Henry Walling.

The automobile engineer, a prematurely bald, barefaced man in rusty black, squatted behind a low drafting table. His long neck and narrow shoulders were stooped close to some blue prints outspread under his fingers. He peered above his steel-rimmed spectacles as the door unlatched. Then, with hurried furtiveness, he scrolled the papers and straightened. Walling acted as though he had come close to detection in guilt. He laid the blue prints stealthily on the drawing board and creaked a greeting meant to sound cordial:

"Well, well, John! I'm certainly glad to see you! I didn't expect you to come over the very first thing. This is fine!"

His fulsome words and hoarse tone rasped incongruously, as if the oil of geniality had been so unfamiliarly applied that the harshness of his natural expression grated in his voice despite the copious lubricant. His metallic chuckle

Kent Looked Back, But There Was No Sign of Pursuit

was like thin, brittle steel cracked into clinking fragments.

Walling minced round the draftsman's table and effusively clutched the palm of his visitor. Kent pulled his hand away from the bony fingers after the briefest grip in return.

"I just dropped in, Walling, to tell you I appreciate your proposition on my new carburetor; but I prefer to swing it in the Gordon Machine Shop, along with my other automobile specialties."

The disappointed sycophant turned vicious in a second.

"So you refuse my offer of fifteen thousand dollars," he snarled, "and intend to present half of your latest invention to that fossilized partner of yours!"

"Cut out slurs at Mr. Gordon!"

The warning was snipped off as if Kent's lips had been shears. His eyes hardened to the blue of tempered steel. The engineer, in trepidation, blurted a hasty palliative.

"I respect the old gentleman as a first-class machinist. Everybody does. For twenty-five years George Gordon has been generally recognized as Detroit's best independent master mechanic. But you know as well as I do that he's prejudiced against the automobile business. Even now he thinks it's just a craze, which will die out pretty soon. Why, if you give him a half interest in your carburetor he'll choke all its chances to death in his dinky machine shop."

Walling dropped disgustedly into his chair behind the littered desk. Then he made a sudden fresh attack on Kent's purpose. He swiveled about and swung forward like a rapid-fire gun.

"You've never mentioned your latest invention to your partner, have you?" he shot out.

"No; I'm going to surprise him with my carburetor as soon as you get the model done."

"Well, you won't!" Walling denied bluntly. "He's known all about it for months."

Kent rushed across the room and crouched in menace before the desk.

"You told him!" he accused. A flash of intuition had given the junior partner his first glimpse of a reason for his associate's resentful coldness of late. "You wanted to cause trouble between dad and me so you could drive us apart and get me to hitch up with you instead. You let him know I was having you build a model that I'd never mentioned to him. Of course he misunderstood my purpose in ordering the carburetor made here secretly."

"I didn't tell Gordon anything!" Walling hotly repelled the charges. "I hadn't spoken to him for six months until last Wednesday. He came up here to my office that afternoon and asked me point-blank about the carburetor. I've no idea how he learned I was building the model—unless he picked up a hint from some workman."

"I apologize!" John made hasty *amende;* then he put an eager request: "Tell me everything Mr. Gordon said."

He smiled in anticipation of hearing the cause of his partner's recent hostile behavior.

"What are you laughing at?" Walling demanded indignantly.

"Why, dad hasn't spoken a civil word to me for two months. I couldn't imagine why. I see now that he's been grouchy because he thought I was underhanded about the carburetor. It makes me laugh to think how he'll look when I tell him the real reason I kept it secret from him."

Walling leaned back in his seat. A grin wrinkled his crafty face, as if the unaccustomed inward warmth shriveled the dry skin. A chuckle of satisfaction rustled harshly from his throat.

"You're all wrong, John!" the engineer croaked. "You don't savvy Gordon any better than he understands you. I knew you both were tangled. That's why I phoned you to come over. I'll get you straightened out; then I'm sure you'll change your mind about giving him half of your carburetor. You'll accept the proposition I made you, instead, and become my partner. Sit down. I'll tell you some things you ought to have known long ago."

Kent's buoyant new hope for restored affectionate relations with his foster father was punctured. He collapsed in a chair.

"What do you mean?" he cried fearfully.

"Gordon doesn't want a share in your carburetor!" Walling exulted. "Probably he did feel hurt because you kept it secret; but that is only one reason he's sore at you. What he bitterly resents is your jamming his old shop full of 'newfangled contraptions.' That's what he called your automobile specialties. He still expects the motor-car business to blow up any day, and it made him wild to find out you are going to take on another device in which he has no faith.

"He told me your inventions monopolized the machine tools—that the firm was handling practically no custom jobs nowadays. It drives him frantic to think that you intend to crowd from his old shop more of the familiar work he has done for a quarter of a century, which he knows is safely profitable, in order to run additional chances by manufacturing a new carburetor. The old fogy declared he'd be glad if every one of your specialties was out of the place."

Kent stared blankly; yet he was not so stunned by surprise as he appeared. John seemingly looked at Walling, but he saw only the loved face of the crotchety "old fogy." His eyes were fixed because his thoughts were concentrated on his personal problem in its new light. The engineer misconstrued Kent's silence. He seized the apparently favorable opportunity to urge his own plans again.

"Gordon would be a great deal more contented if you'd give him back his shop to potter round in with jobwork for his old customers. Now I've offered to organize a fifty-thousand-dollar corporation with you to make the carburetor. I'll put up twenty-five thousand cash for half the capital. For the other fifty per cent of the stock you invest ten thousand dollars of your own as a guaranty of good faith, and assign your rights as inventor in exchange for the remaining fifteen thousand.

"In addition I'll give my technical knowledge as an automobile engineer to the company for a merely nominal salary—say a thousand dollars a year—while you'll draw five thousand. You'll soon be a rich man if you come in with me. Our company can take over your other specialties, too, a little later, if you're willing. We'll issue additional capital stock to cover them. Now what do you say?"

While the voluble engineer expatiated on his program Kent was comparing in his mind the greedy little fox and the stalwart old lion of the machine shop. All at once John's filial respect and love for Gordon surged overwhelmingly from the depths of his heart. On the crest of the wave curled the froth of his dislike for cunning, sordid Henry Walling. At the avid question Kent leaped to his feet.

"What do I say?" he foamed. "That I'd rather give up all my specialties and earn five warm dollars a day as a machinist at the bench beside Dad Gordon, as I used to

do before he took me into partnership, than to share a hundred times that much with you! You're just a money-making machine! He's a regular Man!"

When the swelling billow of his feelings broke into the spume of speech Kent had backed with repugnance from the desk. At the conclusion of his outburst he whirled to the door. As he turned suddenly to leave the room his hand struck the drawing board. The blue prints the engineer had furtively scrolled when he first caught sight of his early morning visitor dropped to the floor. John bent to pick them up. The roll loosened in his fingers. His eyes glimpsed the fine print in the upper left-hand corner of a sheet:

K W Carburetor
John Kent and Henry Walling
Inventors
March 7, 1916

Kent's scornful words seemed to have paralyzed the astounded engineer. He had acted confidently in renewing his corporation proposal. When his scheme was flung aside with aversion he huddled behind his desk like a clutter of rusted junk. But as Kent stooped to retrieve the fallen blue prints Walling sprang from his chair as though animated by sudden terror.

"Get out of my office!" he shrieked.

John was dumfounded when he saw his name on the drawings joined with that of the engineer as co-inventor of the carburetor. He did not comprehend yet what the caption signified, but he was enraged, after the first shock of astonishment. Like a menacing bulldog he faced the little man behind the table and snarled his ferocity:

"What's the meaning of this?"

Instead of answering, the panic-stricken engineer bolted through the rear exit of his office to his model-making room and slammed the door. John leaped in chase, but a lock barred pursuit. He shook the knob savagely; then he heard the rush of many feet and Walling screaming frantically to his workmen:

"Kent's got some of my drawings! Take them away from him! Quick!"

John bounded across the office to the front door and clattered down the stairs. He darted round the corner and up the street toward the Gordon Machine Shop. He looked back, but there was no sign of pursuit. Kent slackened his gait to glance over the roll of papers he gripped.

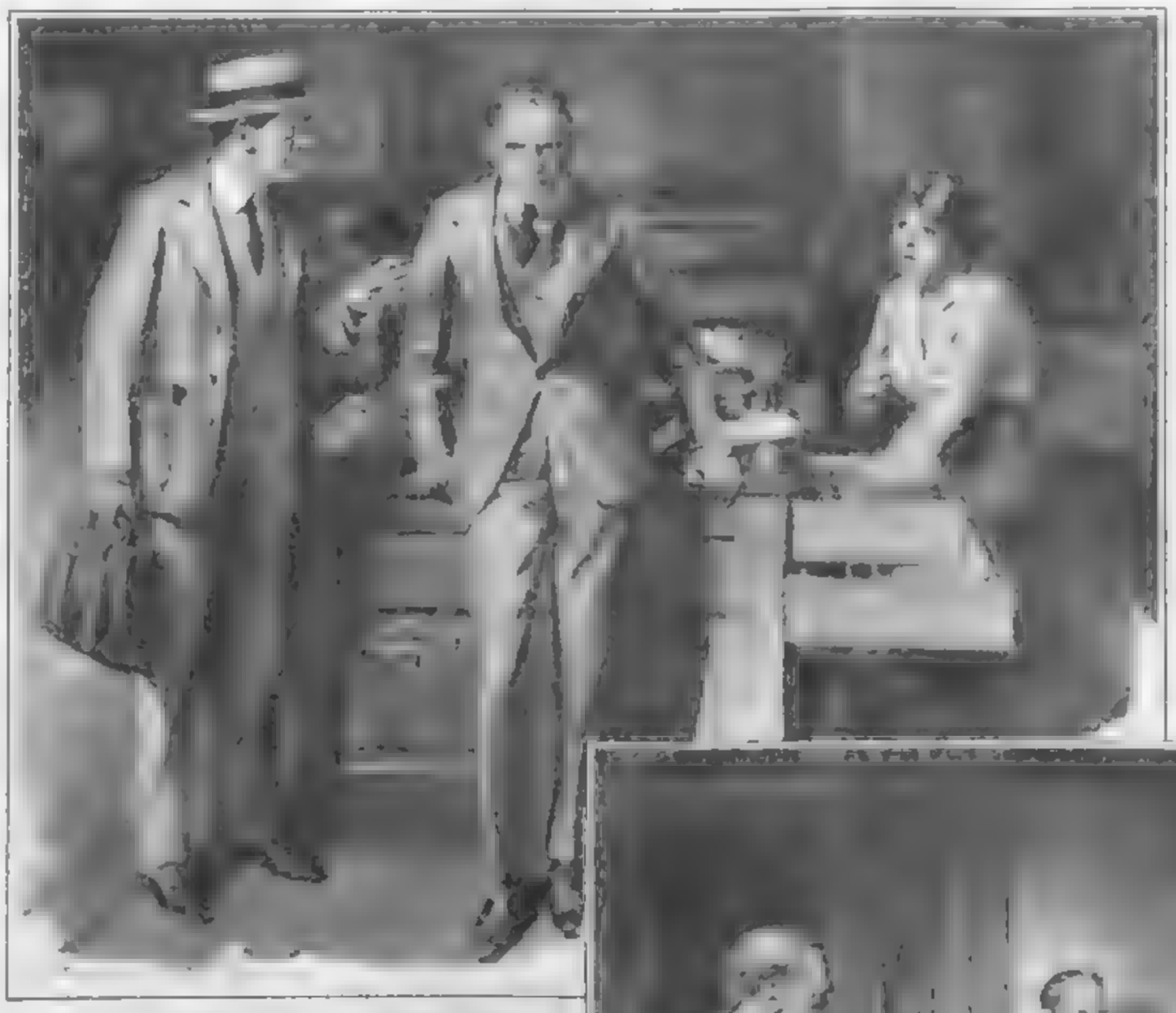
The blue prints constituted a complete set of drawings of his latest invention. With the exception of the extraordinary notation on them, John was familiar with everything in the dozen sheets. Walling's model-makers had been referring to such drawings for their guidance while they constructed the sample carburetor. The detailed original tracings of Kent's new motor specialty had been made by the engineer's draftsmen as part of the work on the order the inventor had given for the building of his first model. John had seen many similar blue prints before; but on none of the other had there been the corner notation, in fine print: K–W Carburetor—John Kent and Henry Walling, Inventors. March 7, 1916.

Kent hurried back to the Gordon Machine Shop. He intended to explain away in a jiffy his partner's misunderstanding about the carburetor; then to ask the shrewd old Scotchman whether he could guess the meaning of the words which indicated that Walling had some villainy afoot. John never before had felt so urgently in need of counsel from his foster father. But he found that in his absence Gordon had left the office. The bookkeeper did not know where he was.

The junior partner hesitated a few moments, undecided what he should do. Then he rushed from the shop to consult his patent attorney. He poured out his story. The lawyer listened with grave attention, asked a great many questions, and at the end shook his gray head portentously.

"Walling has schemed to get a half interest in your carburetor by fair means or foul, Mr. Kent. I surmise that every employee of his who worked on your model received blue prints like these, with your name and Walling's in the notation to indicate you were joint inventors.

"Probably the carburetor is commonly known as the K-W at the Engineering Works. Your frequent consultations with Walling about it at his office in the presence of various workmen supported the general assumption that you and he are partners in the device



The Bank Had Refused to Cash His Check, Because Gordon Had Drawn Out All But a Few Dollars of the Firm's Balance

"You say you have seen many blue prints without the K–W label. Walling doubtless printed those before he had the heading put on the tracings for the special purpose of hoodwinking you. It was necessary sometimes for you to refer to a blue print when instructing mechanics at the Engineering Works. On such occasions I assume that Walling produced from his private safe, for your inspection, drawings with the corners blank

"The omission of the inconspicuous label was not apt to attract the attention of the model-makers present, intent on the orders you and Walling were giving them about their work. If those employees should be questioned in court they would swear in perfect good faith that the prints you handled in their presence did bear your name and Walling's, to designate the joint invention of the carburetor. In all other respects such prints, of course, were exact replicas of those used by the workmen at their benches in the experimental room. By handling the drawings, though they actually had no labels, you seem to have acquiesced tacitly in Walling's brazen claim to equal rights with you to the new device. The rascal will perjure himself in the Patent Office; his workmen and the circumstantial evidence will support him."

"But he offered to buy a half interest!" Kent reminded him desperately.

"Yes; he'd rather not run the risk of perjury if he can accomplish otherwise his object of participating in the rich profits of manufacturing your carburetor. He hoped you would accept his offer to form a corporation.

"His crooked scheme was the second string to his bow."

"What would you advise me to do?" John appealed to his counsel. He realized his predicament now.

"There seem to be only two things you can do," the attorney replied. "You must either fight a long, expensive interference proceeding in the Patent Office, or assent to the sale of a half interest in your invention to Walling. He has made you a pretty good offer, in my judgment. It appears to me, also, that Mr. Gordon does not want to have anything to do with manufacturing the carburetor. I know how you feel about being held up; but, after all, you'd not be a loser by going into the proposed corporation with Walling. You'd still have fifty per cent of the profits you've expected to keep for yourself."

The client instantly flared to rage at the advice of the lawyer. He grabbed the roll of blue prints and strode abruptly to the door. John's wrath exploded over his shoulder toward the astounded attorney.

"I'll see him in hell first! Good-by!"

Kent went back to the Gordon Machine Shop. His partner was still out. John locked the roll of blue prints in his desk and sat down to ponder his problem alone. He cudgeled his wits for an hour; then he decided there was only one answer. A fight in the courts would likely be futile, as the lawyer had warned.

Action followed immediately after decision. Kent returned to the Engineering Works and opened the door of the private office. He found Walling seated at the desk in the farthest corner. As John walked in the engineer sprang to his feet; but Kent stopped just inside the entrance to the long room.

He acted only sullen now, as if his recent violent rage had been spent.

"I won't touch you. I've come back to do business," he announced curtly, like a beaten man surrendering with very bad grace.

"Do you mean you'll accept my proposition to buy a half interest in the carburetor?" asked Walling suspiciously. He edged toward the rear door.

"Yes; I see you've got me foul. I've consulted my patent attorney and he says it's about an even bet if I should fight you, with the odds in your favor. Besides, I'm convinced now that Mr. Gordon doesn't want to manufacture the carburetor.

"He and I can't continue doing business the way we have been pulling against each other lately. I'm compelled to make a new arrangement of some kind. I admit frankly that I don't want an expensive patent litigation with you. I might take the satisfaction of breaking your neck; but I've decided I can't afford that luxury, either. I do not believe it ever will be to your interest to skin me again. You think I can make more money for you if you give me square treatment hereafter. So I've concluded to drop the idea of getting even personally, and to look at the matter from a strictly business standpoint."

"That's the right view to take!" Walling interjected eagerly.

"It's the only sensible view. I've thought the whole thing over. I believe that when you said we'd both get rich if we should join forces you realized it would pay you to play fair with me."

"We'll not have a bit of trouble," the engineer avidly assured

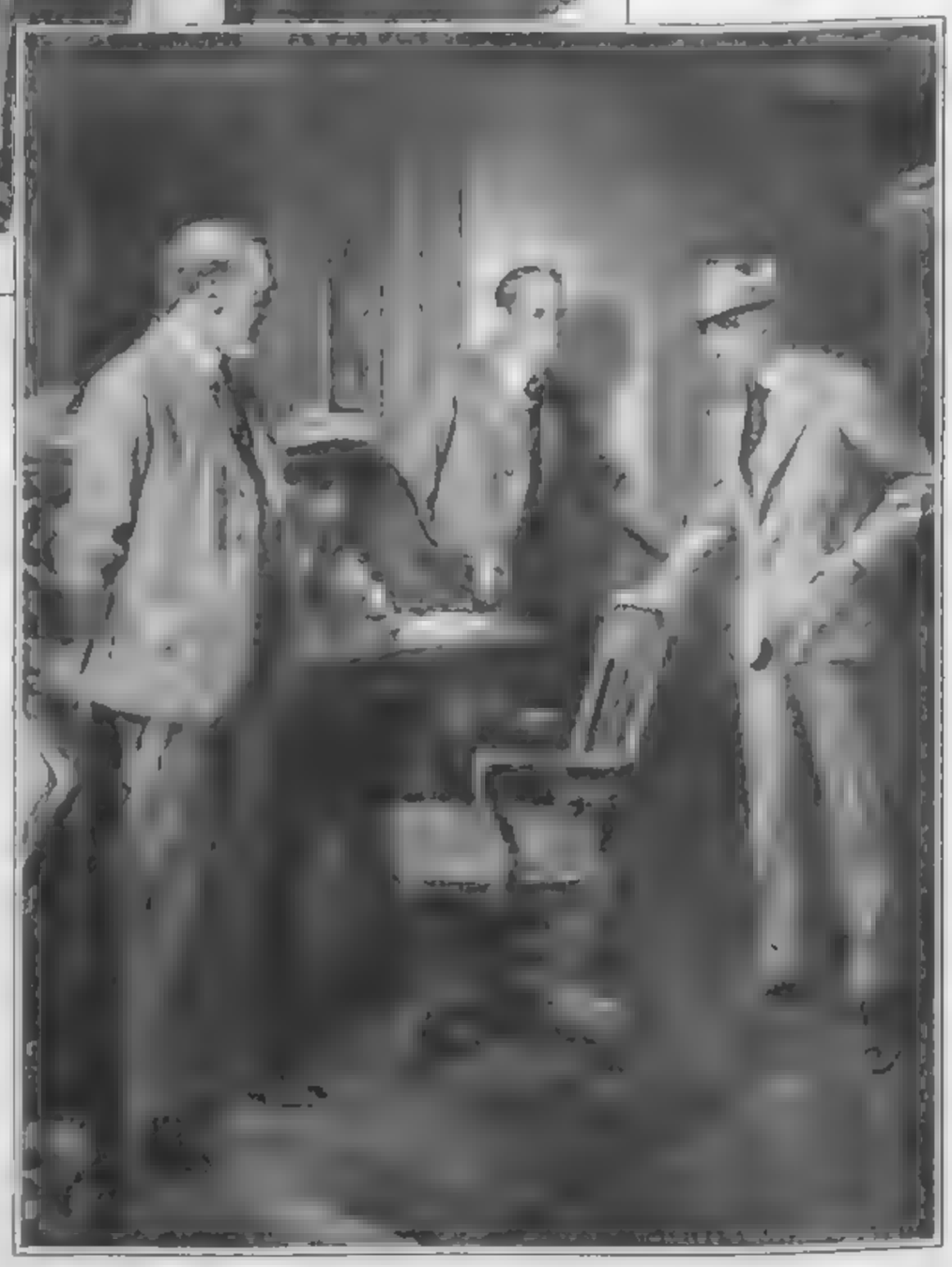
"I think the same. Now to get down to brass tacks: I'll agree to assign all my rights in the carburetor to the corporation you proposed. We'll each take half the stock. You are to put up twenty-five thousand dollars cash, and I'll put in ten thousand. My carburetor rights are to go in for the remaining fifteen thousand dollars of my share."

The engineer stared half a minute searchingly at the grim face confronting him. He evidently decided there was no more physical danger to fear; so he came forward with hand outstretched.

"It's a go, John!" he exulted. "We'll make a great team."

Kent held his arms stiffly at his sides.

"No; I won't shake hands," he refused. "I'm willing to let bygones be bygones, but I don't mean to act friendly just because we own stock in the same corporation. I was sentimental when I talked to you early this morning." John affected to sneer self-contemptuously. "I spoke of warm dollars! But this deal is simply cold business



"You Can't Make the Carburetor in That New Factory! Gordon Has Nothing to Do With That!"

(Continued on Page 30)

BERWICK
(round corners)
TALBOT
(square corners)

ARROW
form-fit
COLLARS

THIS IS AN IMPROVEMENT of recent introduction that collar wearers will appreciate. Both the top and the band of ARROW *form-fit* COLLARS are curve cut to fit the form. It is an exclusive patented feature. The form-fit collars sit better, look better, and feel better than ordinary collars.

2 for 30 *cents*

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., *Makers*, TROY, N. Y.

Are Your Eyes
as good as your memory?

Sometimes you look up from the Present into the Past, with all its memories. It is easy to do that.

But, here in the Present, are you able—

to look up from near objects and, without changing or removing glasses, see distant objects clearly?

Have you lost, with the passing years, that splendid eyesight of youth which could instantly adjust its vision from near to far?

KRYPTOK GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS

Enable you to see both near and distant objects as clearly and distinctly as with the eyesight of youth.

KRYPTOKS *(pronounced Cryptocks)* end the trouble and annoyance of removing your reading glasses every time you look at objects more than a few feet away. They free you from fussing with two pairs.

They are making the old-style bifocals, with the disfiguring seam or hump, a thing of the past.

KRYPTOKS keep your eyes young in *looks*, as well as in *usefulness*, because they do not have that age-revealing seam or hump of other bifocals. When you are wearing KRYPTOKS, they cannot be distinguished from single vision glasses. Their surfaces are clear, smooth and even—free from line, seam or hump.

Ask your oculist, optometrist or optician about KRYPTOK Glasses.

Write for Booklet, "Eyesight Efficiency"

It contains important information for every man or woman who needs glasses for near and far vision. When writing, please give (if possible) name of your oculist, optometrist or optician.

KRYPTOK COMPANY, INC.
1049 Old South Building
Boston, Mass.

(Continued from Page 28)

with me. The less there is of anything else the better—so far as I am concerned. The question now is: Are you ready to sign an agreement?"

Walling was not disconcerted by the rebuff. He instantly met the other man on the ground of business.

"Yes," he replied crisply.

"All right, then," responded Kent. "I want our understanding in black and white at once, so I can go back and settle my affairs with Mr. Gordon too—right away. I'm going to pull my specialties out of his machine shop and let him have the old place to potter round in all he wants. You hit the nail on the head about him."

John's tone seemed bitterly scornful. It had the intended effect.

"Gordon never appreciated you!" Walling exclaimed. "I do. Maybe I did mean to go after you pretty strong on the carburetor, but it was only because I realized what a lot we could accomplish together." The crafty engineer followed this attempted extenuation of his crooked design by showing his greed. "I hope," he urged, "that you and I can handle all your automobile inventions in our corporation."

Kent stiffened as if he drew back from a scented danger.

"First, I wish to see whether or not you really mean to give me a square deal," he declared bluntly. "I don't trust you, and make no bones about saying so. I'm willing to start on the carburetor; then I'll consider putting my other specialties into the corporation. One thing, though, I'll say now: I'm going to take my inventions out of the Gordon Machine Shop just as soon as I can make satisfactory new arrangements. And, of course, I'd prefer to have all my specialties manufactured at the same place as the carburetor."

Walling seemed satisfied. He rubbed his hands zestfully.

"Let's go down town and have our lawyers prepare the necessary papers at once, then," he proposed.

Kent impatiently shook his head.

"I haven't time to wait while a couple of attorneys fuss over technical contracts. What I want now is positive assurance that you mean business, so I can go right back to the Gordon Machine Shop and complete arrangements to pull my specialties out of there immediately. That is even more important to me than the carburetor deal. It will take lawyers several days to organize a corporation and to attend to all the details of the proposed agreement between you and me. I'm going to have a settlement with Mr. Gordon at once; but, first, I need to know just what I can count on with you.

"Walling, I want you and myself to sign now a rough statement of what our agreement is to be. We both know what you proposed, but I intend to have it in writing before I notify Mr. Gordon that I'm going to leave his machine shop with my specialties. So that I'll be sure you won't back down, I insist that we both put up our checks at once with a neutral bank, to be exchanged for capital shares as soon as the corporation is organized. I will agree now, too, that I'll assign all my rights in the carburetor to the company for fifteen thousand dollars of the stock. I wish to know exactly where I stand with you before I quit the Gordon Machine Shop with my inventions. And I mean to give my present partner notice of my withdrawal immediately."

"But how can we make an agreement that will be binding without our attorneys to draw it up?" Walling demurred. "Neither of us knows how to prepare a legal contract."

"Oh, bosh!" Kent scoffed. "What's difficult about putting down in writing the things we've talked?"

He strode to the engineer's vacated chair and sat down at the desk. He pulled a sheet of paper toward him and snatched up a pen.

"I'll show you what I mean," he declared. "Our lawyers can embody our understanding in formal contracts later, if necessary; but I haven't time to monkey round waiting. If you mean to be fair you won't have any objection to signing your name to precisely what you offered orally. And you can't blame me for being unwilling to pull out of the Gordon Machine Shop just on the basis of your word that you'll go in with me on the carburetor, as you proposed. I'll test your intentions right now, Walling. If you have anything more up your sleeve I'll make you show it."

"I haven't!" the engineer protested earnestly.

"Then you'll sign this with me," insisted Kent.

He began to write and in a few minutes had filled two sheets with a hurried scrawl. He stood up to read the paper.

"Henry Walling and John Kent, in consideration of their mutual promises and benefits hereunder, agree:

"FIRST. As soon as possible they will organize a corporation under the laws of Michigan, with a capital stock of fifty thousand dollars. Henry Walling agrees to pay twenty-five thousand dollars cash for one-half of the corporation stock. John Kent agrees to pay for the other half of the stock as follows: Ten thousand dollars cash and fifteen thousand dollars by assigning to said corporation as soon as it is organized, which shall be within thirty days after this date, all his right, title and interest in an improved carburetor he has invented, of which Henry Walling has been building a model and has complete drawings. The two parties agree that John Kent's right and title in said invention are worth fifteen thousand dollars and that fifteen thousand dollars of the capital stock of the corporation to be organized shall be issued to John Kent when he makes the assignment above mentioned.

"SECOND. The parties agree that immediately after the corporation shall be organized John Kent shall be employed by said corporation, at a salary of five thousand dollars a year for five years. Henry Walling also shall be employed, at a salary of one thousand dollars a year for five years. Each party shall have exactly equal power with the other in the corporation management so long as he continues to own or control one-half of the stock.

"THIRD. As evidences of mutual good faith, John Kent agrees to deposit with the Motor Trust Company, of Detroit, Michigan, forthwith, ten thousand dollars; and Henry Walling also agrees to deposit with said Motor Trust Company twenty-five thousand dollars. Both parties agree that said Motor Trust Company shall hold said deposits in escrow until the corporation above mentioned shall be organized. Then said Motor Trust Company shall pay the entire sum of said deposits into the treasury of said corporation, and shall receive for the same thirty-five thousand dollars of the stock of the corporation—twenty-five thousand dollars in the name of Henry Walling and ten thousand dollars in the name of John Kent.

"FOURTH. All the stock herein mentioned shall be full paid and nonassessable; and the assignment by John Kent of his carburetor rights, as above provided, shall entitle him to receive fifteen thousand dollars additional of the capital stock, the same as if he had paid for the same in cash.

"FIFTH. Henry Walling admits that John Kent is the sole and exclusive inventor of the carburetor, a model of which Henry Walling is now making in his experimental department. And Henry Walling admits that he himself has no claim on said carburetor as a joint inventor thereof."

Kent finished his reading and handed the sheets to the engineer.

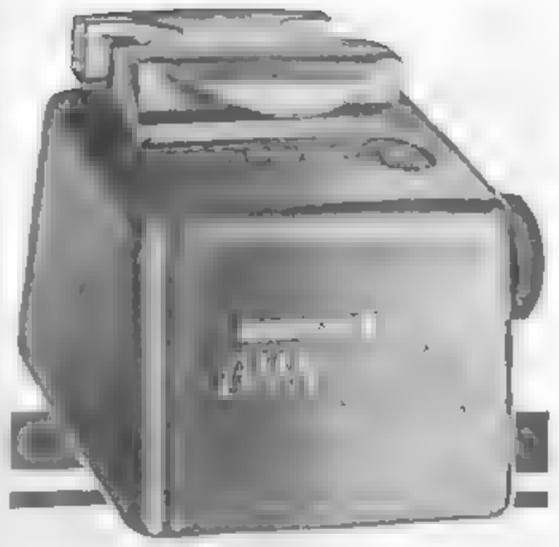
"That's in the rough, of course, Walling; but it's perfectly plain, isn't it? I'm willing to sign that. If you mean to be square with me you'll sign too, just as readily as you talked the proposition. Then we can go right over to the Motor Trust Company and deposit our money."

The engineer evidently was disinclined to being hurried into a written compact; yet obviously he also feared to demur, lest impulsive Kent should misconstrue his hesitance. Walling read and reread the paper. He tried again to persuade the other man to wait until their lawyers could prepare a formal contract. John stubbornly demanded that Walling show him wherein the present draft did not state their agreement exactly. The engineer was unable to deny that the written proposition was precisely what he himself had urged. He did not take any exception at all to the last clause, in which he would confess that Kent was sole inventor of the carburetor. That was not a debatable point, as Walling seemed to recognize.

"If I've written just what you said, why aren't you willing to sign it?" was the question Kent hurled back at every objection.

Finally, when the engineer could make no more specious excuses for a delay that he seemed both to desire and to fear, he agreed to Kent's ultimatum. He called a stenographer and two copies of the document were made. Thereupon both men

(Continued on Page 33)



THIS is DIMUNETTE ¼ actual size. Fully protected by patents, easy to operate, extremely light in weight, of handsome brushed bronze effect and solid construction. It gives all the protection of high priced machines, and will last forever.

$7.50
IN CANADA $10.

"It's a crime to take your money"
(But $7.50 prevents that crime)

IT'S a crime to take your money laughed a famous check-raiser as he demonstrated his art. A stroke of his pen—and $8 was $8,000! A drop of acid in the right place—and there was plenty of room to change "Eight" to "Eight thousand"! No wonder check-raising attracts so many criminals. "It's a crime to take your money"—a cinch of a crime to commit—desperately hard to detect because your checks pass through so many unknown hands.

Formerly devices giving Standard Protection were expensive. But now that day is passed. Now you may stand better with your banker by giving your checks standard protection at a price you can afford to pay.

Now the Dimunette gives you Standard Check protection for $7.50—less than you would lose by having one $1 check raised to $10. Can you afford *not* to invest $7.50? The oldest makers of check protecting devices now bring standard check protection within the reach of all.

If you have the slightest difficulty in securing the Dimunette of your stationer or office supply dealer, send check, money order, or draft to us, and we will gladly supply you, charges prepaid.

DEFIANCE CHECK WRITER CORPORATION
ROCHESTER NEW YORK

Defiance Check Writer Corp.
299 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find (Check / Money Order / Draft) for $7.50 for which please send one Dimunette, delivery free

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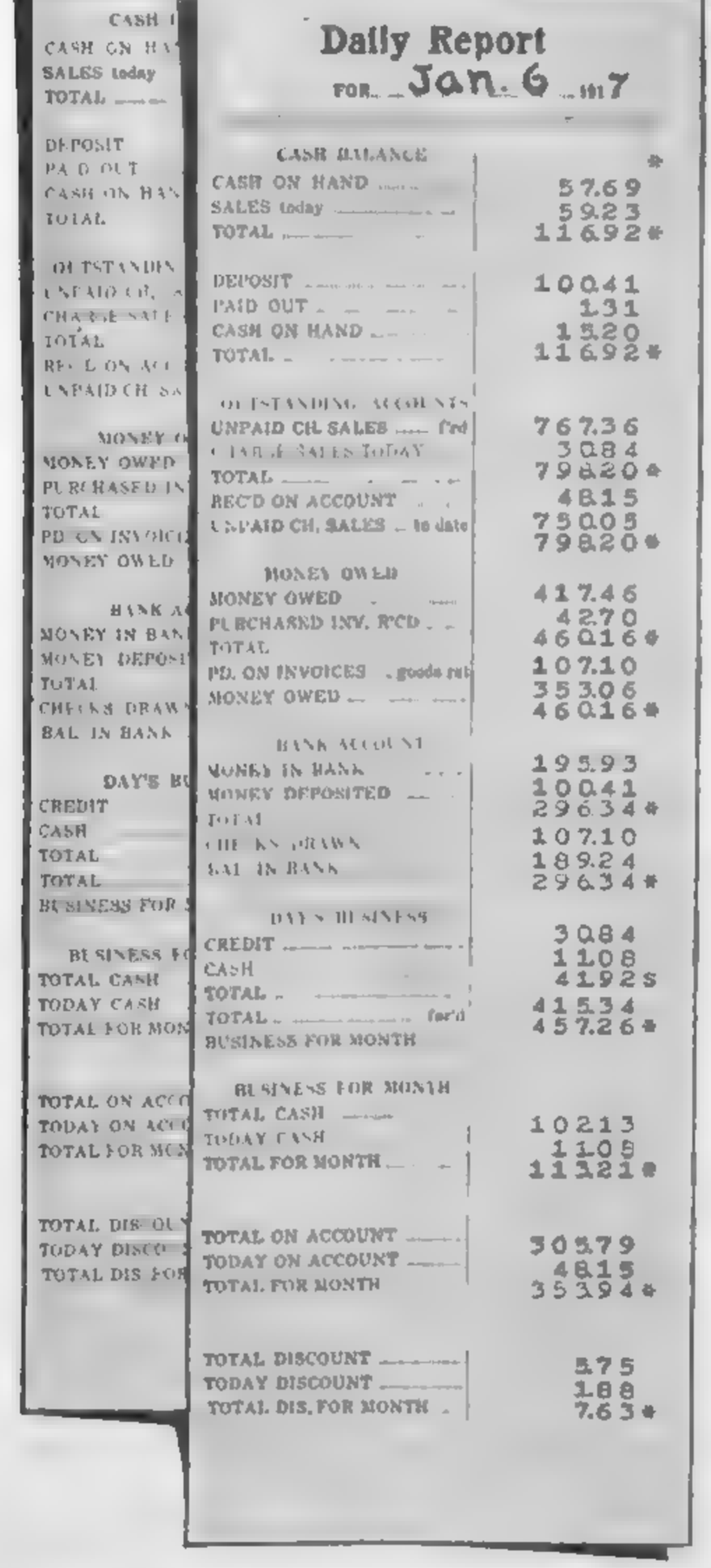
Gold-Mining in a Grocery



I "pan" figures for profit in my Seattle grocery the same as I used to pan "pay dirt" on the Klondike

By
A. E. ANDREWS, of the Park Grocery Company

When I left the Klondike hills to go into the grocery business I didn't give up all my former methods.

I wanted to know how my labor "panned out" in profits, and I wanted to know this *every day*.

But my first records were like those of many other grocers—they didn't tell me where I stood.

The facts were there—like nuggets in the gravel—but they had to be brought to the surface.

I got a Burroughs Figuring Machine to do the work of reducing my ore, as it were, to tell me how I was making my "claim" pay.

I Had to Reduce Items to Totals

To get the facts I had to add items and get totals—and that's where the Burroughs first proved invaluable. It added rapidly, and the totals, computed automatically, were always right. I never could have secured the results quickly enough with pencil and pen.

My Daily Report Should Interest Every Retailer

The slip shown at the left is made out daily. I get these figures with the Burroughs in less than half an hour. Think of it!—all this vital information obtained in only a few minutes each day.

I have a credit register for taking care of charge sales and a cash register for handling cash transactions.

Each day the charge sales are totaled, the cash received on account subtracted from this total, and the balance added to the previous day's total of outstanding accounts.

Accounts payable are handled in the same way.

By adding checks drawn each day, and subtracting this total from the balance brought forward plus the day's deposit, I keep the amount of my bank balance to date before me.

The charge slips are made in triplicate. One copy goes to the customer, one to the credit register, and one to the figuring machine. It is only a few minutes' work to add the charge and cash sales for the day, obtaining total daily sales.

The Burroughs is Always on the Job Somewhere

When I have completed my daily report the machine is free for general use about the store. For instance, it is used to [illegible] each day and before the bank opens. Customers like to receive the machine slip, for it is their protection against overcharges.

In detecting undercharges that would have otherwise got by, the machine has more than paid for itself.

I'm a better buyer for having my daily report always before me. I can see what I owe, what I have in the bank. I keep my outstanding accounts carefully checked and have had very few losses from bad debts.

My clerks are careful in adding up sales slips, because they know that each slip is later checked over mechanically with the Burroughs.

The Burroughs Machine is doing more than "pan" the ore of my figures for facts. It is putting organization and accuracy into my business and creating customer good-will.

There's a Burroughs Machine for every business. The Burroughs Company has 170 offices in the United States and Canada. Your banker or telephone book will give you the address of the nearest.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

PRICED AS LOW AS $125

Burroughs

EVEREADY
The Product that has outgrown its name "FLASHLIGHT"
$3000. for the best name suggested to take the place of flashlight

Who won that $3000?

The Question on Half a Million Tongues

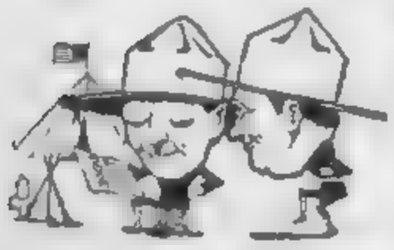
WHO won that $3000 for a better name than "flashlight"? From city, town and hamlet throughout the United States—from Central America, Cuba, Morocco and even China is heard the echo of this question. Everywhere interest is at high pitch and while half a million people wait, the Eveready organization is working day and night to find the winner and the winning word.

Never before has a contest for a new name met with such generous and enthusiastic response. Suggestions have poured in at the rate of 10,000 to 25,000 a day. On the last day of the contest 50,000 were received.

The Post Office at Long Island City was forced to call for help. Eveready automobile trucks were pressed into service to deliver contest mail. It took ten days after the close of the contest to finish opening the mail. It took six weeks to transfer to entry blanks the thousands of suggestions received in letters written to the company. It took one entire week to sort out all the names beginning with the letter "L."

Fifty *extra* employees have been necessary to handle the purely mechanical details such as opening mail, sorting, filing, etc.

College students were specially recruited to handle some of the more important routine. Salesmen from the Eveready organization were taken off the road to speed up the search for that $3000 word.



Scores of suggestions came from the boys on the border

Two days from here to Guantanamo, Cuba, but we got his suggestion in time

Now we are just as anxious to know who won that $3000 as you are; but we have simply been snowed under.

Up to the official date set for the close of the Eveready Contest (Nov. 7th, 1916) over 530,000 suggestions had been received and at this moment the judges have before them the 50,000 best suggestions from which the choice will be made.

To settle this question fairly we must ask for more time. On its settlement depends not only the fulfillment of our obligation to pay $3000 but a decision on that name which is best suited to our needs.

April 5th is the date now set for the award announcement. Watch your Eveready dealer's windows. The announcement of the prize winner will be made through our dealers as well as through the newspapers and magazines, because we can thus place the news before the greatest number of people with the least possible delay.

If the judges decide sooner, the announcement will not be held back. We are not going to keep half a million people waiting any longer than we can help.

50,000 Eveready dealers all over the United States and Canada are ready to flash the message when the judges decide.

Out in the sagebrush—80 miles from the nearest dealer—so we sent our western friend a contest blank.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City New York

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Limited
Toronto Ontario

Watch your Eveready Dealer's Window

HERE is the essence of all service—the personal attention which sees that your precise wishes are carried out with quiet courtesy and dispatch

This is the unfailing rule with the one thousand trained attendants at

Hotel La Salle

The wheels of your busy life run smoothly. Details are disposed of quickly and with utmost efficiency by the individual clerk on your floor. Women traveling alone find this private service especially helpful. The distinctive advantage in a central location makes Hotel LaSalle the obvious choice for business or pleasure, whether your stay be long or short.

RATES

Room with detached bath	$2 $2.50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3 $3.50 $4 and $5
Room with detached bath	$3 $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath	
Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4 $4.50 and $5
Two persons	$7 to $8
Three persons	$8 to $9
Four persons	$9 to $12

1026 rooms 834 with private bath

La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO
Ernest J. Stevens, Vice-Pres. and Mgr.

(Continued from Page 30)

went to the Motor Trust Company. They deposited their respective checks on their own banks and signed the escrow agreement in duplicate. Then they separated, shortly before eleven o'clock.

John hurried from the Motor Trust Company to the machine shop, but Gordon was still absent. Kent restlessly attended to various routine business matters while he waited for his foster father's reappearance. Just after noon the bookkeeper, who had gone downtown ten minutes earlier to get the money for the weekly pay roll, rushed back to the office in great excitement. He told the junior partner the bank had refused to cash his check, because Gordon, at half past eleven, had drawn out all but a few dollars of the firm's balance of over eighteen thousand dollars.

Kent was startled and dumfounded. He could not imagine the specific reason for his partner's unprecedented surreptitious action; but he was sure it had a direct relation of some kind to Gordon's mistaken umbrage regarding the carburetor. John stood aghast after he heard the bookkeeper's story. The uncertified check for ten thousand dollars, which he himself had deposited in escrow with the Motor Trust Company at eleven o'clock, was made on the firm's account in the Wolverine National Bank. Over ten thousand dollars stood to the personal credit of the junior member on the partnership books, and Kent had drawn against this balance.

If now his escrow check should be presented at the firm's bank and repudiated, the Motor Trust Company would notify the automobile engineer at once. He would immediately stop payment on his own check for twenty-five thousand dollars. Gordon's act in drawing out all the partnership money, therefore, had imperiled and, at any minute, might invalidate Kent's contract with Walling. The consequences would be disastrous if the ten-thousand-dollar check should be protested.

John was half frantic. He sent the bookkeeper to scour the neighborhood for the veteran mechanic, who sometimes visited acquaintances in other machine shops near by. Kent himself started a frenzied search by telephone for his partner; but he could find no trace of the old Scotchman. Meantime precious time was passing. John expected the Wolverine National Bank to call him up any second and announce that his ten-thousand-dollar check had been presented for payment.

Shortly before half past twelve Gordon stalked into the little office. He was scowling blackly, but Kent hardly noticed his expression. With a cry of relief, mixed with acute anxiety, John rushed across the room.

"I've been looking for you everywhere! I want to explain to you about the carburetor, and ——"

"I know already what you've done!" Gordon snarled in a towering rage. "I met Henry Walling an hour ago. He showed me the contract you'd just signed. He said, too, you were going to take all your automobile specialties away from here and manufacture them in partnership with him. I tell you right now that you can't get 'em out of my shop any too quick to suit me!"

Kent tried to break in, but the old lion roared him silent.

"You needn't make any excuses! I understand why you're leaving me. Don't be a hypocrite and make believe you're sorry. I used to think you had high principles, but I've found you out to-day. You're like the majority of young fellows in these times—just a dollar worshiper. Get out! It will be good riddance for me. I never wanted your contraptions in my shop. Pack your stuff! Don't palaver! I know you can make more money with Walling."

The old master machinist half choked. He seemed beside himself with scornful fury.

"I despise a sneak!" he hissed through gritted teeth. "I might have had a little respect for you if you hadn't attempted to hide what you were up to. Why couldn't you come out honestly and tell me you had decided to cut loose from such an old fogy? It would have hurt to hear that, but not so much as it does to know you've been living a lie to me for months."

"I never thought ——" Kent began to protest frantically.

"I found out from Walling what you thought!" Gordon thunderously shut him off. "That I've been holding you back from getting rich! You thought I was a fossil—that I opposed having your specialties monopolize my shop because I had no faith in the automobile business. That wasn't it at all! You made me hate everything connected with motors, because your contraptions shoved me out of my place in the world! You never guessed the real reason I didn't seem to appreciate those profits from your inventions that you shared half and half with me. You think I'm sore now because I won't get anything out of the carburetor. I don't want money! You robbed me of more than you ever can pay back in dollars.

"Until you turned my old custom shop into a factory to make your specialties, most of the expert machine job work in Detroit was sent to George Gordon. I was known as the best independent mechanic in the city and I was proud of that reputation. But in the last few months my customers have been crowded out. I've had to refuse orders because your manufacturing required more and more room, and there was 'bigger money' in the specialties. Now I don't feel at home in the shop where I have worked thirty-two years! It's been so lately I couldn't bear to stay round the place.

"I sacrificed my pride because I thought as much of you as if you'd been my own son. I never would have told you how I felt about being shoved to one side in the old place if I hadn't found out your underhand deal to make more money by tying up with one of the worst rascals out of jail!"

Gordon's gray eyes blazed with contempt. Kent leaped to his partner and clutched his arm.

"Dad!" he cried. "You're wrong! I never intended to deceive you. I'll explain everything later. I haven't time now. Walling means to steal half of my carburetor. I just found out his scheme to-day. I've been looking for you ever since to tell you about him. I have trapped the fox in that contract he showed you! I tried to find you so you could advise me before I signed it; but I couldn't, and I had to act quickly. You endangered my whole plan when you drew that money from the bank. If my check for ten thousand dollars should be protested I'd be trapped, not Walling!"

Kent snatched the telephone and called the Engineering Works.

"Hello, Mr. Walling! This is John Kent. Can you come over to the shop right away? I'm straightening out my matters with Mr. Gordon and I need you here as a witness."

"I'll start this moment!" the engineer agreed eagerly.

Kent banged the receiver back on its hook and turned to his partner again.

"I called him away from his office so he can't get a message from the bank," he explained. "My check may be presented for payment any minute. Walling mustn't find out it isn't good before I spring my trap."

Kent had no time to recount details, but in the course of the next hundred seconds he sketched to dazed Gordon the reason why he had ordered the carburetor made at the Engineering Works. Then he summarized the plot to defraud him of his rights as sole inventor of the new device. He broke off abruptly as he caught sight of Walling through the front window.

"Here he comes, dad! Don't say a word until I give you the tip."

The engineer hurried in and shut the door. Kent quickly stepped behind him to bar the exit.

"Walling," he snapped, "you and I made an agreement this morning about my carburetor; but ——"

"That contract is perfectly legal," the engineer interrupted with instant suspicion. "I showed it to my attorney, and he assured me it is binding, though a little informal."

"I'm glad to know that!" Kent exclaimed. "I meant it to hold. I intend to stick by our agreement; but I didn't take time when we talked before to discuss certain details. So I'll explain now just what my plans are.

"This morning you referred to the fact that Mr. Gordon and myself hadn't been getting along very well lately. I've since learned that my partner and I have been working at cross-purposes. He misunderstood my reason for having you build the model. He has drawn wrong inferences, also, regarding my intentions with reference to the manufacture of the carburetor and my other specialties. On the other hand, I've misjudged him in several ways too."

Gordon leaned forward in strained eagerness as Kent continued to address the engineer.

"I told you, Walling, that I intended to take all my inventions out of the Gordon Machine Shop; but I didn't say where

FOR that logy, after-dinner time on Sunday afternoon—perchance you've eaten just a bit too much—

Wingfoot for an hour or so, and see the change it brings—*wingfoot* and fit yourself for next week's tasks.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company guarantees Wingfoots to outwear any other rubber heel. A new pair free if yours do not.

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The *Lawson* Odorless is the highest development in gas heaters. Its combustion chamber makes it odorless, economical and a greater producer of heat than gas stoves twice as large.

It radiates only pure, heated air—no smells, nothing "stuffy." Inside the perforated jacket is the combustion chamber, the "heart" of the Lawson, red hot and glowing, burning up all gases under high temperature.

This "red hot" heart spreads a cheering, ruddy glow and makes the Lawson the cosiest kind of heater.

Quickly takes the chill from cold, damp halls or supplies generous warmth to nursery, bath or spareroom. On the flat, open top you can heat water for baby's bath or for shaving. Thousands of "Lawson's" are giving satisfaction in homes everywhere.

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TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL: If your dealer can't supply you send $5 and dealer's name. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for booklet on Odorless Gas Stoves and for booklet on Lawson Water Heaters.

Dealers, Attention!

Open territory still obtainable. Write now and place order for fall. The Lawson Odorless is a quick seller and good money-maker. Prices and terms on request.

Lawson Manufacturing Co. of Pittsburgh

We are also makers of Lawson Water Heaters; over a million in use

I expected to do my manufacturing afterward. I realize now that it was unfair of me to crowd Mr. Gordon from his old quarters here, where he made his reputation as a mechanical expert. I've just come to full appreciation of his feelings. I comprehend how selfish and thoughtless I have been. The Gordon Machine Shop hereafter will be devoted exclusively to high-class work on tools and dies and designing, as it used to be. I'm going to pull all the manufacturing out."

Kent turned to the dumfounded Scotchman.

"Dad, I propose that our firm shall erect a factory building on the vacant lot next door to this old shop and do all our manufacturing there. In that way we'll have plenty of room in our present quarters for your expert custom work, and in the new plant for my automobile specialties. Of course we're to be partners in everything."

The veteran master machinist seemed spellbound. He opened his mouth slowly as if to speak; but Walling viciously broke in first:

"You can't make the carburetor in that new factory you intend to build! Gordon has nothing to do with that!"

"Why, yes, he has!" the inventor exclaimed in simulated surprise. "Dad owns half the carburetor, you know."

The old Scotchman looked as amazed as the engineer was astounded; but Gordon stood dumb while Walling shouted a question:

"What do you mean? You agreed to assign all the carburetor to our corporation."

Kent pulled his copy of the agreement from his pocket.

"You're mistaken about that," he remarked with provocative mildness. "I only contracted to assign 'all' *my* 'right, title and interest'—that is, my half of the carburetor. Six months ago, when I filed my patent application, I assigned the other half to Mr. Gordon. I told you, Walling, before we made our agreement that dad was entitled to half of everything I invented."

The fox saw the trap. He gnashed his sharp teeth in his fury.

"It's a fraud!" he snarled.

"I've prevented a fraud!" Kent corrected harshly. "Our contract is valid, Walling. Your own attorney advised you so. I notified you before you signed it that my partner had a right to half of any invention I might make. You were so unscrupulously greedy that you caught yourself.

"My contract is that I will assign all my rights in the carburetor to the corporation. I couldn't have bound Mr. Gordon if I had wanted to. He owns half of the invention. The law gives him the same right to manufacture as if he held the entire patent title." John grinned as he added: "Let me remind you of something here: I put into our agreement, Walling, a clause that provides 'Each party shall have exactly equal power with the other in the corporation management.' I notify you now that I shan't agree to the sale by the company of a single carburetor at the low price Mr. Gordon will make to the trade."

The engineer was frothing with rage.

"I'll fight you in court!" he yelled.

"The risk is too great," Kent retorted. "You have overlooked the provision in our contract that I am to draw a salary of five thousand dollars a year from the company, beginning with thirty days, while you'll get only one thousand dollars a year. I'm ready to go to work for the corporation on that basis.

"You put up twenty-five thousand of the thirty-five thousand dollars cash we have deposited together in escrow as subscriptions for the capital stock. The contract entitles me to receive for my services over twenty-nine thousand dollars in the time you'll get back a little less than six thousand of the money contributed to the corporation treasury. Our salaries have been agreed on. They must be paid whether the company manufactures many carburetors or only a few. You'd better give up the fight idea, Walling. Your methods won't appeal to the sympathy of the courts. I suggest that you compromise with me right now, while you have a chance."

"What do you mean?" the engineer barked.

"I'm satisfied to beat your crooked scheme to steal half of my carburetor. All I want in the contract we've made is the last clause—your acknowledgment, witnessed by Mr. Gordon, that you have no claim to my invention. Sign that statement separately, surrender every tracing and blue print you have, together with all the parts, tools and patterns of the model, and I'll let the corporation off from paying me that five-thousand-dollar salary for five years. I'll cancel this agreement and we'll both get our money back from the Motor Trust Company."

Walling drew a long breath. He did not parley a second.

"All right!" he accepted.

Walling sat down at Gordon's desk and snatched a sheet of paper. He copied the final paragraph of the contract in a minute; then signed his name. Kent read the release carefully and handed it over to his partner. He winked:

"Satisfied, dad?"

Gordon blinked like a man just coming out of a trance. He stared first at the trapped fox and then at John. Then his old eyes shone as brightly as a boy's.

"Satisfied!" the veteran machinist chortled aloud. "I'm just chock-full of satisfaction!"

Suddenly Gordon was alarmed by remembrance. He leaned over and whispered in his partner's ear:

"Jack! That ten-thousand-dollar check! I drew all the firm's money out of the bank just to prevent Walling from getting his claws on any of it. I knew he had a scheme of some kind to rob you. I was afraid the rascal would cash your check before I could warn you what a crook he was. I drew our entire balance to save your ten thousand dollars for you. But you said I'd got you into trouble. Maybe there isn't any damage done yet. I'll hustle over to the bank right off and redeposit the money I took out."

"Good old dad!" Kent choked. "Wait a minute."

He picked up the telephone and called the cashier of the firm's depository:

"John Kent talking. Has my check for ten thousand dollars to the Motor Trust Company been presented for payment yet? . . . Oh, it's just come in! Well, hold it, please. The deal for which it was given has been called off. I'll be over and see you in a few minutes."

Kent handed the telephone receiver to Walling:

"Call up your bank now and stop payment on your check too; then everything will be straightened out."

A Tribute

WHEN Julia Ward Howe died memorial services in her honor were held at San Francisco, and the local literary colony attended practically en masse to pay by their presence a tribute to the writer.

A municipal officer was asked to preside. Dressed in his long frock coat and his broad white tie, he advanced to the edge of the platform to launch the exercises and introduce the principal eulogist. He bowed low and spoke as follows:

"Your attendance here, ladies and gents, in such great numbers shows San Francisco's appreciation of good literature. This meeting is a great testimonial to the immortal author of Uncle Tom's Cabin—the late Julia Ward Howard!"

Dentists today follow their patients into their homes by means of prescriptions for daily use.

The serious meaning of sensitive gums

More teeth are lost through the loosening of the tissues that hold the teeth in place, than through decay

If at times your gums are sensitive when you brush them; if you have a loose or "tender" tooth; if certain foods set your teeth "on edge," *see your dentist immediately.*

These conditions that seem so negligible, usually portend one far more serious.

Your dentist will tell you that they are the early symptoms which, if not checked, may develop into a loosening of the teeth and their eventual loss. More permanent teeth are lost through this insidious loosening than through decay.

What dentists prescribe

Modern dentistry requires more for the treatment of such conditions than the application from time to time of medicinal agents by the dentist himself. Dentists today follow their patients into their homes by means of prescriptions for daily use. Not otherwise can persistent unhealthy conditions of the mouth be overcome.

At least twice daily must the patient himself supplement the work his dentist has done for him—by applications that will steadily tone up the condition of the gums.

Your tooth paste should be more than a cleanser

Ask your own dentist how you can do this at the same time that you cleanse your teeth daily. Ask him about Senreco Tooth Paste.

Senreco is more than a cleanser. It is a dentist's formula containing, in addition to cleansing properties, agents especially helpful for sensitive conditions of the gums. Because Senreco contains precisely the agents that dentists themselves apply to correct unhealthy conditions of the gums, many dentists use it at the chair, even though it is really a tooth paste intended for supplementary use.

Prevent the accumulation of tartar

As a cleanser, Senreco is wonderful. It polishes the surfaces of the teeth in a new and better way, and it *directly attacks the mucin film which leads to tartar.*

Try it. You will appreciate its medicinal qualities even more than its cleansing properties. It leaves a cool, clean, wholesome taste in the mouth. Notice after a few treatments the gradual strengthening of your gums to a wonderfully sound and healthy condition. You will delight in the brilliancy and whiteness of your teeth, and their cleanly freedom from the beginnings of tartar.

Senreco costs only 25c the large size tube, though it is probably the most expensive tooth paste prepared. You will find it at your druggist's or toilet counter. Get a tube today. Know for yourself what a healthy, cleanly feeling its use gives to the gums. Find out how much better for you is Senreco than any tooth paste that only cleanses.

Send 6c for a liberal sample

For six cents we will send you a sample tube of Senreco; enough to provide you with treatment twice daily for one week. Simply fill in your name and address on the coupon below, and mail it to us with six cents in stamps or coin. Address "Senreco," 1400 Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Experimental Laboratory; Covington, Ky.

Senreco
REG U S PAT OFF
THE TOOTHPASTE THAT REALLY CLEANS

A prominent dentist (name on request) writes:

"I want to call your attention to a case which will interest you as well as myself. A young man patient came to me in October last with very badly inflamed gums, no deposit around the necks to speak of. I scaled the roots thoroughly, and gave him a mouth wash (which had no effect). He came in this morning for a filling. I had forgotten about his gums until he called my attention to them. He says they are all right now and feel fine. He bought a tube of Senreco tooth paste, and says it wasn't a week before they were well. They have receded somewhat, but are in perfectly healthy condition. This is positive proof to me that you have *the* right preparation."

Another dentist (name on request) writes:

"What the busy dentist wants most is results. Your tooth paste, 'Senreco' combined with the usual oral treatment does give results. You have an ideal tooth paste."

**Use Senreco twice daily.
See your dentist
twice a year.**

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Please send me liberal sample tube of Senreco to provide me with treatments twice daily for one week. I enclose six cents for it

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* * *

What better recommendation to you for the quality, safety and dependability of all things that carry the surname Johns-Manville? What better testimonial could there be of the value of Johns-Manville Service to you personally?

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
Branches in 55 Large Cities

COVERS THE CONTINENT

HER DAIRY

(Continued from Page 6)

At seven I rose and with palpatating fingers dressed myself in my best evening Frock, which is a pale yellow. I put my hair up, and was just finished, when mother nocked. It was terrable.

I had to duck back into bed and crush everything. But she only looked in and said to try and behave for the next three hours, and went away.

At a quarter to eight I left the house in a clandestine manner by means of the cellar and the area steps, and on the pavment drew a long breath. I was free, and I had twelve dollars.

Act One went well, and no disturbence. Although Adrian started when he saw me. The yellow looked very well

I had expected to sit back, sheltered by the curtains, and only visable from the stage. I have often read of this method. But there were no curtains. I therfor sat, turning a stoney profile to the audiance, and ignoreing it, as though it were not present, trusting to luck that no one I knew was there.

He saw me. More than that, he hardly took his eyes from the box wherein I sat. I am sure to that he had mentioned me to the company, for one and all they stared at me until I think they will know me the next time they see me.

I still think I would not have been recognized by the Familey had I not, in a very quiet seen, commenced to sneaze. I did this several times, and a lot of people looked anoyed, as though I sneazed because I liked to sneaze. And I looked back at them defiantly, and in so doing, encountered the gaze of my Maternel Parent.

Oh, Dear Dairy, that I could have died at that moment, and thus, when streched out a pathetic figure, with tubroses and other flowers, have compeled their pity. But alas, no. I sneazed again!

Mother was weged in, and I saw that my only hope was flight. I had not had more than between three and four dollars worth of the evening, but I glansed again and Sis was boreing holes into me with her eyes. Only Beresford knew nothing, and was trying to hold Sis's hand under her opera cloke. Any fool could tell that.

But, as I was about to rise and stand poized, as one may say, for departure, I caught Adrian's eyes, with a gleam in their deep depths. He was, at the moment, toying with the bowl of roses. He took one out, and while the leading lady was talking, he eged his way toward my box. There, standing very close, aparently by accident, he droped the rose into my lap.

Oh Dairy! Dairy!

I picked it up, and holding it close to me, I flew.

I am now in bed and rather chilley. Mother banged at the door some time ago, and at last went away, muttering.

I am afraid she is going to be petish.

JANUARY 22ND. Father came home this morning, and things are looking up. Mother of course tackeled him first thing, and when he came upstairs I expected an awful time. But my father is a reel Person, so he only sat down on the bed, and said:

"Well, chicken, so you're at it again!"

I had to smile, although my chin shook.

"You'd better turn me out and forget me," I said. "I was born for Trouble. My advice to the Familey is to get out from under. That's all."

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "It's pretty conveniant to have a Familey to drop on when the slump comes." He thumped himself on the chest. "A hundred and eighty pounds," he observed," just intended for little daughters to fall back on when other things fail."

"Father," I inquired, putting my hand in his, because I had been bearing my burdens alone, and my strength was ebing: "do you beleive in Love?"

"*Do* I!"

"But I mean, not the ordinery atachment between two married people. I mean love—the reel thing."

"I see! Why, of course I do."

"Did you ever read Pope, father?"

"Pope? Why I—probably, chicken. Why?"

"Then you know what he says: 'Curse on all laws but those which Love has made.'"

"Look here," he said, sudenly laying a hand on my brow. "I beleive you are feverish."

"Not feverish, but in trouble," I explained. And so I told him the story, not saying much of my deep Passion for Adrian, but merly that I had formed an atachment for him which would persist during life. Although I had never yet exchanged a word with him.

Father listened and said it was indeed a sad story, and that he knew my deep nature, and that I would be true to the End. But he refused to give me any money, except enough to pay back Hannah and Carter Brooks, saying:

"Your mother does not wish you to go to the theater again, and who are we to go against her wishes? And anyhow, maybe if you met this fellow and talked to him, you would find him a disapointment. Many a pretty girl I have seen in my time, who didn't pan out acording to specifications when I finaly met her."

At this revalation of my beloved father's true self, I was almost stuned. It is evadent that I do not inherit my being true as steal from him. Nor from my mother, who is like steal in hardness but not in being true to anything but Social Position.

As I record this awfull day, dear Dairy, there comes again into my mind the thought that *I do not belong here.* I am not like them. I do not even resemble them in features. And, if I belonged to them, would they not treat me with more consideration and less disipline? Who, in the Familey, has my noze?

It is all well enough for Hannah to observe that I was a pretty baby with fat cheaks. May not Hannah herself, for some hiden reason, have brought me here, takeing away the reel I to perhaps languish unseen and "waste my sweetness on the dessert air?" But that way lies madness. Life must be made the best of as it is, and not as it might or indeed ought to be.

Father promised before he left that I was not to be scolded, as I felt far from well, and was drinking water about every minute.

"I just want to lie here and think about things," I said, when he was going. "I seem to have so many thoughts. And father ——"

"Yes, chicken."

"If I need any help to carry out a plan I have, will you give it to me, or will I have to go to totle strangers?"

"Good gracious, Bab!" he exclaimed. "Come to me, of course."

"And you'll do what you're told?"

He looked out into the hall to see if mother was near. Then, dear Dairy, he turned to me and said:

"I always have, Bab. I guess I'll run true to form."

JANUARY 23RD. Much better today. Out and around. Familey (mother and Sis) very dignafied and nothing much to say. Evadently have promised father to restrain themselves. Father rushed and not comeing home to dinner.

Beresford on edge of proposle. Sis very jumpy.

LATER: Jane Raleigh is home for her couzin's wedding! Is comeing over. We shall take a walk, as I have much to tell her.

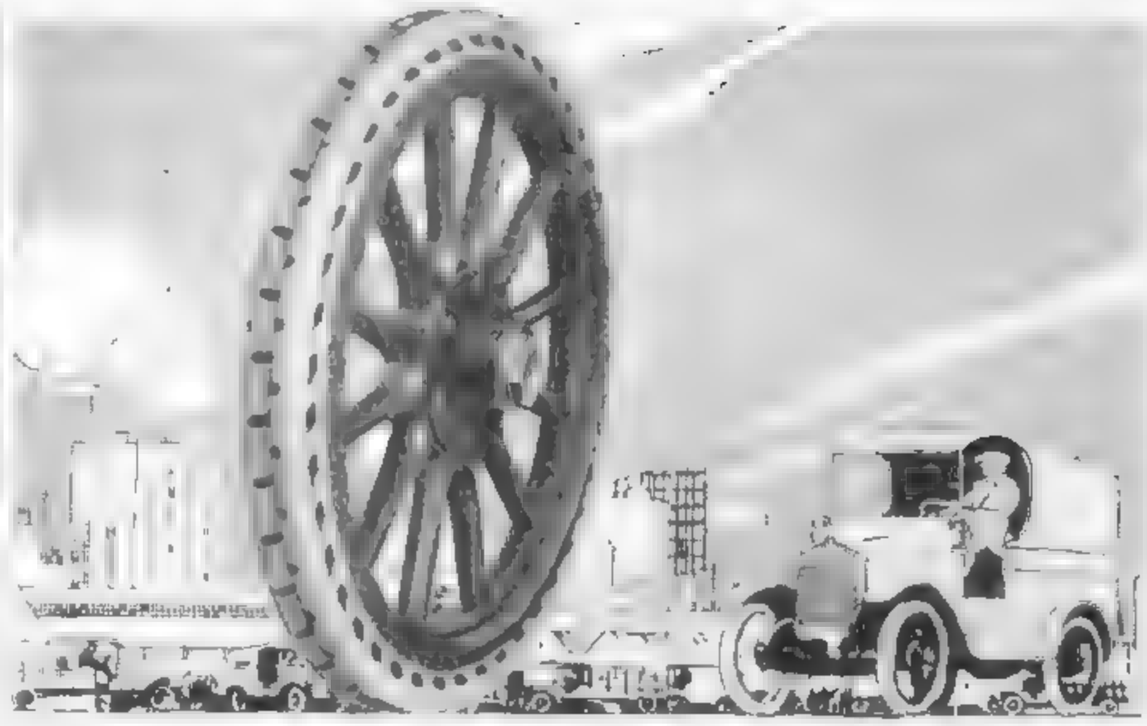
6 P.M. What an afternoon! How shall I write it? This is a Milestone in my Life.

I have met him at last. Nay, more. I have been in his dressing room, conversing as though acustomed to such things all my life. I have conceled under the mattress a reel photograph of him, beneath which he has written Yours always, Adrian Egleston."

I am writing in bed, as the room is chilley—or I am—and by putting out my hand I can touch his pictured likeness.

Jane came around for me this afternoon, and mother consented to a walk. I did not have a chance to take Sis's pink hat, as she keeps her door locked now when not in her room. Which is rediculous, because I am not her tipe, and her things do not suit me very well anyhow. And I have never borowed anything but gloves and handkercheifs, except Maidie's dress and the hat.

She had, however, not locked her bathroom, and finding a bunch of violets in the washbowl I put them on. It does not hurt violets to wear them, and anyhow I knew Carter Brooks had sent them and she ought to wear only Beresford's flowers if she means to marry him.



Motz Tires Cause No Delays

To approximate the resilience of high-grade pneumatics, while retaining the trouble-proof qualities of solid rubber construction—such is the plan behind the making of the high-efficiency Goodyear Motz Cushion Tire.

Most light trucks—up to a ton and a half capacity—are used in delivery service.

Here speed is essential.

But *certainty* and freedom from trouble are just as important as speed.

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Moreover these tires are economical, averaging better than 10,000 miles—with records up to 35,000.

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These facts account for the phehomenal increase in the use of this tire—practically *two* Motz Tires in use now for every *one* a year ago.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
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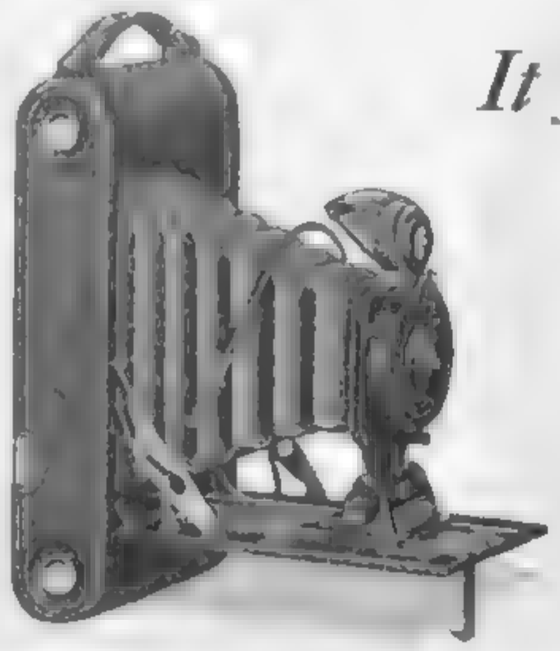

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Pictures
2⅛ x 4⅛

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A thin, slim camera for pictures of the somewhat elongated post card *shape*—but just a trifle smaller—it fits the pocket.

Accurate and reliable, because made in the factories where honest workmanship has become a habit, simple in operation, it meets every requirement in hand camera photography.

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No. 2C Autographic Kodak Jr., with Kodak Ball Bearing shutter having speeds up to 1-100 of a second and meniscus achromatic lens,	$12.00
Ditto, with Rapid Rectilinear lens,	14.00
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demands it be kept clean, and really the toilet bowl is the simplest part of your bathroom to keep clean and sanitary, if you use
Sani-Flush
a cleaning preparation to be used for toilet bowls only. It not only removes the stain from the parts you can see, but it does get right down to the hidden trap where no brush can reach, cleaning it and keeping it clean. You don't have to dip water. Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl every few days.
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Sani-Flush is a necessity wherever there's a toilet. It cannot harm the bowl or the plumbing. Almost every dealer has it. If you do not find it readily, write
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168 Walnut St., Canton, Ohio
The trap that Sani-Flush reaches, cleans, keeps clean

Jane at once remarked that I looked changed.

"Naturaly," I said, in a *blase* maner.

"If I didn't know you, Bab," she observed, "I would say that you are rouged."

I became very stiff and distant at that. For Jane, although my best friend, had no right to be suspisious of me.

"How do I look changed?" I demanded.

"I don't know. You—Bab, I beleive you are up to some mischeif!"

"Mischeif?"

"You don't need to pretend to me," she went on, looking into my very soul. "I have eyes. You're not decked out this way for *me*."

I had meant to tell her nothing, but spying just then a man ahead who walked like Adrian, I was startled. I cluched her arm and closed my eyes.

"Bab!" she said.

The man turned, and I saw it was not he. I breathed again. But Jane was watching me, and I spoke out of an overflowing heart.

"For a moment I thought—Jane, I have met *the one* at last."

"Barbara!" she said, and stoped dead. "Is it any one I know?"

"He is an Actor."

"Ye gods!" said Jane, in a tence voice. "What a tradgedy!"

"Tradgedy indeed," I was compeled to admit. "Jane, my Heart is breaking. I am not alowed to see him. It is all off, forever."

"Darling!" said Jane. "You are trembling all over. Hold on to me. Do they disaprove?"

"I am never to see him again. Never."

The biterness of it all overcame me. My eyes sufused with tears.

But I told her, in broken accents, of my determination to stick to him, no matter what. I might never be Mrs. Adrian Egleston, but ——"

"Adrian Egleston!" she cried, in amazement. "Why *Barbara*, you lucky Thing!"

So, finding her fuller of simpathy than usual, I violated my Vow of Silense, and told her all.

And, to prove the truth of what I said, I showed her the sachet over my heart containing his rose.

"It's perfectly wonderfull," Jane said, in an awed tone. "You beat anything I've ever known for adventures. You are the tipe men like, for one thing. But there is one thing I could not stand, in your place—haveing to know that he is making love to the heroine every evening and twice on Wednesdays and—Bab, this is *Wednesday!*"

I glansed at my wrist watch. It was but too o'clock. Instantly, dear Dairy, I became conscious of a dual going on within me, between love and duty. Should I do as instructed and see him no more, thus crushing my inchination under the iron heal of resolution? Or should I cast my Parents to the winds, and go?

Which?

At last I desided to leave it to Jane. I observed:

"I'm forbiden to try to see him. But I darsay, if you bought some theater tickets and did not say what the play was, and we went and it hapened to be his, it would not be my fault, would it?"

I cannot recall her reply, or much more, except that I waited in a Pharmasy, and Jane went out, and came back and took me by the arm.

"We're going to the matinee, Bab," she said. "I'll not tell you which one, because it's to be a surprize." She squeazed my arm. "First row," she whispered.

I shall draw a Vale over my feelings. Jane bought some chocolates to take along, but I could eat none. I was thirsty, but not hungry. And my cold was pretty bad, to.

So we went in, and the curtain went up. When Adrian saw me, in the front row, he smiled although in the midst of a serious speach about the world oweing him a liveing. And Jane was terrably excited.

"Isn't he the handsomest Thing!" she said. "And oh, Bab, I can see that he adores you. He is acting for you. All the rest of the people mean nothing to him. He sees but you."

Well, I had not told her that we had not yet met, and she said I could do nothing less than send him a note.

"You ought to tell him that you are true, in spite of everything," she said.

If I had not decieved Jane things would be better. But she was set on my sending the note. So at last I wrote one on my visiting card, holding it so she could not read it. Jane is my best friend and I am devoted to her, but she has no scrupels about reading what is not meant for her. I said:

"Dear Mr. Egleston: I think the Play is perfectly wonderfull. And you are perfectly splendid in it. It is perfectly terrable that it is going to stop.

(Signed) The girl of the rose.

I know that this seems bold. But I did not feel bold, Dear Dairy. It was such a letter as any one might read, and contained nothing compromizing. Still, I darsay I should not have written it. But "out of the fulness of the Heart the mouth speaketh."

I was shakeing so much that I could not give it to the usher. But Jane did. However, I had sealed it up in an envelop.

Now comes the reel surprize, dear Dairy. For the usher came down and said Mr. Egleston hoped I would go back and see him after the act was over. I think a paller must have come over me, and Jane said:

"Bab! Do you dare?"

I said yes, I dared, but that I would like a glass of water. I seemed to be thirsty all the time. So she got it, and I recovered my *savoir fair*, and stopped shakeing.

I supose Jane expected to go along, but I refrained from asking her. She then said:

"Try to remember everything he says, Bab. I am just crazy about it."

Ah, dear Dairy, how can I write how I felt when being led to him. The entire seen is engraved on my soul. I, with my very heart in my eyes, in spite of my eforts to seem cool and collected. He, in front of his mirror, drawing in the lines of starvation around his mouth for the next seen, while on his poor feet a *valet* put the raged shoes of Act II!

He rose when I entered, and took me by the hand.

"Well!" he said. "At last!"

He did not seem to mind the *valet*, who he treated like a chair or table. And he held my hand and looked deep into my eyes.

Ah, dear Dairy, men may come and men may go in my life, but never again will I know such ecstacy as at that moment.

"Sit down," he said. "Little lady of the rose—but it's violets today, isn't it? And so you like the play?"

I was by that time somwhat calmer, but glad to sit down, oweing to my knees feeling queer.

"I think it is magnifacent," I said.

"I wish there were more like you," he observed. "Just a moment, I have to make a change here. No need to go out. There's a screan for that very purpose."

He went behind the screan, and the man handed him a raged shirt over the top of it, while I sat in a chair and dreamed. What I reflected, would the School say if it but knew! I felt no remorce. I was there, and beyond the screan, changing into the garments of penury, was the only member of the Other Sex I had ever felt I could truly care for.

Dear Dairy, I am tired and my head aches. I cannot write it all. He was perfectly respectfull, and only his eyes showed his true feelings. The woman who is the Adventuress in the play came to the Door, but he motioned her away with a waive of the hand. And at last it was over, and he was asking me to come again soon, and if I would care to have one of his pictures.

I am very sleepy tonight, but I cannot close this record of a w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l d-a-y — without ——

JANUARY 24TH. Cold worse.

Not hearing from Carter Brooks I telefoned him just now. He is sore about Beresford and said he would not come to the house. So I have asked him to meet me in the park, and said that there were only to more days, this being Thursday.

LATER: I have seen Carter, and he has a fine plan. If only father will do it.

Carter has a fine idea to help the play. He says the Theme is that the world owes Adrian a liveing, and that the way to do is to put that strongly before the people.

"Supose," he said, "that this fellow would go to some big factery, and demand work. Not ask for it. Demand it. He could pretend to be starveing and say: "the world owes me a liveing, and I intend to have it."

"But supose they were sorry for him and gave it to him?" I observed.

"Tut, child," he said. "That would have to be all fixed up first. It ought to be aranged that he not only be refused, but what's more, that he'll be thrown out. He'll have to cut

(Continued on Page 41)

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It is the *standard* in power. It is *the* smooth power, *the* clean power, *the* silent power, *the* cheap power, *the one power* changeless in quality.

Only such a perfect power united with the finest coach-building art enables the attainment of such a car as the modern Detroit Electric—the supreme expression in motordom of all-year comfort and service.

A single charge in the batteries gives you 80 to 90 miles of trouble-free travel. Beyond charging it needs but the rarest attention. It is dependability itself—and available for service 365 days a year. Prices range from $1775 to $2375.

Detroit Electric

Anderson Electric Car Co.

Detroit

Michigan

(Continued from Page 38)

up a lot, d'you see, so they'll throw him out. And we'll have reporters there, so the story can get around. You get it, don't you? Your friend, in order to prove that the idea of the Play is right, goes out for a job, and proves that he cannot demand Laber and get it." He stoped and spoke with excitement: "Is he a reel sport? Would he stand being arested? Because that would cinch it."

But here I drew a line. I would not subject him to such humilliation. I would not have him arested. And at last Carter gave in.

"But you get the Idea," he said. "There'll be the deuce of a Row, and it's good for a half colium on the first page of the evening papers. Result, a jamb that night at the performence, and a new lease of life for the Play. Egleston comes on, bruized and battered, and perhaps with a limp. The laber unions take up the matter—it's a knock out. I'd charge a thousand dollars for that idea if I were selling it."

"Bruized!" I exclaimed. "Realy bruized or painted on?"

He glared at me impatiently.

"Now see here, Bab," he said. "I'm doing this for you. You've got to play up. And if your young man won't stand a bang in the eye, for instanse, to earn his Bread and Butter, he's not worth saveing."

"Who are you going to get to—to throw him out?" I asked, in a faltering tone.

He stoped and stared at me.

"I like that!" he said. "It's not my Play that's failing, is it? Go and tell him the Skeme, and then let his maniger work it out. And tell him who I am, and that I have a lot of Ideas, but this is the only one I'm giveing away."

We had arived at the house by that time and I invited him to come in. But he only glansed biterly at the Windows and observed that they had taken in the mat with Welcome on it, as far as he was concerned. And went away.

Although we have never had a mat with Welcome on it.

Dear Dairy, I wonder if father would do it? He is gentle and kind-hearted, and it would be paneful to him. But to who else can I turn in my extremity?

I have but one hope. My father is like me. He can be coaxed and if kindly treated will do anything. But if aproached in the wrong way, or asked to do somthing against his principals, he becomes a Roaring Lion.

He would never be bully-ed into giveing a Man work, even so touching a Personallity as Adrian's.

LATER: I meant to ask father tonight, but he has just heard of Beresford and is in a terrable temper. He says Sis can't marry him, because he is sure there are plenty of things he could be doing in England, if not actualy fighting.

"He could probably run a bus, and release some one who can fight," he shouted. "Or he could at least do an honest day's work with his hands. Don't let me see him, that's all."

"Do I understand that you forbid him the house?" Leila asked, in a cold furey.

"Just keep him out of my sight," father snaped. "I supose I can't keep him from swiping tea while I am away doing my part to help the Allies ——"

"Oh, rot!" said Sis, in a scornfull maner. "While you help your bank account, you mean. I don't object to that, father, but for Heaven's sake don't put it on altruistic grounds."

She went upstairs then and banged her door, and mother merly set her lips and said nothing. But when Beresford called, later, Tanney had to tell him the Familey was out.

Were it not for our afections, and the necessity for getting married, so there would be an increase in the Population, how happy we could all be!

LATER: I have seen father.

It was a paneful evening, with Sis shut away in her room, and father cuting the ends off cigars in a viscious maner. Mother was *non est*, and had I not had my memories, it would have been a Sickning Time.

I sat very still and waited until father softened, which he usualy does, like ice cream, all at once and all over. I sat perfectly still in a large chair, and except for an ocasional sneaze, was quiet.

Only once did my parent adress me in an hour, when he said:

"What the devil's making you sneaze so?"

"My noze, I think, sir," I said meekly.

"Humph!" he said. "It's rather a small noze to be making such a racket."

I was cut to the heart, dear Dairy. One of my dearest dreams has always been a delicate noze, slightly arched and long enough to be truly aristocratic. Not realy acqualine but on the verge. I *hate* my little noze—hate it—hate it—*hate it.*

"Father!" I said, rising and on the point of tears. "How can you! To taunt me with what is not my own fault, but partly heredatary and partly carelessness. For if you had pinched it in infansy it would have been a good noze, and not a pug. And ——"

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "Why, Bab, I never meant to insult your noze. As a matter of fact, it's a good noze. It's exactly the sort of noze you ought to have. Why, what in the world would you do with a Roman noze?"

I have not been feeling very well, dear Dairy, and so I sudenly began to weap.

"Why, chicken!" said my father. And made me sit down on his knee. "Don't tell me that my bit of sunshine is behind a clowd!"

"Behind a noze," I said, feebly.

So he said he liked my noze, even although somwhat swolen, and he kissed it, and told me I was a little fool, and at last I saw he was about ready to be tackeled. So I observed:

"Father, will you do me a faver?"

"Sure," he said. "How much do you need? Business is pretty good now, and I've about landed the new order for shells for the English war department. I—supose we make it fifty! Although we'd better keep it a Secret between we to."

I drew myself up, although tempted. But what was fifty dollars to doing somthing for Adrian? A mere bagatell.

"Father," I said, "do you know Miss Everett, my English teacher?"

He remembered the name.

"Would you be willing to do her a great faver?" I demanded intencely.

"What sort of a faver?"

"Her couzin has written a play. She is very fond of her couzin, and anxious to have him suceed. And it is a lovely play."

He held me off and stared at me.

"So *that* is what you were doing in that box alone!" he exclaimed. "You incomprehensable child! Why didn't you tell your mother?"

"Mother does not always understand," I said, in a low voice. "I thought, by buying a Box, I would do my part to help Miss Everett's couzin's play succeed. And as a result I was draged home, and shamefully treated in the most mortafying maner. But I am acustomed to brutalaty."

"Oh, come now," he said. "I wouldn't go as far as that, chicken. Well, I won't finanse the play, but short of that I'll do what I can."

However, he was not so agreable when I told him Carter Brooks' plan. He delivered a firm no.

"Although," he said, "sombody ought to do it, and show the falasy of the Play. In the first place, the world doesn't owe the fellow a liveing, unless he will hustel around and make it. In the second place an employer has a right to turn away a man he doesn't want. No one can force capitle to employ laber."

"Well," I said, as long as Laber talks and makes a lot of noise, and Capitle is to dignafied to say anything, most people are going to side with Laber."

He gased at me.

"Right!" he said. "You've put your finger on it, in true femanine fashion."

"Then why won't you throw out this man when he comes to you for Work? He intends to forse you to employ him."

"Oh, he does, does he?" said father, in a feirce voice. "Well, let him come. I can stand up for my principals, to. I'll throw him out, all right."

Dear Dairy, the battle is over and I have won. I am very happy. How true it is that strategy will do more than violance!

We have aranged it all. Adrian is to go to the mill, dressed like a decayed Gentleman, and father will refuse to give him work. I have said nothing about violance, leaving that to arange itself.

I must see Adrian and his maniger. Carter has promised to tell some reporters that there may be a story at the mill on Saturday morning. I am to excited to sleep.

Feel horid. Forbiden to go out this morning.

JANUARY 25TH. Beresford was here to lunch and he and mother and Sis had a long talk. He says he has kept it a secret because he did not want his Business known. But he is here to place a shell order for the English war department.

"Well," Leila said, "I can hardly wait to tell father and see him curl up."

"No, no," said Beresford, hastaly. "Realy you must alow me—I must inform him myself. I am sure you can see why. This is a thing for men to settle. Besides, it is a delicate matter. Mr. Archibald is trying to get the Order, and our New York office, if I am willing, is ready to place it with him."

"Well!" said Leila, in a thunderstruck tone. "If you British don't beat anything for keeping your own council!"

I could see that he had her hand under the table. It was sickning.

Jane came to see me after lunch. The wedding was that night, and I had to sit through silver vegatable dishes, and after-dinner coffee sets and plates and a grand piano and a set of gold vazes and a cabushon saphire and the bridesmaid's clothes and the wedding supper and heaven knows what. But at last she said:

"You dear thing! how weary and wan you look!"

I closed my eyes.

"But you don't intend to give him up, do you?"

"Look at me!" I said, in imperious tones. "Do I look like one who would give him up, because of Familey objections?"

"How brave you are!" she observed.

"Bab, I am green with envy. When I think of the way he looked at you, and the tones of his voice when he made love to that—that creature, I am posatively *shaken.*"

We sat in somber silense. Then she said: "I darsay he detests the heroine, doesn't he?"

"He tolarates her," I said, with a shrug.

More silense. I rang for Hannah to bring some ice water. We were in my *boudoir.*

"I saw him yesterday," said Jane, when Hannah had gone.

"Jane!"

"In the park. He was with the woman that plays the Adventuress. Ugly old thing."

I drew a long breath of releif. For I knew that the Adventuress was at least thirty and perhaps more. Besides being both wicked and cruel, and not at all femanine.

Hannah brought the ice-water and then came in the most madening way and put her hand on my Forehead.

"I've done nothing but bring you ice-water for too days," she said. "Your head's hot. I think you need a musterd foot bath and to go to bed."

"Hannah," Jane said, in her loftyest fashion, "Miss Barbara is woried, not ill! And please close the door when you go out."

Which was her way of telling Hannah to go. Hannah glared at her.

"If you take my advice, Miss Jane," she said. "You'll keep away from Miss Barbara."

And she went out, slaming the door.

"Well!" gasped Jane. "Such impertanence. Old servant or not, she ought to have her mouth slaped."

Well, I told Jane the plan and she was perfectly crazy about it. I had a headache, but she helped me into my street things, and got Sis's rose hat for me while Sis was at the telefone. Then we went out.

First we telaphoned Carter Brooks, and he said tomorrow morning would do, and he'd give a couple of reporters the word to hang around father's office at the mill. He said to have Adrian there at ten o'clock.

"Are you sure your father will do it?" he asked. "We don't want a flivver you know."

"He's making a principal of it," I said. "When he makes a principal of a thing, he does it."

"Good for father!" Carter said. "Tell him not to be too gentle. And tell your actor-friend to make a lot of fuss. The more the better. I'll see the policeman at the mill, and he'll probably take him up. But we'll get him out for the matinee. And watch the evening papers."

It was then that a terrable thought struck me. What if Adrian considered it beneath his profession to advertize, even if indirectly? What if he prefered the failure of Miss Everett's couzin's play to a bruize on the eye? What, in short, if he refused?

Dear Dairy, I was stupified. I knew not which way to turn. For Men are not like Women, who are dependible and anxious to get along, and will sacrifise anything for Success. No, men are likely to turn on the ones they love best, if the smallest Things do not suit them, such as cold soup, or sleaves to long from the shirt-maker, or plans made

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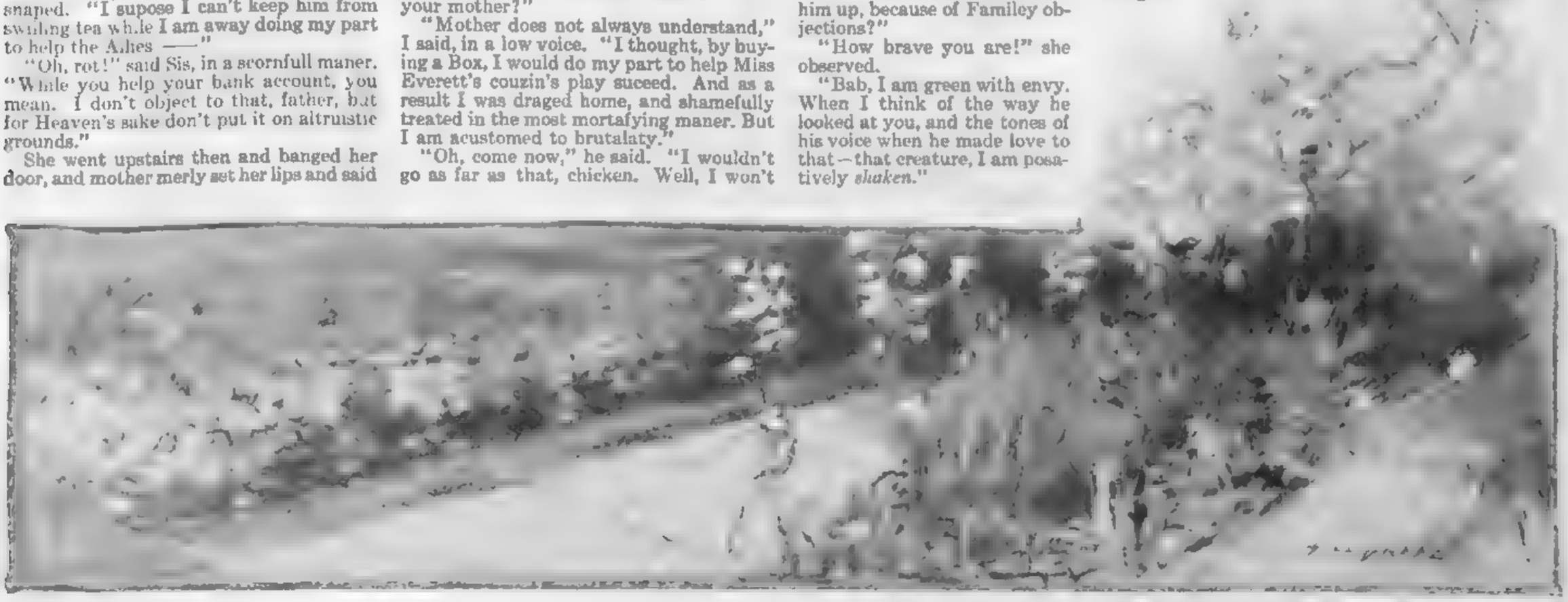

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"Compare the Work"

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which they have not been consulted about beforhand.

"Darling!" said Jane, as I turned away, "you look *stricken!*"

"My head aches," I said, with a weary gesture toward my forehead. It did ache, for that matter. It is acheing now, dear Dairy.

However, I had begun my task and must go through with it. Abandoning Jane at a corner, in spite of her calling me cruel and even sneeking, I went to Adrian's hotel, which I had learned of during my *seance* in his room, while he was changing his garments behind a screan, as it was marked on a dressing case.

It was then five o'clock.

How nervous I felt as I sent up my name to his chamber! Oh, dear Dairy, to think that it was but five hours ago that I sat and waited, while people who guessed not the inner trepadation of my heart past and repast, and glansed at me and at Leila's pink hat above.

At last he came. My heart beat thunderously, as he aproached, strideing along in that familiar walk, swinging his strong and tender arms. And I? I beheld him comeing, and could think of not a word to say.

"Well!" he said, pausing in front of me. "I knew I was going to be lucky today. Friday is my best day."

"I was born on Friday," I said. I could think of nothing else.

"Didn't I say it was my lucky day? But you mustn't sit here. What do you say to a cup of tea in the restarant?"

How grown up and like a *debutante* I felt, dear Dairy, going to have tea as if I had it every day at School, with a handsome actor across! Although somwhat uneasy also, owing to the posibility of the Familey comeing in. But it did not and I had a truly happy hour, not at all spoiled by looking out the window and seeing Jane going by, with her eyes poping out, and walking very slowly so I would invite her to come in.

Which I did not.

Dear Dairy, *he will do it.* At first he did not understand, and looked astounded. But when I told him of Carter being in the advertizing busaness, and father owning a large mill, and that there would be reporters and so on, he became thoughtfull.

"It's realy incredably clever," he said. "And if it's pulled off right it ought to be a stampede. But I'd like to see Mr. Brooks. We can't have it fail, you know." He leaned over the table. "It's straight goods, is it, Miss—er—Barbara? There's nothing foney about it?"

"Foney!" I said, drawing back. "Certainly not."

He kept on leaning over the table.

"I wonder," he said, "what makes you so interested in the Play?"

Oh, Dairy, Dairy!

And just then I looked up, and the Adventuress was stareing in the door at me with the *meanest* look on her face.

I draw a Vale over the remainder of our happy hour. Suffice it to say that he considers me exactly the tipe he finds most atractive, and that he does not consider my noze to short. We had a long dispute about this. He thinks I am wrong and says I am not an acquiline tipe. He says I am romantic and of a loveing disposition. Also somwhat reckless, and he gave me good advice about doing what my Familey consider for my good, at least until I come out.

But our talk was all to short, for a fat man with three rings on came in, and sat down with us, and ordered a whiskey and soda. My blood turned cold, for fear some one I knew would come in and see me sitting there in a drinking party.

And my blood was right to turn cold. For, just as he had told the maniger about the arangement I had made, and the maniger said "Bully" and raised his glass to drink to me I looked across and there was mother's aunt, old Susan Paget, sitting near, with the most awfull face I ever saw!

I colapsed in my chair.

Dear Dairy, I only remember saying, "Well, remember, ten o'clock. And dress up like a gentleman in hard luck," and his saying: "Well, I hope I'm a gentleman, and the hard luck's no joke," and then I went away.

And now, dear Dairy, I am in bed, and every time the telefone rings I have a chill. And in between times I drink ice-water and sneaze. How terrable a thing is love.

LATER: I can hardly write. Switzerland is a setled thing. Father is not home tonight and I cannot apeal to him. Susan said I was drinking to, and mother is haveing the vibrater used on her spine. If I felt better I would run away.

JANUARY 26TH. How can I write what has happened? It is to terrable.

Beresford went at ten o'clock to ask for Leila, and did not send in his card for fear father would refuse to see him. And father thought, from his saying that he had come to ask for somthing, and so on, that it was Adrian, and threw him out. He ordered him out first, and Beresford refused to go, and they had words, and then there was a fight. The reporters got it, and it is in all the papers. Hannah has just brought one in. It is headed "Manufacturer assaults Peer." Leila is in bed, and the doctor is with her.

LATER: Adrian has disapeared. The maniger has just called up, and with shakeing knees I went to the telefone. Adrian went to the mill a little after ten, and has not been seen since.

It is in vane I protest that he has not eloped with me. It is almost time now for the matinee and no Adrian. What shall I do?

SATURDAY, 11 P.M. Dear Dairy, I have the meazles. I am all broken out, and look horible. But what is a sickness of the body compared to the agoney of my mind? Oh, dear Dairy, to think of what has happened since last I saw your stainless Pages!

What is a sickness to a broken heart? And to a heart broken while trying to help another who did not deserve to be helped. But if he decieved me, he has paid for it, and did until he was rescude at ten o'clock tonight.

I have been given a sleeping medacine, and until it takes affect I shall write out the tradgedy of this day, omiting nothing. The trained nurse is asleep on a cot, and her cap is hanging on the foot of the bed.

I have tried it on, dear Dairy, and it is very becomeing. If they insist on Switzerland I think I shall run away and be a trained nurse. It is easy work, although sleeping on a cot is not always comfortible. But at least a trained nurse leads her own life and is not bully-ed by her Familey. And more, she does good constantly.

I feel tonight that I should like to do good, and help the sick, and perhaps go to the Front. I know a lot of college men in the American Ambulence.

I shall never go on the stage, dear Dairy. I know now its decietfullness and visisitudes. My heart has bled until it can bleed no more, as a result of a theatricle Adonis. I am through with the theater forever.

I shall begin at the beginning. I left off where Adrian had disapeared.

Although feeling very strange, and looking a queer red color in my mirror, I rose and atired myself. I felt that somthing had shipped, and I must find Adrian. (It is strange with what coldness I write that once beloved name.)

While dressing I percieved that my chest and arms were covered with small red dots, but I had no time to think of myself. I sliped downstairs and outside the drawing room I heard mother conversing in a loud and angry tone with a visitor. I glansed in, and ye gods!

It was the Adventuress.

Drawing somwhat back, I listened. Oh, Dairy, what a revalation!

"But I *must* see her," she was saying. "Time is flying. In a half hour the performence begins, and—he cannot be found."

"I can't understand," mother said, in a stiff maner. "What can my daughter Barbara know about him?"

The Adventuress snifed. "Humph!" she said. "She knows, all right. And I'd like to see her in a hurrey, if she is in the house."

"Certainly she is in the house," said mother.

"*Are you sure of that?* Because I have every reason to beleive she has run away with him. She has been hanging around him all week, and only yesterday afternoon I found them together. She had some sort of a Skeme, he said afterwards, and he wrinkeled a coat under his mattress last night. He said it was to look as if he had slept in it. I know nothing further of your daughter's skeme. But I do know he went out to meet her. He has not been seen since. His maniger has hunted for to hours."

"Just a moment," said mother, in a fridgid tone. "Am I to understand that this—this Mr. Egleston is ——"

"He is my husband."

Ah, dear Dairy, that I might then and there have passed away. But I did not. I stood there, with my heart crushed, until I felt strong enough to escape. Then I fled, like a Gilty Soul. It was gastly.

On the doorstep I met Jane. She gased at me strangely when she saw my face, and then cluched me by the arm.

"Bab!" she cried. "What on the earth is the matter with your complexion?"

But I was desparate.

"Let me go!" I said. "Only lend me two dollars for a taxi and let me go. Somthing horible has happened."

She gave me ninty cents, which was all she had, and I rushed down the street, followed by her peircing gaze.

Although realizing that my life, at least the part of it pertaining to sentament, was over, I knew that, single or married, I must find him. I could not bare to think that I, in my desire to help, had ruined Miss Everett's couzin's play. Luckaly I got a taxi at the corner, and I ordered it to drive to the mill. I sank back, bathed in hot perspiration, and on consulting my bracelet watch found I had but twenty five minutes until the curtain went up.

I must find him, but where and how! I confess for a moment that I doubted my own father, who can be very feirce on ocasion. What if, madened by his mistake about Beresford, he had, on being aproached by Adrian, been driven to violance? What if, in my endeaver to help one who was unworthy, I had led my poor paternal parent into crime?

"Hell is paved with good intentions."

SAMUEL JOHNSTON.

On driveing madly into the mill yard, I sudenly remembered that it was Saturday and a half holaday. The mill was going, but the offices were closed. Father, then, was imured in the safety of his Club, and could not be reached except by pay telefone. And the taxi was now ninty cents.

I got out, and paid the man. I felt very dizy and queer, and was very thirsty, so I went to the hydrent in the yard and got a drink of water. I did not as yet suspect meazles, but laid it all to my agoney of mind.

Haveing thus refreshed myself, I looked about, and saw the yard policeman, a new one who did not know me, as I am away at school most of the time, and the Familey is not expected to visit the mill, because of dirt and posible accidents.

I aproached him, however, and he stood still and stared at me.

"Officer," I said, in my most dignafied tones. "I am looking for a—for a gentleman who came here this morning to look for work."

"There was about two hundered lined up here this morning, Miss," he said. "Which one would it be, now?"

How my heart sank!

"About what time would he be comeing?" he said. "Things have been kind of mixed-up around here today, oweing to a little trouble this morning. But perhaps I'll remember him."

But, although Adrian is of an unusual tipe, I felt that I could not describe him, besides haveing a terrable headache. So I asked if he would lend me carfare, which he did with a strange look.

"You're not feeling sick, Miss, are you?" he said. But I could not stay to converce, as it was then time for the curtain to go up, and still no Adrian.

I had but one refuge in mind, Carter Brooks, and to him I fled on the wings of misery in the street car. I burst into his advertizing office like a furey.

"Where is he?" I demanded. "Where have you and your plotting hiden him?"

"Who? Beresford?" he asked in a placid maner. "He is at his hotel, I beleive, putting beefstake on a bad eye. Beleive me, Bab ——"

"Beresford!" I cried, in scorn and wrechedness. "What is he to me? Or his eye either? I refer to Mr. Egleston. It is time for the curtain to go up now, and unless he has by this time returned, there can be no performence."

"Look here," Carter said sudenly, "you look awfuly queer, Bab. Your face ——"

I stamped my foot.

"What does my face matter?" I demanded. "I no longer care for him, but I have ruined Miss Everett's couzin's play unless he turns up. Am I to be sent to Switzerland with that on my soul?"

"Switzerland!" he said slowly. "Why, Bab, they're not going to do that, are they? I—I don't want you so far away."

Dear Dairy, I am unsuspisious by nature, beleiving all mankind to be my friends until proven otherwise. But there was a gloating look in Carter Brooks' eyes as they turned on me.

"Carter!" I said, "you know where he is and you will not tell me. You *wish* to ruin him."

I was about to put my hand on his arm, but he drew away.

"Look here," he said. "I'll tell you somthing, but please keep back. Because you look like smallpox to me. I was at the mill this morning. I do not know anything about your actor-friend. He's probably only been run over or somthing. But I saw Beresford going in, and I—well, I sugested that he'd better walk in on your father or he wouldn't get in. It worked, Bab. *How it did work!* He went in and said he had come to ask your father for somthing, and your father blew up by saying that he knew about it, but that the world only owed a liveing to the man who would hustel for it, and that he would not be forsed to take any one he did not want.

"And in too minutes Beresford hit him, and got a responce. It was a million dollars worth."

So he babbled on. But what were his words to me?

Dear Dairy, I gave no thought to the smallpox he had mentioned, although fatle to the complexion. Or to the fight at the mill. I heard only Adrian's posible tradgic fate. Sudenly I colapsed, and asked for a drink of water feeling horible, very wobbley and unable to keep my knees from bending.

And the next thing I remember is father taking me home, and Adrian's fate still a deep mystery, and remaining such, while I had a warm sponge to bring out the rest of the rash, folowed by a sleep—it being meazles and not smallpox.

Oh, Dear Dairy, what a story I learned when haveing wakened and feeling better, my father came tonight and talked to me from the doorway, not being alowed in.

Adrian had gone to the mill, and father, haveing thrown Beresford out and asserted his principals, had not thrown him out, *but had given him a job in the mill.* And the policeman had given him no chance to escape, which he atempted. He was draged to the shell plant and there locked in, because of spies. The plant is under milatary guard.

And there he had been compeled to drag a wheelbarrow back and forth, containing charcoal for a small furnace, for hours!

Even when Carter found him he could not be releaced, as father was in hideing from reporters, and would not go to the telefone or see callers.

He labored until ten P. M., while the theater remained dark, and people got their money back.

I have ruined him. I have also ruined Miss Everett's couzin.

* * *

The nurse is still asleep. I think I will enter a hospitle. My career is ended, my life is blasted.

I reach under the mattress and draw out the picture of him who today I have ruined, compeling him to do manuel laber for hours, although unacustomed to it. He is a great actor, and I beleive has a future. But my love for him is dead. Dear Dairy, he decieved me, and that is one thing I can not forgive.

So now I sit here among my pilows, while the nurse sleeps, and I reflect about many Things. But one speach rings in my ears over and over.

Carter Brooks, on learning about Switzerland, said it in a strange maner, looking at me with inscrutible eyes.

"Switzerland! Why, Bab—I don't want you to go so far away."

What did he mean by it?

* * *

Dear Dairy, you will have to be burned, I darsay. Perhaps it is as well. I have p o r e d out my h-e-a-r-t ——

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Everywhere—throughout the length and breadth of the United States—you'll find United States Tires doing day-in and day-out consistent service.

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A tire for every motoring need of price and use.

United States Tire Company

BUG HUNTERS OF INDUSTRY

(Concluded from Page 14)

contracts whenever material is bought, and they must be adhered to by the sellers.

When material is received at the factory the inspection force compares it with the specifications. A shipment of gun rod, for instance, is wanted for making fine screws for apparatus with delicate clearances, like an adding machine. A ton of this gun rod may be worked up into several million screws. But a few pieces of rod that did not meet the requirements of diameter, which may be within one-thousandth of an inch, if included in that ton of material and sent through the plant would make all kinds of trouble and expense. So the inspectors probably go over each separate piece of such a shipment and gauge it from end to end with calipers.

The next item may be a carload of castings. This is not so delicate a job of inspection, but it calls for just as much vigilance. The material must be examined for flaws and weighed to see that it is not running too heavy to the piece. Foundrymen have been known to make their own bills larger by shipping castings overweight. Such parts later on may add to the difficulties and costs of factory departments. So now at the door of almost every factory stands the chief inspector, like a policeman, ready to exclude trouble.

Products have become so complex lately, and promise to become so much more so, that he is absolutely necessary. It has not always been thus.

Once the average factory took most of its materials on snap judgment and guesswork, and the sellers furnished materials in about the same way. When the inspector appeared at the factory door and began sorting right from wrong, with his specifications and tests, there was a loud yell from the fellow whose stuff did not pass. He charged partiality on the part of the inspector, who told the dissatisfied producer to go away and learn something about his own business. But by and by the manufacturers found themselves facing about the same problems. One factory's finished product is raw material for some other factory. They were all in the same boat, so very sensibly they got together to talk matters over. And out of this phase of inspection has grown some of the finest constructive cooperation that exists in business to-day, with exchanges of information and interrelations between industries for the solution of common problems on a common basis.

Quite simple tests of raw material and tools will often decrease the percentage of defective goods produced. A large shoe concern equipped all its foremen with pocket microscopes of good magnifying power, and what they saw through them was most useful in improving the product. An operator on a stitching machine would have trouble with breaking thread. Under the glass the needle often showed a rough eye, and thus was revealed a poor lot of needles. Or a defect might be disclosed in the thread. No fancy finish served to hide defective leather when the foreman could see the grain through a microscope, and what looked like careless work on the part of an operator, viewed just from appearances, was often found to be due to dull tools, when they were examined under the microscope.

Human Inspectors the Best

In his relation to the factory, too, after materials have been started through the works, the inspector is a policeman. His job is to watch all the other fellows, even the boss if necessary, and hold everybody up to standards that must be enforced regardless of whose job or feelings are affected. Nowadays the inspector is often a department in himself. He has a central office with testing apparatus and master gauges, and when an order for so many thousand parts of a certain product is given to the factory he may require that each thousandth one be brought to his office for comparison with the standard. He has his assistants who follow work through the factory, checking up shortcomings of materials and men. A piece of defective work cannot be moved until they have made an investigation and tied a special tag on it.

The fruit growers of this country discovered that such police authority was necessary for a good product when, some years ago, they began packing red apples and bright oranges in fancy ways for fancy prices. At the outset each grower undertook to pack his own fruit according to the standard. But it was found that not one grower in a hundred could see worm holes in his own apples or scale on his own oranges. So the central-packing-house system came into existence, with an expert to pack and an inspector to watch the fruit during growth.

Without this system of impartiality it is well-nigh impossible to maintain a good standard in packing soil produce.

The factory inspector must also have human qualities, for the mere faultfinder doesn't get very far, no matter what his authority. An ideal factory inspector should be both a technical expert and a human being. He has to be an adviser and co-worker as well as a sleuth. He must be interested in helping all departments attain a high percentage of perfect production. Incidentally, he is not an easy man to find.

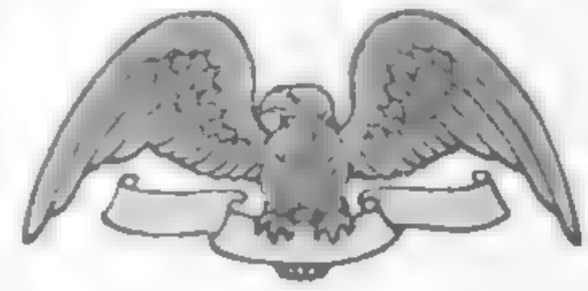
In a big electrical works there was an epidemic of damage to costly apparatus in the assembling department. Trouble seemed to be due to sheer carelessness on the part of workmen, and to stop it the chief inspector, who was a martinet, imposed heavy penalties. That didn't help matters a bit. Workmen grew sullen and silent, shielded one another and smuggled away damaged stuff. Another inspector was appointed. He was a finer kind of human being. His first act was to abolish all penalties and to make the damage problem a get-together proposition. When anything came through in bad shape he went out among the men, reassured them and made inquiries as to how the mishap had occurred. His attitude brought out all the facts that had been suppressed before and showed that carelessness was only a small factor in the problem. It was easier to eliminate even carelessness after all the facts were known, for then all the resources of the department could be brought to bear on the culprit, whereas before he had been scolded, fined and left to lonely self-improvement.

What Was Found in the Dump

Some concerns still charge each worker with the material that he spoils, making no effort to find out if the system is wrong. To add to this injustice, either the spoiled work is sold outright and the proceeds pocketed by the company, or the material in it is actually built into product, after the workman has paid for it, and put on the market.

How far such a system falls short of touching the real problem is shown in a story told by a machine-shop foreman. One of his best mechanics began spoiling shafts during grinding, and he turned out so many cripples that he asked to be put on some other work. He thought that he had lost his nerve. The foreman went back to the machine and watched the operator grind a shaft. Halfway through the shaft departed from true. Right next to that machine was another one, just like it, run by a less skillful man, who was turning out perfect work. The foreman could not account for the error and called an engineer, who was puzzled too. They went over both machines, making a regular doctor's diagnosis by eliminating every factor that was right. Still nothing was found which seemed to be wrong. Finally the trouble was located in a slight difference in the consistence of the grinding compound, a most obscure trouble. When that was set right the mechanic got his nerve back.

If inspection is blindly severe with its penalties, a factory can develop a vast underworld system for eluding them and covering up its mistakes. A new inspector of the human kind took charge of a plant where the other sort had ruled for years. His first step was to make a search of the boxes in which sweepings were carried out of the different departments. More than three thousand pieces of damaged stuff were found the first night—materials and tools that had been spoiled and smuggled out to the dump to escape the notice of the inspector. This had been going on for years, with heavy losses to the company. The new inspector handed to each foreman a list of stuff traced to his department, and this was posted where workers could see it and could compare their records with those of other departments. That started a competition of the old, familiar horse-race kind. Next night there was less dumped material, and in a month the salvage had been reduced practically to nothing.



Even when the trouble was remedied, however, the inspector kept up his nightly sifting of dirt boxes. For it was found that dumped material would turn up suddenly, and its appearance always gave a clew to something wrong in the factory. Several hundred spoiled parts would come from a single department. Investigation showed that this department was being driven at too high pressure or that something was wrong with equipment.

A similar plan was adopted in an automobile factory in order to reduce the number of defective parts returned by owners of cars. In one month ten transmission countershafts were returned by owners for replacement as defective. The engineering staff studied those shafts to find out which had been defective when they left the factory and which had been damaged by careless owners. Then the facts were posted in the department that worked the countershafts. Ten cripples against an output of one thousand cars gave that department a percentage of one per cent of cripples. The percentage of each department was posted, so all could compare their respective efficiency, in plain figures. It was as clear as a baseball score and led to the elimination of cripples almost immediately.

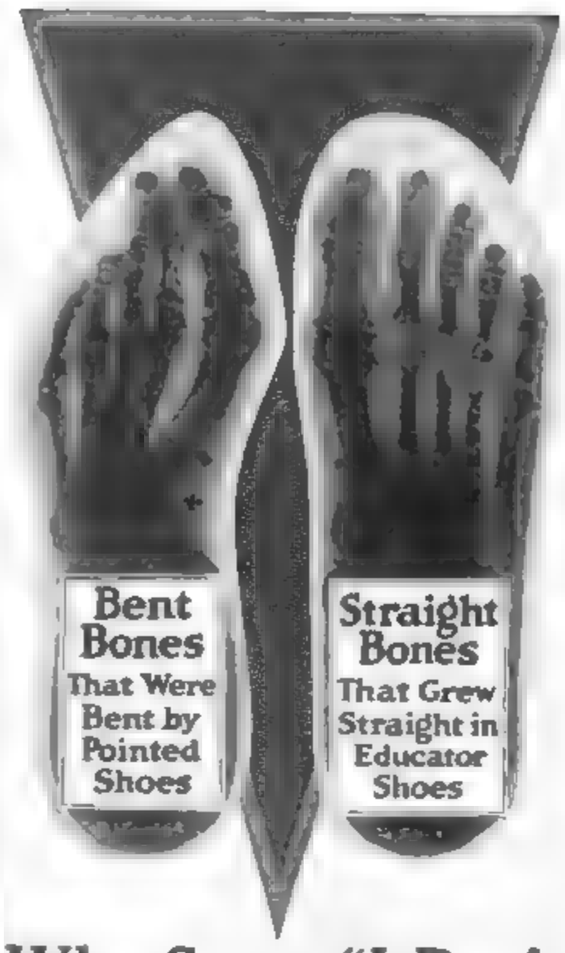
Cripples are often charged to the carelessness of the men, when they are really due to defective equipment. They found that out some years ago in the shoe factories, when fashions in women's shoes turned to light-colored fancy fabrics. Immediately there was heavy loss from soiled shoes. They came to the treeing room marred by wax, cement, oil, dirt. No system of penalties did much good, and for a while the makers of bleaches and whiteners did a good business in their preparations for taking out stains. Finally the manufacturers tackled the difficulty in a broader way. Rooms were especially fitted up for making white and fancy shoes. Benches were covered with white cloth. Walls and ceilings were painted white. Floors were kept scrupulously clean, and even the machinery was enameled white. This furnished a background against which dirt was quickly spotted and eliminated. It was astonishing how quickly oil and dirt were wiped off a white-enameled machine. Then the shoes themselves were protected by cloth and paper covers, and operators were required to wear clean aprons and cotton gloves. After that the fancy shoes went through with only a trifling percentage of cripples.

How the System Helps the Worker

When downright carelessness and incompetence have been traced to a worker, and spoiled work is plainly his fault, under the new system of inspection he is given another chance. In the first place it finds his mistakes and helps him try to correct them. It keeps his mistakes separate from those of other workers and gives him the benefit of all doubts when machinery or methods are wrong. Then, when it is clear that he is to blame, it studies him personally and usually discovers that he is a good man in the wrong place. Somebody has put him at fine, exacting work, when he is really fitted for rough, heavy tasks, or vice versa.

If the inspection system is intelligent it tries to keep the man on at a more congenial job. One of the biggest problems in industry to-day is that of shifting human misfits round until square holes have square pegs, and round holes have round pegs, and every worker finds himself doing something in which he is interested and at which he can excel. A big job! It cannot be done in a day or a year. But it is being done piecemeal right now, as the necessity for doing it is recognized. Nothing helps more in the appraisal of workers than an intelligent inspection system for running down cripples in the factory.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early issue.



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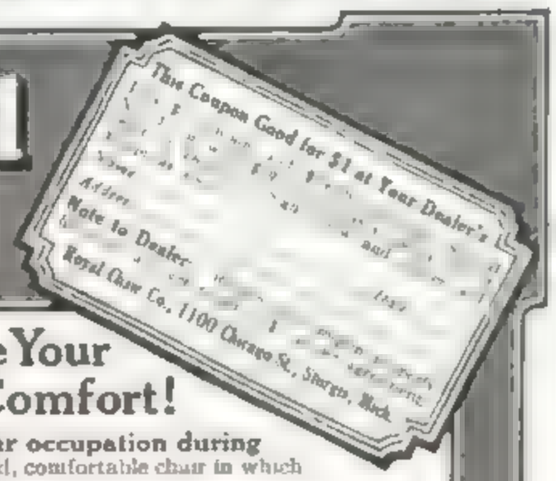

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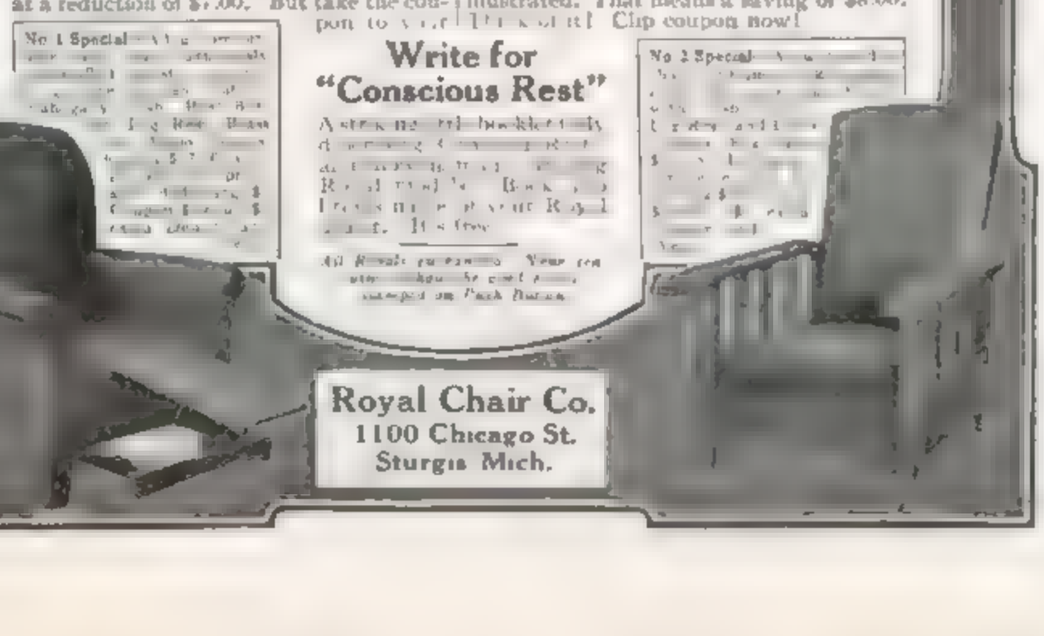

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Royal Chair Co.
1100 Chicago St.
Sturgis Mich.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN JUNE

(Continued from Page 17)

I was so excited when I saw my first palm! And here, when I got out my new frocks, that had come all the way from New York—some of them—I sang and laughed. And then—the lorgnette squad shot me dead! Oh, am I so—so homely or something?"

"I think you're one of the most—oh, I can't even say it—one of the bulliest—and oh, prettiest and all -girls I've ever seen. Maybe the other women are jealous. Probably the old society hexes tell their sons to steer clear of you; they want them to marry ugly girls with lots of money."

"No; they don't worry enough about me for that! But it's sweet and dear of you to pretend that's the way it is. And thank you for reassuring me that I'm not really covered with rattlesnakes." The daughter of the Wild West rose and made him an ante-bellum curtsy. As she settled down, with a fluff of lace, she sighed: "I don't suppose I ought to be quite so brazen and absolutely fish for compliments from a complete stranger; but I'm so glad to have somebody tell me I'm still an inoffensive little thing."

"Seems to me you aren't very complimentary to say I'm just a somebody. Like saying that I'm kind to my Aunt Alice, but dance like an ice wagon. Am I as bad as that?"

She laughed at him.

"Am I?"

"I think you're a terribly nice boy, with nice eyes and a nice slim waist and good shoulders, and jolly to talk to. Oh, I am brazen! That's what your polite Palm Beach has done to poor modest me!"

They both looked shy, stared at the sea, tried to keep their eyes apart, flushed a little, dug vigorously at the sand—then glanced at each other and laughed aloud, like boy and girl.

"Come help me finish my sand castle!" he cried. "That's a modest game, anyway!"

"'Deed I will! All my life, back where it's prairie gumbo and lakes, I've wanted to build a huge sand castle on the seabeach, and I tried it here; but—it wasn't much fun—making one all by my little self."

"Poor kiddy! Come on."

She came with a smile and a flare of skirts and twinkling slippers; and they forgot they were strangers. They were both at the age when one is fiercely militaristic, and they provided the castle with defense against cavalry, aëroplanes, submarines, poison gas, catapults, bowmen, and the elephants of Alexander the Great.

Bert had never seen such delicate texture of skin as was now agitating his heart when she bent above the sand walls with shining throat. But she was so voluble that he forgot to study her at all—forgot to wonder at her.

When they sat back and admired the edifice he marveled:

"Is this really the first time you've played on the seabeach?"

"Yes. I suppose you were brought here by your folks when you were, oh, just so little. That's the way it is with all these people, I guess. And poor me, here only a week! Maybe that's one reason why I'm such an outsider."

"Oh, no," he said in a blasé manner that would have caused the buyer at Grafenheimer Brothers' to observe "What's matter, Bert? Got the nosebleed?" He comforted her with "No; it's only comparatively recently that I've started coming to Palm Beach." He was recalling the description of Palm Beach he had been studying in the day coach a few hours before. "Have you seen the Jungle Trail or had twilight tea in the Coconut Grove?"

"No; mostly I've just sat round and comforted daddy. He's felt as much out of it here as I have. I started to go through the Jungle Trail in one of those cunning Afromobiles; but I was so lonely I made the darky turn right round and come back. And I never could get daddy to have tea in the Grove with me; he said that he was afraid one of the waiters would ask 'Who was your grandfather?' before he'd let us in. It must be lots of fun to know the place as you do. I suppose you belong to the Beach Club and everything."

"The Beach Club? Bradley's?"

"Yes!"—in the manner of a girl asking a Junior about his fraternity.

"Oh, well, it's a decent place," he stated, with a wave of his hand which dismissed to the caféteria class the exclusive spot that is supposed to have one of the best cuisines between Spuds and Cudjoe. "But the gardens, now! That's what you want to study. Finest in the country. Glad to take you round; and then we'll see about lunch. And—uh—your father, if he'd care to come. But —— I don't want to be a bold, bad New Yorker, but may I ask what your name is? Mine is Albert Michado."

Her incandescent face dimmed.

"I have a horrid name!" she complained "My first name is after an old aunt, and my last name isn't a name at all; it's just a kind of something so they can send us butcher bills. And we aren't anybody, and you never heard of us; and, as daddy says, our family must have come over on the Mayflower steerage and been missed by the reporters. So, what is the use of knowing my silly name?"

"So I can write you—send you a post card from New York sometime."

"Oh, yes! With 'Having a nice trip. Wish you were here!' on it. . . . Don't you loath people who write that?"

"Yes; idiotic!" assented Bert, it being fully sixteen hours since he had written that message to some grouchy girl—Pribble or some such name.

Then the fairy girl waited for Bert to insist that she tell him her name; and he insisted, and she laughed; and he teased, and she said she was Mrs. Solomon K. Nasty, of the Cross-Bar Y Ranch, Idaho; and he was sure she was the wittiest and most amusing companion in the world; and told her so; and she blushed and said she was really Miss Napoleona Bonaparte; and he seized her hand and declared that he would not let it go till she told the truth; and she tried to get her hand back, but didn't try very hard; and they both blushed and laughed. And ——

"If you must know," she said, "my name is Ocea Boggs."

"Osha?"

"O-c-e-a. Isn't it silly! Aunt of mine."

"Ocea Boggs!" He started; he stared; his voice rose and grew nimble. "Boggs, did you say? Boggs? I say, where do you come from?"

"Davenport, Iowa."

"Say—gee-whiz! Say, tell me, who is your father? Bet I know—know about him!"

"You wouldn't have heard of him. He's just in business."

"What is his business? Tell me!"

"Oh, he just has a silly old factory—the Boggs Button Works. You wouldn't have heard of it, any more than the rest of these people here."

"Heard of it! Why, my dear, I know he's the biggest man in buttons—I mean I have some friends who are interested in dry goods, and they often speak of him."

She leaped up and started running; you know how a cat jumps when it comes on an unexpected frog—sideways in the air, with all four feet spread out at once. So she skipped; though with only two feet in the air at once. Bert gaped after her. She drilled through the lessening crowd. She stopped beside a gray-haired solid man in a gray, dull sack suit. She dragged him up, like a kitten dragging a mastiff. Bert heard her say in her light, eager voice:

"Daddy, come quick! Here's somebody that knows who we are!"

He heard the man rumble:

"But who the dickens are we, Bunny?"

Towing the large man, she came panting back; and Bert rose meekly to greet the Colossus of Buttons, the lodestar of the notions world, the idol of Mr. Albert Michado.

"My daughter tells me you have—uh—what is it, Bunny?" said the large man meekly.

"Pleasure meet you," said Bert with as much manner of grandeur as he could recover from the wreck. "Often heard friend of mine who's in dry goods speak of you—Sid Grafenheimer, of Grafenheimer Brothers."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Bogga. "Think I've heard of him."

"Nice chap."

"Let's see; they're New York. You from there? Well, sir, you got a wonderful city there! But it's too much for me. Don't go there often. Well, I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr. ——"

"Michado."

"—— Michado. Glad you and Bunny find something to do. We're plain folks

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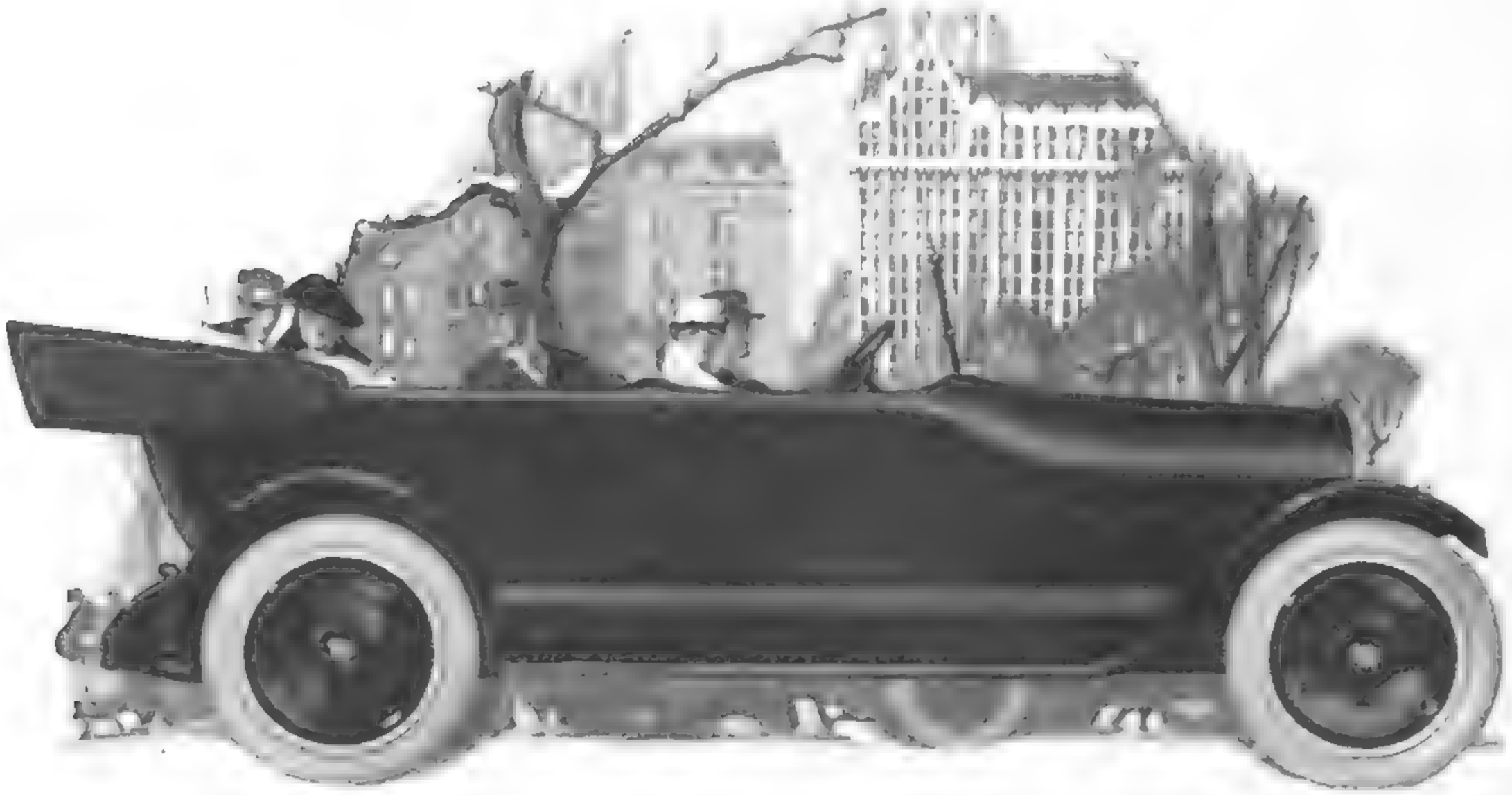

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(Concluded from Page 46)

from Ioway and kind of out of it here with you gay New Yorkers. Well—uh —— Found a fellow here from Seattle; been talking politics with him." And Mr. Boggs deprecatingly disposed of himself.

Ocea had sunk on the sand, cross-legged, and she seemed waiting for Bert to come back to her.

"You're not a 'plain folks'," he said. He wanted to add, "You're adorable"; but he compromised on "You're a peach!" And he made that sound like what he meant.

"No; I'm not. I'm a useless little hussy; but dad really is a peach. Mother died five years ago; and dad is terribly busy with his factory and trying to make his old processes safe for the workers. But he plays with me as much as he can. He pretended it didn't matter, and he said we were here just for the sunshine; but I know he was terribly hurt when I didn't meet people here or have a good time."

"Wonder if he liked me?"

"Uh-huh! He did."

"Oh, I bet he didn't! Bet he thought I was just a fresh kid."

"No; I could tell from the way he's been smiling from the first."

"How do you mean?"

"He's been watching us from over there ever since you first spoke to me, and he smiled and nodded to me."

Bert felt feeble at being under the observation of the genius, and Ocea was laughing at him.

"For once I have something on a New Yorker," she rejoiced. "Oh, you don't mind, do you?"

"No."

"I'm glad. It's been nice to play with you. And daddy likes it. Poor dad! I suppose he thought somebody like Freddy Witherbee would come right up and ask me to go riding. . . . Doesn't Freddy look like a muff, there?"

All his life Bert had heard of Mr. Frederick Schermerhorn Witherbee as opening balls at Newport and bottles at the Tennis and Racquet Club. He had seen pictures of Freddy in polo costume, motoring costume, and practically no costume at all at Mrs. Fipnogle's cubist ball. But Bert did not move in the same part of the younger set as Mr. Witherbee. His set was both younger and not quite so set, and better acquainted with beef stew than with terrapin. He had never chanced to see Freddy till now, when Ocea's finger indicated a young man engaged in looking vacuous—a task that was a mere bagatelle for the clever Freddy. . . . Yes; he had, too, seen him! Freddy was one of the two Johnnies who had sat near him on the porch and encouraged him to go and take Palm Beach away from them.

"Oh, yes; Old Freddy!" said Bert.

"Oh, do you know him?"

"Very slightly, indeed. Just see him about."

"I'm glad you don't. I've been watching him; and I much prefer Billy Yurka, that I used to play mibs with when I was little. Billy's mother is the best washerwoman in Davenport. But Freddy —— I should love to know how it talks. Is it human?"

"Oh, yes; Freddy isn't a bad sort. Just kind of dull."

"Do make him come and have a drink with us after the bathing time. That's what's made me most lonely of all—all the people so friendly and rosy and excited after bathing, having a snippet on the porch at the Breakers, and the music; and everyone talking and looking so jolly and foreign—like a boulevard. Could you get him to come?"

Her voice was almost down to a whisper and her eyes trusted him.

"Why, of course! Just a moment," he said boldly.

For those dear eyes of the fairy girl he would have tackled three Freddies and a Newport matron with protected daughters. He went and sat down beside Freddy. He yawned, and said in the most bored of voices:

"How-do, Witherbee?"

"How-dee-duh?" said Witherbee; but he didn't really seem to care how Bert did.

Like all well-informed New Yorkers who study the great problems of the day, Bert knew Freddy was a graduate of Yale, where he had made all his athletic records by taking female parts in college dramatics.

"Dropped into the Yale Club just before I came down," Bert drawled, "and chap there asked me to give you his regards and two dollars he owed you."

"Eh? Who was that?"

"Isn't it beastly? Can't remember. Rotten bore, isn't it? Do forget people so. But here's the two dollars." He peeled the money from his roll—his innocent bantam of a roll—and tossed it to Freddy, who took it questioningly. "I'll remember chap's name before I leave and tell you. Better pay now, anyway. Rotten have such a rotten memory—what?" Bert was giving an almost perspiratory imitation of all the English comedies there are. "Ever forget people like that, ol' man—even chaps from Yale? Dear classmates and that sort of rot?"

With some of that financial acumen he must secretly have had to have accumulated nineteen millions on his twenty-first birthday, Freddy put the two dollars away before he answered, almost civilly:

"Oh, yes; in fact, just for the moment I don't recall your name."

"Michado. Don't you remember? Track team? After your time, of course."

"Oh, yes; to be sure!"

"I say, Witherbee, I have a Western cousin of mine here—chap named Boggs; jolly old boy, billionaire; terribly pretty daughter—the girl by herself, over there on the right. If you're toddling up to the Breakers for a drink I wish you'd walk up with us. I don't want to lose you before I remember the name of the chap who paid me the two dollars to give you."

"Why—uh ——"

Freddy looked bewildered. "What the juice was all this about?" his massaged countenance said, so far as it could say anything except "To rent, totally unfurnished."

"Right-oh!" said Bert cheerily. He bellowed "Ocea! Come! We must be trotting up to the Breakers. Witherbee is going up for a drink with us. Come on, Mr. Boggs."

Ocea and her father obeyed; and a wonder as to how he had ever let himself in for accepting an invitation from a stranger spread itself over Freddy's face. When Ocea was introduced to him he became much more interested in her than he had been in that sterling Yale hero, Mr. Albert Michado.

It was not a long walk to the Breakers and Freddy did not escape. He joined them at a table, as though they really belonged. Bert's trouble was not in retaining the only genuine Freddy, but in being at his own party. Ocea seemed absorbed in Freddy; and Freddy, now that he had been canonically introduced to this fair outsider by his old college chum, was willing to smile and haw at her.

"I'm an awful little barbarian!" she was saying. "I've never seen any polo. Won't you tell me how you defeated the California team last year?"

Now Freddy hadn't defeated any California team last year. Freddy hadn't defeated any team any year. Freddy couldn't have defeated a team of pea weevils at croquet. But he was a sub-substitute on a Newport polo team, and he gave an account of the game as played by the Safety First method. Bert discovered that Freddy wasn't a fool when talking to women. When talking to men—especially strange men—Freddy had the vocabulary of a Lithuanian cook and the originality of a compromise presidential platform. But Freddy was used to girls and he had no shyness about looking into their eyes as though he were demanding how far he could go.

He asked Ocea how she liked Florida; he asked her how she liked his "silly, rotten" new ring; he coaxed her and teased her, and apparently he made her oblivious of her forlorn little playmate, Mr. Bert Michado.

In the presence of dear old Freddy Mr. Boggs had nothing to say to Bert except that it was a fine day—really a mighty fine day; and Bert was left to talk to his glass of lemonade, to which he confided that he hated Ocea, desired to scrag Mr. Freddy Witherbee, and, as for Mr. Boggs, he would be dog-goned if he would work for the Boggs Button Works not if he were offered the New York agency, with Mr. Vibels as office boy and Miss Pribble as window washer!

Between quivers of jealousy he was the victim of financial anxieties. With much care he slipped the bill for their round from under a plate and peeped at it. Freddy had desired a sandwich with his drink, and Bert hadn't desired one but had haughtily taken one; and the bill was two dollars. Plus the two dollars he had given Freddy, that made four. And he wanted to take the Boggses to lunch. Probably eight dollars more. He could pawn his watch in Jacksonville. Though he smiled fashionably, the jolly old Yale athlete could not keep from muttering over and over "Let's see now; two and two and eight—no darn it, prob'ly nine, with tip ——"

But he kept his eyes on Ocea while he had the chance. It began to appear to him that she was not entirely captivated by Freddy. She nodded and blushed at him, but her lively lips seemed to be quivering; and once, when Freddy was slightly boastful about his motor run from Jacksonville to Palm Beach, Bert thought he felt her toe softly kicking him.

He took heart. He devoted himself to getting rid of the Gilded Youth with as much earnestness as he had recently shown in capturing him. He looked at his watch, turned it different ways, and studied the second hand. Freddy seemed to have very little interest in Bert's opinion of the time.

"Now, now!" he was waggishly saying to Ocea.

Bert acted like a great executive. He rose.

"Well"—curtly—"time to get ready for lunch, children. C'm on!"

Freddy seemed bewildered. Sudden changes of base were hard on his brain. Bert pictured him tagging along. He chirped:

"Glad to have seen you, Witherbee. Still can't remember chap's name that paid me the two dollars. See you again."

Freddy nodded, teetered at Ocea and wabbled away. Bert captured Ocea and firmly led her off. Her father followed.

"You're at the Poinciana, I believe?" said Bert formally.

"Why are you so stern about it? We're at the Poinciana; but that isn't naughty, is it?"

"No; but —— I'm glad you liked Mr. Witherbee so much."

Bert spoke with an air of settled martyrdom—like an old, well-trained martyr who has been burned, imprisoned and bitten by ants constantly for years and years.

"Why, you pathetic baby—didn't you understand my kicking you under the table? I'm disappointed in you! Can't you see it will be dreadfully exciting, when I get back home and there's a picture of Freddy in Fashion, to show it to the girls and tell them I met him here? But, like him? Why, I think he's a silly ——"

"Do you like me better?"

"You are nothing but a vain child."

"Do you?"

Just then Mr. Boggs caught up with them and absorbed them in his heavy personality; but she smiled at Bert, and he was content.

"Don't suppose you could take lunch with us, Mr. Michado?" begged Mr. Boggs.

"Why—uh—I hadn't made any plans."

"Then, come—come on, lad! Bunny and I pull out for home to-morrow and we want to have a good time the last day."

V

"SORRY I can't take you to lunch at this Beach Club, but I don't belong," said Mr. Boggs apologetically; "and I guess we'll have to make out with the regular hotel lunch."

"Oh, it's perfectly all right, and not a bad dining room," Bert graciously acceded, glancing over the Gargantuan hall and dropping a condescending look on the menu. . . . He had got over the danger of having Mr Boggs ask him whether he was registered at the Poinciana and his meal already paid for, by casually stating that he was in Palm Beach only for the day. And he had had time to realize that he was incredibly lunching with the boss of Mr. Everett Vibels, who was the boss of Miss Pribble, who had been too superior even to want to be the boss of Bert Michado. He was fascinated. He wanted to talk buttons, despite his pose of being an idle dog, with inherited wealth. He achieved:

"Oh, I say, I seem to remember that I met your New York representative—a Mr. Wibles or Gibles, or something."

"Oh! Everett Vibels. How'd you happen to meet him?"

"Dropped in there one time with Grafenheimer. Nice chap."

"Yes. Course I've got to admit Evy Vibels will never set the world afire; but he's a good lad."

Bert nodded with aged understanding

"What business you in, Mr. Michado?" shot out Mr. Boggs. "I suppose, like the rest of you young New Yorkers here, you take it easy."

Bert had a desire to dodge the question. He had so recently been advanced to the position of Heir that he had not as yet learned all the details of his own biography. He said desperately:

"Well, I'm beginning to take an interest in Sid Grafenheimer's place. Believe in chap working ——"

"That isn't so very different from my own line. Buttons. You ought to get out of a congested hole like New York and come out to Ioway and learn the business. But I don't suppose ——"

"Wouldn't mind it a bit!" exclaimed Bert, and waited, trembling; but Mr. Boggs changed the subject.

"Bunny says this most highly respectable sack coat of mine isn't the proper caper for a place like this, and I must say I like you young chaps in flannels. Must I be obedient to my daughter and wear giddy things too?"

Between them—while Bert's chances of the future managership of the Boggs Button Works went glimmering—Ocea and he gave the great man instruction as to what he ought to wear and eat, and think about tennis and dancing and the habitual use of the ukulele. And the Titan almost promised them to take dancing lessons.

Before lunch ended Bert said: "If your father wants to smoke a cigar after lunch, why don't you and I take a spin through the Jungle Trail in a double wheel chair? Let's forget our other duties. Don't believe in cutting a party short when it's going well."

"Let's!" she said.

VI

JUNE'S enchantment of soft light and blossoming green and fluttering wings, of soaring skies and time stopped in its course, while Bert rode by the side of the fairy child. They talked great poetry, though it was couched in "No," and shy "Yes," and whispered "Isn't it corking?" For once he was not playing games.

They dismissed the wheel chair in the Trail; they walked through its wilderness and back to Lake Worth. They sat between huge palmettos and looked over amethyst waters. Twilight was coming and there was a strain between them. They had shared so many confidences—as many as strangers could. He was in a panic. Time had begun to move again—and so rapidly! In no time now he would have to take a train back to winter.

"We might go and have tea in the Grove?" he said desperately.

"Ye-es."

"And then pretty soon I must be rambling North; evening train."

"I'm sorry you're going. I'm oh, I am sorry we can't play together to-morrow."

"I don't know whether I'll ever see you again. I never did know a girl like you; you're like a silver thread ——"

"But you must know hundreds of girls much nicer than I am, lots of nice little silver threads, in New York and Newport, and all."

"I never saw Newport in my life!"

"But ——"

"Honey, honey, honey, I can't leave you lying to you. I'm not rich. I'm not a swell. I'm a New Yorker, all right; but I'm just a bum little nineteen-dollar-a-week clerk. I haven't any social position and I don't know Sid Grafenheimer—I work for him; and that's just the opposite of knowing him. I never saw Palm Beach before yesterday ——"

"Jiminy, I'm glad!" she cried. "Then you will come out to Davenport and take a job with the factory, and you and I will play every Sunday!"

"Your father would never give me a job."

"You dear old silly—remember daddy spoke to me after lunch? He told me to get you to come out and learn the business. I've been getting up courage all afternoon to ask you. He is looking for someone like you, with New York training, like Evy Vibels; and not so hoity-toity as Evy, but jolly and up-an'-coming."

"Gee-whiz! I've always wanted a job with the Boggs Works."

"Then why didn't you come and ask?"

"Is that the stunt? Honey! Listen! Sometime there will be something else I'll dare to want."

"Then you come and ask!" she whispered. And, jumping up, she went skipping off with him, exclaiming: "Come! Daddy knew you weren't really rich, because you kept looking into your cigarette box, and then not taking a cigarette after all. We aren't so much slower than you New Yorkers."

"Gee!" said Bert.

REO

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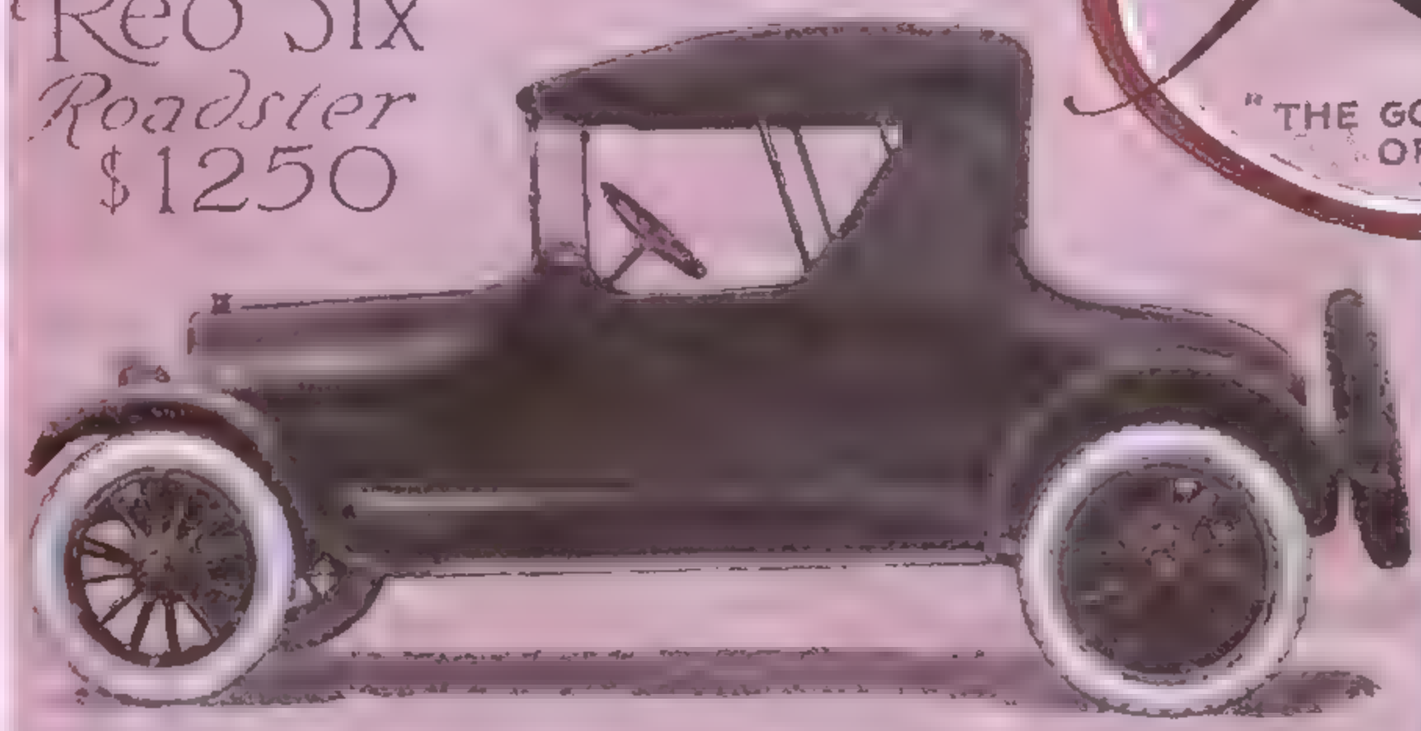

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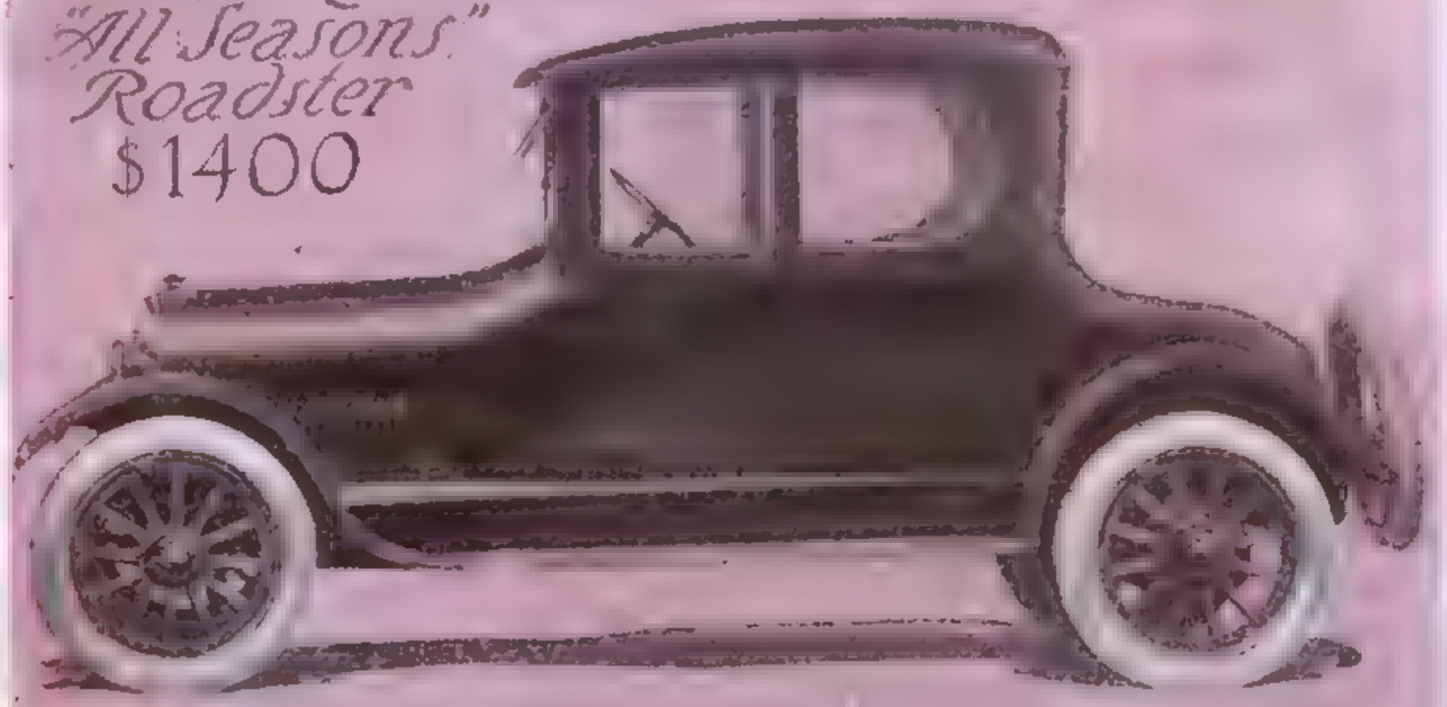

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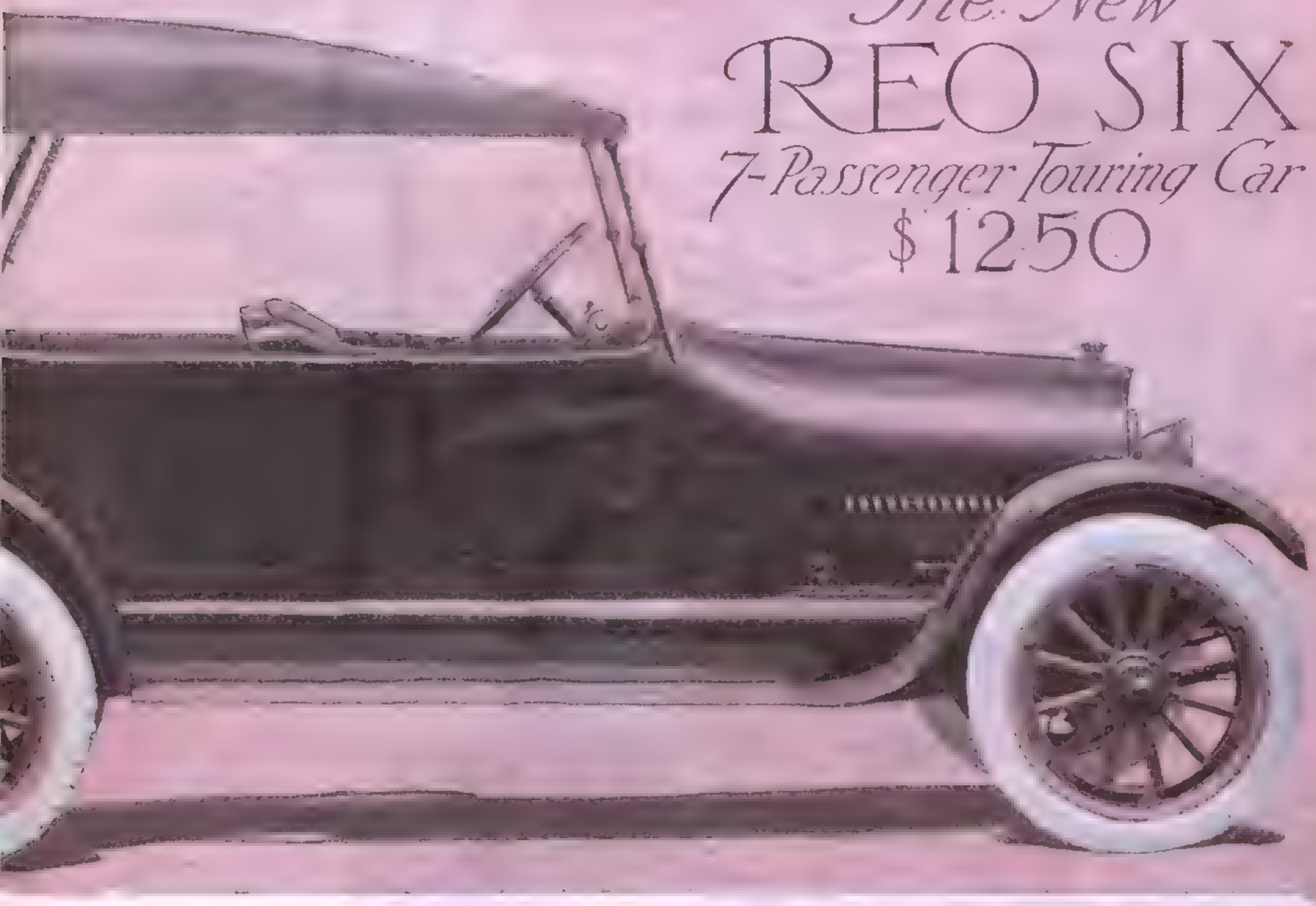

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OUTWITTING THE WOLF

By Enos A. Mills

ONE day in Western Wyoming an elk was killed by hunters. It was left lying on the ground all night. Its only protection was a handkerchief tied to one of the horns. Tracks in the snow showed that wolves were about and that they had circled the carcass, but without going close enough to touch it.

In another instance I knew of, a deer was left out all night in the wolf country.

"How did you protect it?" someone asked the hunter.

"By simply rubbing my hands over it," he answered.

A mature wolf will not eat or touch anything that has human scent upon it, or that carries the scent of iron or steel, which he evidently associates with the deadly scent of man.

A cowboy shot his injured pony and left it lying on the plains. The pony was shod. Wolves did not touch the carcass. On another occasion and in the same locality a pony was killed by lightning. It was not shod and carried no human scent. Upon this pony the wolves were feasting within a few hours.

The wolf in his struggles with man has become an extremely cautious animal. He is hunted and pursued with deadly ingenuity and persistence. Guns, traps, poison and dogs are used for his destruction. There is no quarter for him—always a price on his head; and the sum is large. Survivors must be exceptionally wide-awake and wary. The numbers that still survive show that this exacting price of existence has been met. They have not been beaten. Altogether, the wolves now alive probably are much more destructive than their ancestors were, and far more capable of saving themselves from extermination by man.

Much of the time wolves hunt in coöperating packs. They run an animal down by following it in relays; sometimes one or more wolves lie in wait at a point of vantage while others drive or force the victim into the ambush. On an island in Alaska a number of wolves in relays chased a deer and at last drove it into the sea. Near the point where it leaped into the water a swimming wolf was in waiting.

Three wolves chased a young antelope through my mountain camp. Though they nearly ran over me, I doubt that either the antelope or the wolves saw me. On they went across the plateau. I hoped that the antelope might escape; but just before he reached the top of a ridge I saw a wolf peering over. The antelope and the wolves disappeared on the other side, where I suppose the drifting clouds and steadfast pines again witnessed a common tragedy of the wild.

On another occasion I saw three wolves drive a deer from a cañon and so direct its course that it emerged where the way was covered with a deep snowdrift. As the deer floundered through the soft snow it was pounced upon by a fourth wolf, which was lying in wait at this point.

Killers of Cattle

Wolves prey extensively on cattle and sheep; and to a less extent on horses, pigs and chickens. Many stockmen think that a single pair of wolves may damage cattle herds to the value of a thousand dollars a year. A single wolf has been charged with killing eighty head of cattle in a year, or even ten head of stock in a month. Occasionally a pair of wolves may kill a number of animals in a day. In Texas the red wolf feeds on cattle, colts, sheep and goats—the gray mostly on cattle; while the black shows a fondness for pork of a better grade than razorback.

Wolves occasionally capture the young, the stupid and the injured among deer, sheep, elk and moose; but the percentage of big-game loss from wolf depredations probably is not heavy. These wolf-chased animals have developed a wariness and endurance that usually enable them, except perhaps during heavy snows, to triumph over this enemy.

Economically the food habits of wolves are not entirely bad. In many localities they prey freely upon those ever-damaging pests—mice, rats, rabbits and prairie dogs. They are also scavengers.

The vast herds of buffaloes used to be constantly followed by countless packs of wolves. At that time the gray wolf was commonly known as the buffalo wolf, and he is still often spoken of by that name. The stronger buffaloes usually defended endangered ones from the wolves, which were watchful to pounce upon any stray, weak or injured animal.

Well-authenticated accounts tell us that often a number of buffaloes would convoy a calf or a wounded buffalo to a place of safety. What a strange thing it must have been, out on the plains, to see a pack of wolves, fierce and fiendish, endeavoring to break through the buffalo line of defense that surrounded a retreating calf! Except while migrating, buffalo bulls appeared to have the habit of standing guard over a sick or injured buffalo until the weak one got well or died.

The cattle-raising country has a wolf population. Formerly wolves followed the buffalo herds in their long drifts and migrations up and down the plains. They now follow the cattle herds in the West; they winter with the cattle in the lowlands, and in the summer accompany the "beef on hoof" up into the high ranges among the peaks.

Clever Teamwork

When they come upon a herd of cattle they isolate one; then one or more wolves systematically attack the head while another or others attack behind. Their powerful jaws snap quickly and cut or crush deeply. They endeavor to hamstring the victim.

On one occasion, in Southern Colorado, I saw a herd of cattle standing in a circle with their heads outward. A number of wolves were attacking them. By leaping unitedly—first at one, then at another—they finally frightened one victim out of the circle of safety. He was at once driven away from the herd, and in a short time the wolves had disabled his hind legs and pulled him down.

On another occasion, in North Park, Colorado, I saw two wolves pull down three two-year-olds in a short time. I watched them through a field glass. One wolf attacked in front while the other kept leaping and snapping at the flanks and legs until the animal fell. These three animals were killed in less than half an hour. As they were not eaten, the killing was apparently for the amusement of the wolves.

In wolf-infested cattle territory it is common for one or more cows to guard the calves while the other cows go to water. At a ranch where I made my headquarters for a few days, the plan was being tried of equipping every thoroughbred calf with a bell. This practice proved only temporarily effective in keeping wolves away.

The wolf has extraordinary endurance, great strength, senses amazingly developed, and exceptionally powerful jaws. He is a good swimmer. I have seen wolves swimming vigorously in rivers, wide lakes and among breakers. They appear to be equally at home in the mountains, in the forest, in thickets or on the prairie. They probably live from eight to fifteen years.

The coyote, or prairie wolf, is a distinct species, much smaller and with more fox traits than his big brother, the gray wolf.

The average weight of a mature gray wolf is close to one hundred pounds. In exceptional cases they have been known to weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. They are, therefore, about twice the weight of the coyote, or prairie wolf, and considerably larger and heavier than the average collie. For the most part those near the Arctic regions are larger than those in the southern United States.

Seen in profile at a distance, the back line is comparatively straight. The ears rise just a trifle above this line; in front of the hips the back sags a trifle; while the tail is extended almost straight, with the point held slightly above the level of the back. With the coyote the ears are more prominent, the back more swayed; and the tail droops at a very sharp angle, with the point turned a little upward.

The howl of the wolf is deep, while that of the coyote is shrill and high-pitched. It appears that wolves have a language and a system of signaling. These consist of howls, snarls and barks of varying length, with varying spaces or accents. Wolves prowl and howl mostly at night; but it is not uncommon for them to hunt or to wander in the daytime.

The gray wolf is known, also, as the timber wolf. He may be gray, grayish yellow or grayish black, occasionally reddish; and now and then he verges on cream color. The color varies greatly, even among the members of a single and perhaps related pack.

Formerly the gray wolf was distributed practically over all North America. Though classified into various subspecies, it really was the same wolf in Florida and Alaska, in Labrador and Arizona. In different localities he varied in size, color and minor characteristics; he necessarily adapted himself to the food supply of his locality and followed the necessary means of getting his food. But everywhere he was really the same gray wolf.

The present wolf population of the United States is not numerous; but it is active, aggressive and destructive. The animal probably has been exterminated in most of the Eastern States and in California. The coyote probably is economically more beneficial to man than the gray wolf, and does less damage to man's cattle.

In common with most animals, wolves live on a fixed or home range. They spend their life in one locality. This has a diameter of fifteen or twenty miles. To a certain extent its area and form are dependent on the food supply and the topography. One wolf that I knew of had a home range that measured forty by ten miles.

Much of the time wolves run in pairs; and, from both my own observation and that of others, I believe they commonly mate for life. Their home is a den. This most frequently is upon a southern slope. It may be of their own digging or a badger or a prairie-dog hole which the wolves have enlarged; or it may be a natural cave. In the woods it may be in a huge hollow tree. Almost invariably single pairs have a den to themselves. I have heard of a few instances where two litters of wolf puppies were found in the same den; but probably the second litter, in an emergency, had been moved into the den for safety.

Painted Wolf Pets

Among Indians wolf pets are common. At an Alaskan Indian encampment I was once greeted by a number of romping Indian children who had several black-faced wolf puppies with faces painted vermilion and yellow.

The puppies are born early in March. The number varies from six to twelve. For the first few weeks they are almost black, especially about the head. For a period after the young cease nursing, the mother stays with them much of the time, while the father hunts and brings food to the entrance of the den or into it. At the age of a year the young wolf is still puppylike, and apparently he does not reach maturity until more than two years of age.

Young wolves are sometimes seized by eagles or foxes; and all wolves are subject to attacks from parasites and disease.

The wolf is closely related to the dog family; in fact, a Husky, or Eskimo dog, is a domesticated wolf. The track of a wolf is almost identical with that of a dog.

Old storybooks are full of tales of wolf ferocity. Wolves pursued the lone horseman, or even attacked the occupants of a sleigh. A fiddler returning at night was forced to take refuge on top of a deserted building or in a treetop; or a mail carrier narrowly escaped with his life after losing his sack. All too frequently we still hear stories of wolves attacking a solitary traveler; but careful investigation of these stories shows them to be sheer fabrications.

Wolves within the bounds of the United States are not ferocious; they do not attack human beings. That they were once ferocious is probable; but years ago they learned the folly of exposing themselves to human beings.

Notwithstanding all this, the wolf is not a coward. He is brave enough when anything is to be gained by being brave. The spectacular, reckless grand-stand bravery that is pretty certain to be accompanied by death does not appeal to the wolf. Instances are on record, however, where numbers of wolves have risked their lives in order to save or to try to save a wounded companion, either from men or from animals.

A man captured and brought home a number of wolf puppies and placed them in a box inside a high picket fence. He thought the mother might come to their rescue and prepared to entrap her. He took off a picket of the fence, and placed steel traps inside and outside the fence and in the gap. On the first night the mother did bravely come to the rescue; but she avoided all dangers and carried off her puppies.

In Montana I once saw a pair of wolves attack a broncho. The horse, which was exceptionally keen-witted and agile, fought the wolves off successfully for several minutes, and finally smashed a hind leg of one with a kick. He then became aggressive and endeavored to stamp the injured wolf to death. Under the brave protection of the other wolf, which fiercely fought the enemy, the disabled one tried to escape; but the horse landed a kick on this fighter, crippled it, and finally killed both.

Quick to Learn

The new environment of wolf life that accompanied the approach of man demanded a change of habit. Many things that wolves had always done—which had been good enough for their ancestors—must be done no more; things that never had been done must be done at once. It was the old, inexorable law—the survival of the fittest; the passing of those which could not change and cope with newly imposed conditions.

Anyone who has had experience with wolves is pretty certain to conclude that they are intelligent—that they reason. A trapper who thinks that a wolf is guided by instinct, who fails to realize lupine vigilance, and forgets that wolves are always learning—ever adapting themselves to changing environment—will be laughed at by a multiplying wolf population.

With astounding quickness the new dangers man introduced into the wolf world were comprehended and avoided. In the decade following 1885 wolves appear to have gained knowledge of human ways more rapidly than man developed in his knowledge of wolf ways. This rapid mental development on their part cannot be called instinct. Plainly it was a case of intelligence and the wisdom of experience. Surviving wolves have simply learned absolutely to avoid those insidious means of death that high bounties have led man to invent for their extermination.

Apparently, too, old wolves promptly educate their children; so that the youngsters avoid these new complex dangers. Whether this education is consciously given on the part of the old wolves matters not. The fact that wolves multiplied in the midst of the concerted and relentless war waged against them by man indicates that the youngsters learned how to take care of themselves from the experience and not from the instincts of their parents. The safety-first slogan in the wolf world appears to be: "Avoid being seen by a man; and never, never touch anything that carries the scent of man or that of iron or steel."

A generation or two ago a wolf took no pains to keep out of sight; now he uses his wits to avoid being seen. Then it was easy to trap him; now he has become exceedingly difficult to trap. Long-range rifles, poison and steel traps brought about these changes. It was about 1880 when wolves began to develop this cunning for self-preservation. Heavy bounties brought numerous trappers and hunters into the wolf domain, but such was their development that, despite this incessant warring, for fifteen years the wolves actually multiplied.

In the cattle country you will find the wolfer—a picturesque character engaged in

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The birthplace of American liberty—Independence Hall, Philadelphia
GOODYEAR CORD
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AKRON

What the Guarantee Promises —These Tires Deliver

If we call the definite mileage guarantee by its real name, what do we have? Nothing more than tire insurance.

You, the tire-buyer, pay for that insurance—just as you pay for any other item in the tire-maker's overhead.

Its cost, as are other overhead costs, is absorbed in the price of the tire you buy.

And in all such tires marketed, overhead fights with quality for place.

Goodyear Cord Tires carry no definite mileage guarantee. *They are independent of any charge whatsoever that does not confer a material benefit upon the tire itself.*

Their capacity for prolonged and economical service is insured by what their maker puts into them, not by what he says about them.

Their broad utility is guaranteed by perfect materials perfectly put together.

And their quality is real and actual—unimpaired by fictitious costs of any sort.

At the last, it must be recognized that the miles a tire delivers, spring directly from the structure and substance that resist the punishment of the road—and not from any written estimate of the virtues such elements may possess.

And it must be admitted, also, that there is small consolation for the man stranded on a lonely road, in the thought of an adjustment counter twenty miles away.

For the guarantee never will be penned that can be fitted to a rim, and ridden upon.

And that, it seems to us, is the final answer in this guarantee matter: not what can be looked for on paper, but what can be looked for underwheel.

To this end, we have built Goodyear Cord Tires in the strictest spirit of the practical—built them not on a chance of what they might perform, but straightway to a service they are sure to perform.

We have stripped the process of their making of every quality-sapping cost.

By perfected organization, by efficient manufacture, by universal distribution and the absence of expensive insurance schemes, we have discounted overhead to the last possible penny.

And every dollar you pay down for a Goodyear Cord Tire buys the good that is in the tire—nothing else.

Beyond dispute, the best fire insurance is a fireproof building. By the same token, the best tire insurance is a flawproof tire.

Goodyear Cord Tires command this enviable designation. And their greater comfort, their lasting strength, their surer security, their uniform quality and downright *goodness*, constitute the best insurance of exceptional service we are able to contrive.

Particularly, when supported by the Goodyear policy that you—the tire-buyer—*must* be satisfied.

It requires a notable product to justify a confidence so profound that its guarantee is measured by no other limits than the patron's satisfaction.

Goodyear Cord Tires *are* such a product. They have proved it to us—they will prove it to you, once you try them on your car.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better*.

They come in No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, in both All-Weather and Ribbed treads, for gasoline and electric cars.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES

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the peculiar occupation of trying to exterminate wolves. His equipment consists of a rifle, traps and poison. A few wolfers follow their occupation the year round. Many of them are free trappers—some of them old-timers who have seen better trapping days. Many of them enjoy good earnings, chiefly from the bounties paid for wolves, a smaller income being from the sale of the wolfskins.

In some instances a wolfer is employed by a cattlemen's association; in others by a big cattle company. In some cases the free trappers receive board and lodging at a cattle ranch—usually so long as they care to trap in the same vicinity. Often two of these wolfers go together. They have a spring wagon, a tent, a team, a saddle horse and the necessary trapping munitions. They begin operations by going over the territory and placing their traps, sometimes employing as many as three hundred. Often it takes two or three days to make the rounds of all these traps.

When a wolfer meets another wolfer, or when he is discussing business with stockmen and others who are interested, his talk is likely to run to "Three Toes," a wolf that killed so many cattle on the S. S. Bar Ranch; or to "Old Two Toes," which John Jones succeeded in trapping. He is eager to hear how Smith trapped the last wolf. Just as the prospector has faith that he will find the mythical lost mine, many wolfers firmly believe that they will yet compound a scent which will please the nostrils of the most wary wolf and lure him to his doom.

The hunter and the trapper keep bringing forward new and skillful ways of poisoning and trapping wolves. But getting a wolf becomes increasingly difficult. The majority of wolves now trapped are the young or the stupid ones. Many trappers use traps by the gross. These are set in clusters in selected places—in narrow trails, round carcasses, and in the approaches to stream crossings. The traps are concealed; placed in water; they are deodorized, hidden, and false-scented with offal. Whole batteries are placed before or round a stake the top of which is highly scented with something alluring to wolf nostrils.

One day I watched a trapper spend several hours in placing more than a hundred traps round the carcass of a cow. He avoided touching the carcass. This concealed trap arrangement was as complicated as a barbed-wire entanglement. At one place he set the traps three abreast and five deep. On another probable line of approach he set ten traps, singly, but on a zigzag line. Two fallen logs made a V-shaped chute, which ended close to the carcass. In the narrow end of this chute another cluster of traps was set. Thus the carcass was completely surrounded by numerous concealed traps. It seemed impossible for any animal to walk to the carcass without thrusting a foot into one of the steel jaws of this network of concealed traps. Yet a wolf got through that night and feasted on the carcass!

Clever ways have been devised to keep human scent off the poisoned meat. Poison is inserted into pieces of meat without touching them with the hand. Then these choice dainties are taken on horseback in a rawhide bucket and scattered with wooden pincers, the dispenser wearing rubber gloves. Yet most wolves will starve before touching these morsels, evidently scenting the poison!

Forced by poison and traps to avoid most dead stuff that man has touched, the wolf is compelled to do more killing. Then, too, his special development and increased experience, together with his exceptional equipment and opportunity, afford him a living and leave him spare energy and time; so for the fun of it he kills and kills, like a game-hog.

A tenderfoot arrived at a Wyoming ranch where I was staying. He proposed to go wolf hunting, and expressed a hope of being able to make a living by pursuing wolves. He was most heartily laughed at by the cowboys and the old-timers. He finally set off alone to kill a wolf. Wolves were all about the country. He had never seen one, but he had read of their habits. Patiently he searched until he found an entrance to a wolf den. Hiding in a favorable position, he lay in wait. The second day, as the pair emerged for food, he shot both. In less than a month this tenderfoot had found eight wolf dens within a small district. These dens were not known to the three cattlemen and the rancher who lived in that district. But this happened several years ago.

Until recently it was a rare thing to find a cattleman, a rancher, or even a hunter or a trapper, who appeared thoroughly acquainted with the habits of wolves. It was also a rare exception to find one of these men who had searched carefully for a wolf den, or who had actually hunted wolves in a systematic and painstaking manner.

Fencing with woven wire has been recommended by the Biological Survey. In many localities this appears to be practicable. It has been tried with success not only in this country but also against wild animals in Australia, New Zealand and Africa.

There has been a lack of conservation in many campaigns against wolves. Organized hunts, the employment of unskilled wolfers and the payment of bounties have generally been poor investments; and they have not exterminated wolves. Wyoming at one time had a county bounty, a state bounty and a stockman's bounty, averaging in the aggregate from fifteen to fifty dollars. In special cases as much as a thousand dollars has been offered for the pelt of a single destructive wolf. Yet in these times of high bounties wolves actually multiplied. A prominent stockman recently said:

"From now on there will be intensive cattle raising. This includes intensive wolfing—that is, we shall fight wolves with brains."

Even the most conservative figures of the total annual wolf damage to stock and ranch interests in the West go up into millions of dollars. The amount annually lost and the money annually spent in trying to destroy wolves, together with the vast payments in bounties, aggregate an enormous sum. If an equal amount was spent on fences the results would appear to be far more helpful and of more permanent benefit to the stock interests, and perhaps would hasten the destruction of the wolves.

Then, too, stock raising is beginning to be carried on in a more intensive manner. Smaller and more privately owned ranges everywhere, better grades of stock and more care of the grass—all these would help solve the damaging wolf problem by attracting more serious and intelligent attention to it.

To eradicate wolves, then, it appears necessary to understand their life habits and to use vigilance in discovering wolf dens. Vernon Bailey, of the Biological Survey, who probably has studied wolves longer and more carefully than almost any other man, emphasizes the importance of searching for dens. He says:

"A steep south slope is usually selected for the den, preferably a barren bad-land slope, but sometimes merely the wall of a rocky cañon or a sagebrush hillside, broken by ledges or strewn with large bowlders—locations that afford good sentry posts from which the old males can watch for the approach of enemies.

"Knowing the kind of country the wolves breed in, it is only necessary to ride over it until wolf tracks are found. Good tracking snow often lies on the ground in Wyoming, Montana and the Dakotas during the early part of the time when the young are in the dens, and this makes it particularly easy to find them; but even where there is no snow it is entirely practicable to locate them by riding along the crests of the ridges and across good wolf country.

"Except for the tracks of an occasional pack of bachelor wolves which wander through the country in the breeding season, it is safe to assume that every track either goes to or comes from a den. When a track is found the direction of the den can often be told by the lay of the land and the time when it was made. Since the wolves hunt mainly at night, to find the den a track made in the evening should be followed backward, and one made in the morning, forward. As the tracks approach the den they often gather into well-worn trails or runways, which become so conspicuous near the den that no mistake can be made as to its location."

As has been shown by a tenderfoot, by Vernon Bailey, of the Biological Survey, and by others, the way to exterminate wolves is to search out their dens. The finding of the den usually insures the capture of the pups and often of the entire family. As the old ones are much abroad in the month of March, searching for food for their young, the discovery of the den may often be made at that time; for the ground is then likely to be covered with snow, marked with telltale tracks made by the wolves in leaving and returning to their homes.

The latest and best word concerning wolves in the cow world is that a number of cattlemen, ranchers and the boys of settlers are carefully combing the territory near home for the lair of the wolf.

THE CONTROL OF FOOD SUPPLIES IN BLOCKADED GERMANY

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are determined by the products of their soil—the Italian cooks with olive oil, the German with lard. The adult clings to that upon which the tastes of childhood have been formed. The arts of the cuisine enter with cultivated classes, quite as indispensably as the nature of the ingredients; and service is as important as preparation.

Now these external standards of our diets have an influence upon the utilization of our foods. Foods that provoke distaste do not receive the same treatment by the digestive apparatus that will be accorded foods to which the individual is accustomed. There are, of course, wide variations in these reactions. But foods that must be eaten without appetite and enjoyment do not provoke the same response upon the part of the digestive apparatus which is accorded to foods that are relished.

The average person can force himself to eat almost anything; hunger drives one to eat the most revolting food. But the nervous system that has to tolerate such a situation is likely to develop abnormal reactions, and nutritional disturbances may arise. The nutrition of prisoners of war must be considered from this point of view; the prisoner of war must eat what the country of the captor offers him, no matter how repugnant to his tastes.

These external factors of a diet become problems when a nation has to undergo a generalized rationing. Under blockade, the people of Germany have to do without certain things to which they had become accustomed. In order to be fair to all, the attempt had to be made to give each German the same amount of the same food. Under the regulations they were all to have the same diet; and to this they object, as a natural reaction of their tastes. The fixed ration and the paucity of fats necessitated the cooking of foods in a manner that was repellent to many. A nation under blockade must abandon, in part, the external relations of a diet.

German agriculture has labored under many difficulties. The soil of Germany is of inferior grade, considered as a whole. Prussia, which contains nearly sixty-five per cent of the area of the empire and possesses about two-thirds of the arable land, has relatively little of really first-grade soil, and nearly one-half of the acres are of distinctly low grade. Large areas of Bavaria, Baden and Würtemberg are mountainous. Much of the soil of Northern Germany is sandy.

The climate of Germany is of indifferent quality, agriculturally speaking. Extremes in precipitation are common, both drought and excessive rainfall being of frequent occurrence. The seasons of 1911 and 1914 presented crop failures. In the summer of 1915 there was drought during critical months; during the summer of 1916 there was excessive rainfall. The temperature inclines to be subnormal; the summers of 1915 and 1916 were unusually cool, and the maturation of crops was placed in jeopardy thereby. The soil requires heavy fertilization and demands intensive cultivation, entailing much labor. Rotation of crops in some sections is made unusually difficult by the chemical composition or physical properties of the soils.

As a whole, the soil of Germany is distinctly inferior to that of the British Isles and markedly inferior to that of France. Nevertheless, agriculture is eminently successful in Germany. This has been due to the fact that the cultivation of the soil has been made the subject of intensive scientific study; farming has been made a veritable chemical industry.

The area of Germany is about 133,580,000 acres. Of this about 82,275,000 acres are under cultivation, using the term in the broad sense. The variations in acreage for the different crops has been slight during the past five years. Notable is the high percentage of grains and carbohydrate crops—sugar beet and potato—sixty-two per cent; and the small acreage under grasses—thirty per cent. In England and Wales two-thirds of the land is devoted to grasses and one-third to crops; in Germany one-third is devoted to grasses and two-thirds to crops.

German agriculture has displayed a progressively increasing efficiency during the past forty years. In the thirty years before 1913 the average yield of wheat rose from 19 to 32, barley from 23 to 36, oats from 25 to 44 bushels to the acre, while the yield of potatoes rose from 3.5 to 5.5 tons to the acre. When the cultivation of the sugar beet was first undertaken between eight and ten tons of beets were required to yield a ton of crude sugar; now less than six tons of beets yield a ton of crude sugar. Seventy-five persons are now fed with the produce of each hundred acres of cultivated land in Germany. This very excellent result has been due largely to artificial fertilization and scientific rotation of crops.

Four fertilizers are required in agriculture—nitrogen, phosphorus, potassium, and the organic substances that are called humus. The last is supplied by natural manures and turned-in cover crops. Under nitrogen are included nitrate and ammonia. In peacetime Germany applied to her soils large amounts of sodium nitrate and the saltpeter of Chile. In the years just previous to the war Germany imported some 750,000 metric tons of Chile saltpeter, of which about 500,000 tons were applied to the soil.

In addition to this, ammonium sulphate, to the extent of 94,000 tons in terms of nitrogen, was applied to the soil, this being equal to about 650,000 tons of saltpeter, the ammonia having been derived from coke ovens. In addition to these, small amounts of calcium cyanamide were also used. This is very intensive artificial fertilization. Phosphorus, in a state of basic slag, Germany possesses in her iron industries, though obtained in part from imported ores. The amount of basic slag used in 1913 was in excess of 1,900,000 tons. Superphosphates were also imported, largely for use as fertilizer, from the United States, Algiers, Tunis and the South Seas, about eight hundred thousand tons having been used in agriculture in 1913.

Germany possesses potash deposits of almost unlimited extent, the world's largest source of this chemical. Under these circumstances potassium compounds have been lavishly used as a fertilizer. Though it is recognized that nitrogen is, on the whole, the most important of the fertilizers, free use of potassium compounds and phosphate with the nitrogen results in the largest yields; and for certain crops—sugar beet—potassium compounds are of particular importance. The average use of these chemicals on the soil in Germany in the years just preceding the war was stated in Germany to have been, in metric tons for each hundred acres: of nitrogen—as nitrogen—0.20; phosphorus—as superphosphate, thirty per cent soluble—3.65; and potassium—as potassium oxide—0.46; in all about six million tons.

The amount of natural manure available for use depends upon the number of domesticated animals and upon the extent to which concentrated fodder is used in their diet. It is probable that natural fertilizer is not more used to-day in Germany than thirty years ago. The marked increase in yield of crops, of the grains especially, is due to three factors: Use of artificial fertilizers; selection of seed and of strains; and improved cultivation.

Probably half the gain has been due to the intensive fertilization; in recent seasons the use of artificial fertilizer has yielded additions to the harvest of grain that may be estimated at from five to eight bushels an acre, or from three million to six million tons a year, of a total of from twenty-five million to twenty-seven million

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Notable Maxwell Records

IN APRIL, 1916, some interesting economy tests were conducted on the Brooklands track, London, Eng. Several makes of cars were used in testing out a new fuel mixture. Of all the cars entered, a stock Maxwell Touring Car made the most notable record, delivering a mileage of 33.6 on a gallon of the fuel. This performance was witnessed by a representative of "Autocar," the most conservative motor car journal of England, and he wrote as follows:

"In this article we are concerned primarily with the action of the new fuel, but we feel it only fair to give a word of praise to the behaviour of the Maxwell, which, brand new as it was, ran exceedingly well throughout the tests, and showed altogether remarkable acceleration and hill-climbing ability."

IN April, 1916, an economy test was made around Table Mountain, South Africa, which contains two fairly steep grades, and a stock Maxwell Touring Car made 31.3 miles on seven-eighths of a gallon of petrol.

IN August, 1916, tests for the economy of Maxwell Cars were made by Prof. David L. Gallup, professor of gas engineering of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, at the Narragansett Park Speedway, Providence, R. I. The following results were obtained and announced by him.

Speed Miles per Hour	Economy Miles per Gal.
10	33.7
15	32.7
20	31.2
25	28.8
30	26.1
35	23.0

MAXWELL MOTOR CARS

are designed and constructed primarily for service under the average and usual conditions. They were never intended for stunts, racing speeds or any other extraordinary purposes.

It has simply been our aim to build a light, economical, durable car and to build it exceedingly well.

It is interesting to note, therefore, certain instances which prove that Maxwell Cars are not only performing their specific function—but that they possess, in reserve, a surplus merit which enables them to achieve marked distinction in events *out* of their field and class.

The facts and figures here presented throw some light on why the Maxwell is generally recognized as *The World's Greatest Motor Car Value.*

AT the Virginia State Fair, held in Richmond early in October, 1916, a Maxwell stock touring car won a big economy run in competition with practically all the four-cylinder cars sold in that city. The contestants were started with one-half gallon of gasoline in a special tank provided by the fair authorities. The Maxwell distanced all competitors by a wide margin, covering 13.3 miles on the half-gallon.

IN February, 1916, Ray F. McNamara drove a Maxwell Roadster from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, 393 miles, in 8 hours and 19 minutes, averaging about 46 miles an hour. The run was made over snow packed roads and part of the trip was through a heavy snow storm. The run was checked at both ends by newspaper men. The record still stands.

IN July, 1915, McNamara drove a stock touring car from Detroit to Indianapolis and return, 620 miles, in 20 hours.

McNAMARA also established a record for the drive from Portland to Spokane. The distance is 458 miles and the elapsed time was 15 hours, 31 minutes. The best previous time was 20 hours, 30 minutes.

LATE in November, 1916, a stock Maxwell Touring Car was driven out of Chicago and reached La Crosse, Wis., a distance of 300 miles, in fourteen hours. High speed over icy roads cut into the tires and there were four blowouts. Despite deep snow and terrible roads, the car had no mechanical difficulty.

Touring Car

$635

F.O.B. DETROIT

ENCLOSED CARS

Town Car $915 *Cabriolet $865*

Sedan $985

All prices f. o. b. Detroit

Roadster

$620

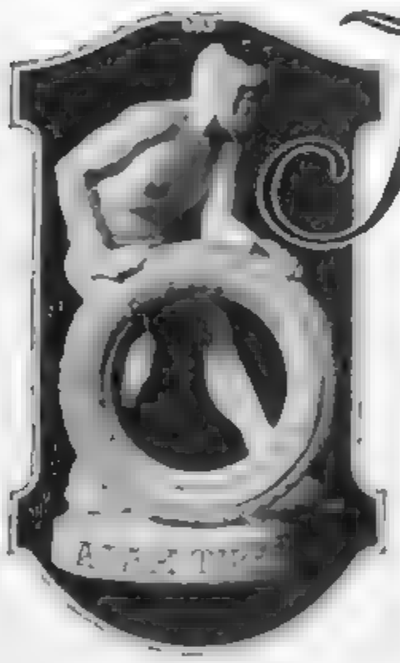
F.O.B. DETROIT

Maxwell Motor Company Inc. DETROIT MICHIGAN

AJAX TIRES

GUARANTEED IN WRITING 5000 MILES

ARE REGISTERED TIRES



AJAX Tires come of fighting stock. They were the first *independent* tires. Twelve years ago, they entered, single-handed, a monopoly-ridden industry—and won. They won the only way they *could* win in the teeth of violent opposition—on *quality*.

Quality was their armament and intrenchment—and their quality-challenge was the *first* tire guarantee.

The Ajax service-pledge in writing—5000 miles—is held inviolate today as then. Ajax inaugurated a straight-away policy of cards-on-the-table dealing with the tire owner. It met immediate and lasting response.

There is no longer a tire monopoly, but the Ajax initiative—the Ajax fight to maintain always-higher inbuilt quality—goes on and on.

In every industry there is a product that lifts itself, by sheer merit, by an actual service-showing above the rest—a product that achieves separate and supreme distinction. In tires, we honestly believe this master-product to be Ajax.

And when you consider the enormous yearly sales of Ajax Tires—the tremendous growth of the business—and remember that Ajax Tires are not regular equipment of the cars they are largely bought for, but the *individual choice* of thinking motorists to replace *other tires*—you have indisputable proof of leadership.

Ajax Tires are still of "fighting stock"—built for conquest in gruelling road test. They have stamina, spring and vitality—rugged resistance. Made of the cream of rubbers and quality fabrics, by the pick of tire-makers to one standard—the highest.

And note that now—in line with the Ajax policy of initiative always—Ajax Tires are *registered* at the home office in the individual tire owner's name as further insurance and protection of the Ajax Guarantee in Writing 5000 Miles minimum service. Consider that this means, based on the implied service of other standard makes, 43% more tire miles, a saving of $3 to $15 per tire according to wheel size.

Ajax Registered Tires prove Ajax determination to serve to the uttermost mile.

Ask your Ajax dealer for a copy of "The Story of Ajax Tires" by Horace De Lisser, Chairman of the Board, Ajax Rubber Co., Inc. It tells an unusual business story of romantic interest and solid fact

While others are claiming Quality, we are guaranteeing it

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC.

1706–1708 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Branches in Leading Cities Factories: Trenton, N. J.

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tons. Artificial fertilizers have alone made it possible to raise the huge crops of potatoes and sugar beets annually produced in Germany. The potatoes yielded pork, and the sugar beets made her an important factor in the sugar market of the world.

Germany possessed large herds of domesticated animals—of horses some 4,500,000; of cattle, from 20,000,000 to 22,000,000; of sheep and goats, 9,000,000; and of swine, from 21,000,000 to 33,000,000—depending upon the time of the year. Since Germany had only one-third of her agricultural land in grasses and two-thirds under cultivation for crops, it is clear that this livestock must have been nourished to a large extent upon concentrated feeds. Germany did not produce enough such fodder to feed her stock; she imported each year from one-fourth to one-third of the requirements of her livestock. This situation was, from the military point of view, the weakest spot in German agriculture. Germany was much more dependent, directly and indirectly, upon imports for her meats and dairy supplies than for her grains.

The economic situation in German agriculture has been one of exceptional strength. About ninety per cent of German agriculturists own the land they till; and, of the total land under cultivation, about eighty-five per cent is in the hands of the denominated ninety per cent of farmers. There are nearly four million holdings under five acres, some ten millions under fifteen acres; and half of the acreage is in holdings of less than fifty acres. Intensive cultivation demands abundance of labor, especially of female labor. Not only do all crops require careful cultivation in Germany, but the sugar beet in particular makes most exacting demands upon hand labor.

Just prior to the war about twenty laborers were engaged on each hundred acres of cultivated land, which, as previously stated, sustained about seventy-five persons. Of these laborers, one-third were not permanently engaged in farm labor, but migrated from place to place and from task to task. Not less than a million Russians were wont to migrate into Germany to work upon the farms during the summer. A large fraction of the native transient farm labor was engaged during the winter in forestry and in factory work connected with agriculture, as in sugar refineries, potato dryers and distilleries. Of the workers permanently employed in farm labor about half were women; of the transient workers in the fields two-thirds were women.

The progress of German agriculture has been greatly aided by the paternal attitude of the government. In every possible way—in schools, scientific experimentation, price control of supplies, financial aid and a protective tariff—the government has promoted the development and intensification of agriculture. This has been done, in part, for economic reasons; in part, however, it was done in order to make Germany self-sustaining in foodstuffs—in short, as a military measure.

The Lack of Fatty Foods

Excellent as German agriculture is, a critical survey indicates that there were several points of weakness in the system. The first was the extreme dependence upon hand labor, the relative and absolute scarcity of machinery for the most efficient handling of the crops. Farming by hand labor cannot respond to suddenly increased demands.

The predominance of female labor was another weakness. Though it was true that women were free of military claims and thus secured as farm laborers, had they not been already engaged in farm work their entrance upon such work in a time of emergency would have meant a positive increment in labor forces. Furthermore, the work of women cannot be speeded up as in the case of men. In a word nearly the total working power of the agricultural population was, in time of peace, already engaged in cultivation of the soil; when the men were withdrawn there were few within that class who could be called into activity, and a tremendous impost of extra work was placed upon the remaining workers, largely women.

Finally, a very grave defect was the lack of fat-bearing crops. This was not a lack imposed upon German agriculture by latitude, longitude or climate. For forty years specialists had been urging the necessity of the cultivation of fat-bearing crops and the pressing need of selection of the most advantageous varieties, several of which had been experimentally shown to be adapted to conditions of soil and climate in that country. But it was so much easier to raise potatoes and turn their starch into lard that German agriculturists neglected this development of their resources.

The agriculture of Austria-Hungary was primitive in comparison with that of Germany. The ratio of arable land to population is much higher in Austria-Hungary than in Germany. Hungary in particular is an agricultural state pure and simple; and Austria cannot be termed an industrial state. The total food production of the dual empire before the war was largely in excess of its own consumption and much foodstuff was exported. But the efficiency of agriculture was low; scarcely more than half a crop of any kind was gathered in Austria-Hungary as compared with Germany. The methods of cultivation were primitive and superficial, and the yields represented largely the natural excellence of the soil. Little use was made of artificial fertilizers and crop rotation was not systematically carried out.

When war broke out it was naturally supposed that the excess foodstuffs of Austria-Hungary would be made available to Germany. But, with the withdrawal of the men from the land to enter the army, the production fell to such an extent that the dual empire no longer produced more than its own requirements, and the world was offered the anomalous spectacle of Austria-Hungary prohibiting by edict the exportation of foodstuffs to Germany.

There has been little improvement for Germany in this state of affairs with the continuance of the war; neglect of production and of distribution have gone hand in hand; and, without any effective control of consumption, Austria has been hard set-to with her own problem of food supply. It is characteristic of the German propensity for efficiency that during the summer of 1916 organizations were established in Austria-Hungary for the purpose of educating the people there in the methods of modern agriculture.

Imported Foods

The diet of the German people was a composite of food produced within their borders and imported from the outside world. Importation of food was both direct and indirect. Germany imported meat directly; she also imported feeding stuffs, from which meat was produced. In earlier times the diet of a people was the direct expression of the production of the land. The development of transportation and the diversification of trade have each decade altered more and more the diet of civilized peoples, so that to-day the differences in national diets are much less pronounced than was the case two or three decades ago. This internationalization of the diet has progressed to a greater extent in Germany than in the other Continental countries.

Bread was the staple article in the German diet, particularly in the southern portions of Germany, as it still is in the French diet. In Prussia, where the potato yields very heavily, the use of the potato was much higher than in South Germany. Sea fish was used to a large extent by the Prussians and in the western sections adjacent to the North Sea. Thirty years ago mutton was used to a large extent in Germany. Year by year this has diminished and the use of pork has assumed greater proportions; the use of beef was limited largely to the well-to-do classes in the cities. Everywhere dairy products comprised a large fraction of the intake, but particularly in South Germany. The use of sugar in Germany was limited until the development of the sugar-beet industry, since which time it has greatly increased, though never to the extent practiced in America.

Up to two decades ago the peasants of Germany consumed in large part their dairy products, and little else than butter and cheese was sent from the farm; the butter consumption for each individual was low. With the advent of the modern centrifuge the German peasant was able, in connection with the excellent transportation facilities that had been developed by the German railroads, to sell his cream to the cities or to dairies operating for the urban trade. The result was a lessened consumption of dairy products on the farm, a larger shipment of dairy products to the cities, and the importation of other food to the farm. The business was profitable, since the inhabitants of the German cities, as everywhere in the world, increase yearly their consumption of dairy products.

Since the amount of cream the peasant could sell was limited only by the amount he could produce, the number of cows was yearly increased; and, to feed these added cows, concentrated feeding stuffs were imported in yearly increasing amounts. In the years just before the war many landholders of Germany conducted extensive dairies operated largely on imported feeding stuffs. The development of pasture land had not kept pace with the increase in livestock; during the past twenty years only a small fraction of an acre had been added in pasture lands to correspond to each additional milch cow, whereby the dependence on imported feeding stuffs had become yearly more pronounced.

The diet of the people in the cities, as everywhere in the civilized world, has developed in the direction of the standards of the hotel cuisine. By this is meant the greater use of meat and dairy products, and the preparation of these according to the standards of the hotel service, rather than in accordance with the native tastes of the people.

The per-capita meat consumption of the Germans has doubled within the last three decades, and this increase has taken place largely within the cities. The peasant of Germany in 1914 consumed little more meat than previously. In order to supply the demands of the cities for meat—largely pork—the stockraisers of Germany followed the example of the dairymen: they increased the number of animals and imported the feeding stuffs required. It must not be inferred that the production of native feeding stuffs had lagged in Germany; on the contrary, the cultivation of grain has been very successful, and in yields to the acre the German farm ranks with the best. But the increase in livestock devoted to dairy products and to meat production was so disproportionate to the increase in grain production as still to leave the meat industry dependent upon importation.

So far as dairy products were concerned, Germany made no attempt to meet the demands of the dairymen for concentrated feeding stuffs. Fat is the ingredient most desired in forced feeding of dairy cattle; and concentrates rich in fat had never been developed in Germany, but were imported, largely from the United States, in the form of oil meal, oil cake, peanut meal, and so on.

Though transportation has tended to erase the distinctions in the diets of different classes and sections, aided always by the instinctive attempts of the poor to emulate the diet of the rich, nevertheless, three class diets were distinguishable in Germany—that of the agricultural population; of the industrial population; and of the well-to-do in the cities.

The peasants of Germany lived largely on the vegetal products of the soil, supplemented by dairy products and a moderate amount of pork and veal, plus cheese in the south and fish in the north. The bread ration was highest in the south; the potato and fat intake largest in the north. Meat was consumed largely during the winter; in summer the diet was almost vegetarian.

Normal German Diet

The diet of the industrial classes—and by this term is meant the workers in the mining and manufacturing sections of Germany—did not present the seasonal variations noted in the agricultural sections; the staples were rye bread, potatoes and pork; butter, milk and cheese were consumed in but limited amounts, and the total intake of the industrial workers was always lower than with the agricultural population. The diet of the well-to-do classes in the cities was the diet of the markets, following the seasonal appearance of domestic and foreign products of the soil, in accordance with price and supply. Large classes of the poor of the cities were annually unable to meet the exigencies of the market, and for several months during each winter every large German city supplied thousands of poor citizens with food.

German agriculture had for forty years enjoyed the benefits of protection by high tariff, aided by other regulations designed to encourage the production and discourage the importation of food. At every session of the Reichstag, conflicts developed between the Social Democrats and the Agrarians; the former desiring easier import of foodstuffs, in order that the cost of living might be reduced; the latter striving ever to maintain their monopoly of foodstuffs. The Agrarians always won out in these contests, aided by the influence of the military authorities, who preached the importance of such development of German agriculture as to make Germany independent of foreign foodstuffs in the event of war.

Shortly after war was declared the German Government called together a commission of scientists, to which was intrusted the preparation of a report upon which the defensive food measures of the empire should be based. This commission, commonly called the Eltzbacher Commission, devoted several months to the study of the production, distribution and consumption of food in Germany.

All considerations of the food supply of a people relate to production, distribution and consumption; but the statistical data available are fragmentary to a surprising extent. The data of production are largely the data of the expert, the assessor and the market, leaving the direct consumption by the agricultural classes, and by the small towns locally supplied, more or less out of the calculations. The figures of consumption are drawn from the data of flour mills, slaughterhouses, customs-house reports and trade journals, leaving large gaps that are filled by only crude estimates.

The Eltzbacher Inventory

There is nowhere any adequate checking up of waste; there is nowhere any clear separation of the proportions of produce that go to the maintenance of domesticated animals and of human beings. Nevertheless, the Eltzbacher Commission proceeded to make an inventory of the food consumption, food production and food needs of Germany in accordance with correct scientific procedure; though it is evident from reading the report that they were not always able to see the forest for the trees. Classified on the basis of derivation, the peacetime food supplies of Germany were naturally arranged as follows:

1. Plant food grown from German fertilizer.
2. Plant food grown from imported fertilizer.
3. Animal food produced from vegetation not fit for human consumption.
4. Animal food produced from nutrients fit for human consumption.
5. Animal food produced from imported feeding stuffs.
6. Animal food derived from inclosed and adjacent fresh and salt waters.
7. Plant food grown in surrounding neutral countries from native fertilizer.
8. Plant food grown in surrounding neutral countries from imported fertilizer.
9. Animal food produced in surrounding neutral countries from fodder native and not fit for human consumption.
10. Animal food produced in surrounding neutral countries from domestic nutrients fit for human consumption.
11. Animal food produced in surrounding neutral countries from imported feeding stuffs.
12. Animal food from fresh and salt waters of surrounding neutral countries.
13. Plant food from overseas direct.
14. Plant food from overseas via neutral surrounding countries.
15. Animal food from overseas direct.
16. Animal food from overseas via surrounding neutral countries.
17. Colonial wares from overseas direct.
18. Colonial wares from overseas via surrounding neutral countries.

A complete blockade would obviously exclude all food under Numbers 2, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18; but the financial interest of the citizens of the surrounding neutral countries does not coincide with the purpose of the blockade, which cannot be made complete under Numbers 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12. It was the purpose of the blockade to place every contiguous neutral country in an inclosed situation, exportation to Germany being made indirectly impossible.

It was clear to the Eltzbacher Commission at the outset that the direct results of the food blockade must result largely from the abolition of importation of fertilizers, feeding stuffs, meats and fats. An attempt was made to evaluate the foodstuffs produced in surrounding neutral countries independently of their own importations, but the results were very evasive. As a matter of fact, it has been the results of the application of the blockade that taught both the Germans and the Allies the exact

(Continued on Page 61)

This is the Motorweave Man—a national figure—$6.75. Wherever you see him you will find genuine Motorweave

The Motorweave Man is At Your Service

HERE is a man it will pay you to know—the Motorweave Man.

About a year ago he saw an opportunity. He did a big thing. Now he has a nation of friends.

The Motorweave Man first thought of standardizing a quality automobile robe to sell nationally at a popular price —$6.75—guaranteed.

He made it durable, double-woven of fine reinforced woolen fabric with a warm, soft nap. He did not forget appearance. He used pleasing colors and modern patterns.

Motorweave received a truly remarkable sales ovation the moment it was placed in the national market. A tremendous demand came quickly—and everywhere! And the first season's success was built on only *one* design in only *five* colors.

* * *

The Motorweave Man hurried back to the factory for more. He got them to supply Motorweave in an immense line of assorted colors and patterns. He brought out a 1917 stock, more complete and comprehensive than any other robe manufacturer ever offered before.

And, note *this*—with prices increasing in every line of production and woolen material prices going steadily higher, he secured the factory's promise to hold Motorweave during 1917 at the *same standard price*—$6.75. At the same time, 1917 Motorweave will remain the same generous size, 60 x 80 inches, giving plenty of comfortable "tuck-in," even with three in a seat.

So, here he is today at your service.

Motorweave Robes Are Mill-Washed and Shrunk

Thousands of dollars' worth of new and modern machinery are employed in the mill-washing and mill-shrinking of Motorweave. Every atom of surface oil is removed by these latest processes. You may wash Motorweave yourself without danger of your robe shrinking. Simple instructions accompany every robe. Following these directions secures the user maximum satisfaction and long life for every robe!

In size, weight and texture it is ideal for motorists because it is made especially for motorists—the only robe so designed.

But that is not all. You will find Motorweave ideal also for lounging, camping and all outdoor purposes.

Demand to see the label and the guarantee. If your dealer does not stock Motorweave, send us your name and we will send you a handsome catalogue of the big 1917 line and will also see that you are supplied.

The Wallace & Smith Company, La Porte, Indiana

A Word to Dealers

THE Motorweave Man is fast establishing Motorweave Headquarters among dealers throughout the United States. His salesmen are now covering terntory.

All dealers who stock Motorweave at this time will receive preferred attention on re-orders throughout the year *at the present standard price.*

Buy *now* and be sure of your year's supply!

Write us at once so that our salesman may call on you.

A Postal Will Do—

WALLACE & SMITH MOTOR WEAVE AUTOMOBILE ROBES

Trade Mark Registered

Trade Mark Registered

(Continued from Page 59)

extent to which the surrounding countries were able to contribute foodstuffs to Germany.

The Eltzbacher Commission devoted particular attention to Germany's own production of feeding stuffs. The following data had to be determined:

1. How many domestic animals were produced yearly?
2. How many domestic animals were imported and exported yearly?
3. For the animals produced yearly, whence came the feed?
4. How much roughage and green feed were produced yearly?
5. How much pasture had Germany for the different classes of livestock?
6. How much concentrated feeding stuffs were produced each year?
7. How much concentrated feeding stuffs were imported and exported each year?
8. How much concentrate was produced in the surrounding neutral countries?

As a result of their deliberations the Eltzbacher Commission prepared an elaborate report. In this report were tabulated:

(*a*) The amounts of foodstuffs consumed by Germany in a year.

(*b*) The proportions that were produced in Germany.

(*c*) The proportions of the foodstuffs that were produced in Germany from imported fertilizers and feeding stuffs.

The commission enunciated a standard for the food needs of the people of the empire, and the differences between the figures for *need* and the figures for *consumption* were portrayed as *waste*, which it was the imperative duty of the Germans to avoid in wartime. Recommendations for increased production were also formulated, whereby the restriction due to the blockade could be partly obviated.

Consumption and Production

A survey of the relations of consumption and production of concentrates and fodders made it clear that it would not be possible for Germany to maintain, under blockade, the normal number of domesticated animals. In order to reduce the number of animals to the plane of available feeding stuffs the commission recommended, after weighing the relative values of dairy products and pork on the basis of cost of production and availability in consumption, the slaughter of one-third of the swine and ten per cent of the milch cows, the numbers to be held to that level.

In addition to the work of this commission, independent scientists published the results of original investigations, confirming, in the main, the findings of the commission, though differing in essential features. Investigations were also carried out for the purpose of determining the total feed supply of the empire, in order that the subsistence of all domesticated animals might be planned out on a ration basis.

The writer has made an independent calculation of the food consumption of Germany based on official data for the years 1912 and 1913. The following table contains the estimates of four different calculations as stated for protein, fat, carbohydrate and calories per head per day:

CONSUMPTION OF FOOD UNITS IN GERMANY
1912–1913

	TOTAL				IMPORTED				DOMESTIC			
	PROTEIN OZ.	FAT OZ.	CARBO-HYDRATE OZ.	CALORIES	PROTEIN OZ.	FAT OZ.	CARBO-HYDRATE OZ.	CALORIES	PROTEIN OZ.	FAT OZ.	CARBO-HYDRATE OZ.	CALORIES
Ballod	3.10	2.15	14.5	2708*	0.87	0.88	0.8	470*	2.23	1.30	13.7	2480*
Eltzbacher	3.30	3.75	18.7	3642	0.86	1.00	1.5	715	2.40	2.40	17.2	2927
Kuczynski and Zuntz	3.70	3.21	20.1	3550	1.13†	1.06†	1.41	473†	2.57	2.05	18.7	3077
Author	3.25	2.45	16.0	2790	0.86	1.00	1.4	550	2.39	1.27	14.6	2240

*Lack of agreement due to fact that Ballod estimated exported sugar as a domestic food.
†Direct plus indirect imports calculated by writer.

The food needs of a people cannot be judged by the total food consumption, since this is much too high, including all loss and waste. The per capita consumption is directly misleading, because to divide the figure for total consumption by the number of individuals would mean that the suckling and dotard receive the same ration as the workingman. Scientists allow for the individual variations in what is known as the man ration. The food-need of the adult male is set at 100, the food-need of the adult female is set at from 80 to 90, and the food-needs of the different years from infancy on according to determined standards.

In the Eltzbacher report the German population was taken as 68,000,000. The number of children of each year and the number of adult males and females were known. The figure for the number of children of each year of age was multiplied by the figure for the food-need of that year. The number of adult females and the number of adult males were multiplied respectively by 85 and 100. The final figure for the needed food units—a compromise between several standards—was 51,822,908.

Close Figuring

This figure means that the population of 68,000,000 would be nourished if it received the ration of 51,822,908 adults. Three thousand calories was the figure set for the adult need—100. The caloric needs of the German people were, therefore, determined by the simple multiplication: $3000 \times 365 \times 51{,}822{,}908 = 56{,}750{,}000{,}000{,}000$ calories. When this figure for total calories, determined on the basis of man ration, is divided by the figure for the population, the result is 2280 calories a day; in other words, the per capita ration corresponded to seventy-six per cent of the man ration.

The protein needs of the people were also calculated. Children under six years of age were allotted 1.4 ounces a day; from six to twelve, about 1.75; from twelve to eighteen, about 2.3. The adult men were allotted 2.9 ounces; the adult women were vouchsafed 2.4. The total daily protein needs for the population were, therefore, set at 1,605,000 metric tons a year.

Hindsight has made it certain that the figure set for caloric needs a day—3000—was too low. It was, of course, realized that the workingman would need much more; but this, it was felt, would be balanced by the large number of women, who would need less. But in a great war most women are laborers, not nurses, as the preparedness-for-women movement in this country seems to assume. The units allotted the growing child from twelve to eighteen were too low. A boy of this age has a heat production one-fourth larger than an adult; in fact, an active growing boy consumes as much food as a hard-working man. More important than this, the extra work that must be done in a state at war was disregarded. Practically ten million men have been withdrawn from their occupations. The work done by these men may be fairly stated to have necessitated a thousand calories intake each a day. If the work these men used to do was to be done by the remaining civilians, these must be given a proportional increase in diet. That the work has been done by the extra exertions of the civilians is the testimony of all who have been in Germany during the war. In other words, the fifty-eight million civilians must be allowed ten billion extra calories. As the extra work is done by civilians from twelve years of age, these denominated calories must be divided between some thirty-nine million, or about two hundred and fifty calories a day above the needs of the peace diet. With these considerations in mind, the writer has calculated the protein and caloric needs of the German people in wartime, and reached these figures: protein, 1,524,000 tons; calories, 63,000,000,000,000.

The figures for peacetime requirements in protein and calories adopted by the German commission are higher than competent investigators in different parts of the world regard as necessary. In particular, what might be termed the American school, led by Chittenden, regards as adequate very much lower intakes of foodstuffs; and these figures are based upon extensive tests with healthy men over long periods of time.

Before the war, Chittenden used to be called an *Antisiweiss Fanatiker;* and in the German discussions of diet during the first year of the war this attitude was still apparent. Later results, however, have converted the Germans to Chittenden's ideas. One German humorously observed to the writer: "The Chittenden standard of eating had been almost as valuable as the Hindenburg standard of fighting." It will make the matter clearer to set these figures in a table:

PROTEIN NEEDS

	PER CAPITA	MAN RATION
Eltzbacher	2.30	2.83
Author	2.15—wartime	2.5
Chittenden	1.5	1.8

CALORIC NEEDS

	PER CAPITA	MAN RATION
Eltzbacher	2580—peacetime	3380
Author	2510—wartime	3500
Chittenden	2430	2000

From the data collected by the Eltzbacher Commission it was clear that the peacetime consumption in calories was from one-third to one-half in excess of physiological requirements, and that the calories of domestic production in peacetime were sufficient to cover the needs. The peacetime consumption of protein was fifty per cent in excess of the figure accepted for need; and the domestic production of protein was just large enough to cover the need. It was also apparent from the data that the fat consumption of peacetime was so large as to deserve the term luxurious, and the fat of domestic origin was enough to cover the normal requirements.

On paper, therefore, it seemed clear to the German scientists that if the German people would reduce their consumption to the plane of physiological needs, and maintain the domestic production on the peacetime basis, they would be able to sustain a food blockade without injury. It will be of interest to tabulate the recommendations of this commission, not only because they make the whole question clearer, but because they illustrate the systematic scientific consideration given to the questions.

Food Recommendations

The difference between need and use, the waste of one-third to one-half in protein, fat and carbohydrate, *must* be obliterated, since, if this waste continues under domestic production, want would be inevitable.

All luxurious living to be controlled—especially in public eating places.

The plane of peacetime production must be at least maintained. Necessary to this end is adequate labor on the land, sufficient use of fertilizer, proper rotation of crops, careful garnering and proper storage.

Production to be increased by cultivation of vacant land.

The cultivation of vegetables to be encouraged and the public exhorted to eat more vegetables and cereals and less of animal products.

The use of rye bread to be encouraged; that of wheat reduced.

The raising of hares, goats and sheep to be encouraged.

Exportation of foodstuffs to be prohibited and the importation of foodstuffs from neighboring states to be encouraged.

The use of grain for the manufacture of starch and alcoholic beverages, and for other industrial purposes, to be reduced.

The use of starch for the manufacture of alcohol for technical use to be reduced to the plane of "important uses of alcohol."

Waste in soap to be reduced.

Domestic animals to be reduced in number by slaughter to that number which can be fed on domestic feeding stuffs, the meat thus secured to be conserved for future use.

The prohibition of feeding bread grains to animals.

Regulation of feeding of potatoes to animals.

Reduction of number of milch cows to plane of necessity; no milk to be fed to swine.

Regulation of use of oats and barley in feeding animals.

Control of use of sugar beets as fodder.

Equal distribution of foodstuffs to all.

In reading the report of the Eltzbacher Commission one is impressed with the fact that the commission was composed of competent and conscientious men, who acted high-mindedly and solely in the interests of the consumer. They had, in a manner that was regarded as drastic, recommended the slaughter of one-tenth of the milch cows and one-third of the swine, in order to reduce the number to the plane of feeding stuffs of domestic origin. This ran counter to the interests of the agrarian classes.

Nevertheless, this was done. The recommendations of the commission for the control of bread grains were also placed in effect, and the entire people placed upon a bread and flour ration. From this point on, it was apparently assumed that the people would follow the recommendations of the scientists; it was assumed that producers and tradesmen would carry out recommendations designed to protect the consumer. Had the producers, tradesmen, administrators and politicians of Germany exhibited the same high-mindedness, foresight and regard for the consumer that was evident in the investigations of the scientists, the crucial problem of the nutrition of the industrial classes—which has been second in importance only to the military situation, or possibly equal to it—would never have arisen.

The Three Generals

There is a fable in Russia to the effect that three generals protect Russia from invasion: General Cold, General Distance and General Swamp. The three generals directing the attack on the nutrition of the German people were General Blockade, General Crop-Failure and General Mismanagement; and a review of the situation leads the impartial observer to the conviction that General Mismanagement was not subordinate to the others.

The recommendations of the scientific commission were directed at the problems of production and distribution in the interests of equitable consumption, even at the expense of the commercial interests of the producer and distributer. Though it was important that the producer should continue to find production profitable, it was of greater importance that each individual in Germany should possess a diet sufficient to maintain nutrition. If foodstuffs should be wanting, it was important that the lack be shared by all classes.

After the war had gotten under way, the disquieting fears of scientists were discounted by the public. The average German regarded the war as a promenade to Paris, just as the average Russian looked upon it as a procession to Berlin. Even the entrance of Great Britain awakened no serious apprehensions. With Belgium and France conquered by German arms and the Balkans under subjugation by Austria-Hungary, whatever Great Britain might do could lead to no serious consequences. The capture of large amounts of foodstuffs in Belgium and France was not without influence on the public—meat, 440,000 tons; potatoes, 650,000; flour, 400,000; bread grains, 670,000; butter, 55,000; and other foodstuffs over 500,000 tons.

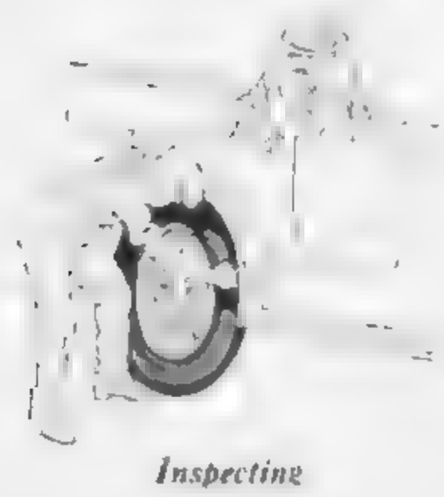
Faith in the army inculcated an optimism that permeated every tissue of society. The crops of 1914 were only fair, but excellently garnered, despite the war. The check upon the Marne was regarded as a temporary lull, after the winter the march to Paris would be resumed. The report of the Eltzbacher Commission was issued just before Christmas, and appeared upon a scene of Christmas activities that was probably rarely surpassed in Germany. Not only did the civilians celebrate Christmas with all manner of eating and drinking, but the holiday delicacies sent to the front embarrassed the postal service.

When the government permitted the exportation of twenty-five hundred carloads of grain to Switzerland, and later granted permission for the exportation of a million tons of sugar (headed for Great Britain!) these relaxations were interpreted by the people as evidence of the splendid state of German food supplies, despite the protests of scientists and statisticians. The warning of the Eltzbacher report that if the per capita consumption of food continued at the customary figure of ninety units, when only fifty-six were needed and only sixty-seven were available, the supply would soon be reduced from sixty-seven to below the needed fifty-six, was seriously received by one class alone, the Social Democrats, who, as a

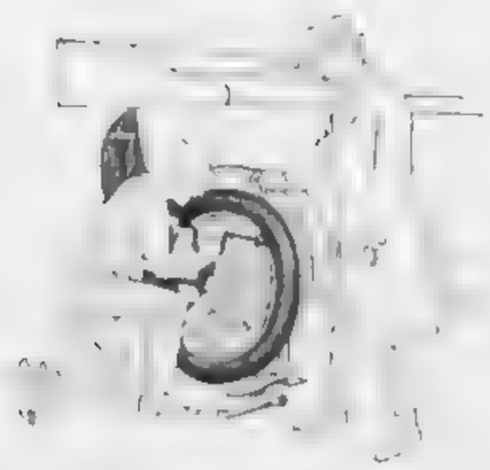
Continued on Page 64

A MESSAGE

Glimpses of Tire Service given FREE at any of the more than 125 Fisk Branches



Inspecting



Dismounting

Assembling

Air Testing

What *Is* Tire Service?

FREE TIRE SERVICE should include the changing of tires, mounting spares on rims or wheels, inflation, the testing of air pressure and wheel alignment, and regular, frequent inspection.

To be complete, and completely free, this SERVICE must be available to every man who drives a car, regardless of the make of the tire he uses.

Add the intangible but equally important details of SERVICE, such as training, courtesy, consideration and intelligent care for the small things that may so easily make or mar pleasure in business dealing, and you have FISK FREE SERVICE.

SERVICE—real SERVICE like FISK—cannot be established in a week or a month or a year.

To decide to give SERVICE is one thing, to give it is quite another. It takes time to perfect an organization in the spirit of SERVICE.

From the moment one enters the employ of The Fisk Rubber Company, he sees, hears and is trained to think SERVICE. His associates are interested in his initiation into the FISK way of doing business. This spirit can come only after years of effort and continuation of the original members of a company and organization in the work.

Therefore, we say advisedly that FISK SERVICE is built to a policy. It is the product of years of growth, founded on the basic ideal of making the entire FISK organization a power in the development of satisfaction in motor car use.

to TIRE USERS

Moreover, this is direct and uniform SERVICE, given by FISK employees through local FISK branches and service departments in principal cities throughout the United States.

The value and the scope of FISK FREE SERVICE to dealer and tire user, alike, cannot be over-estimated. To the direct benefit of each of them is the fact that with all its attained superiority FISK SERVICE *is offered to Everyone Free.*

Regardless of what tire he uses, a man may drive to any FISK Branch, and without any purchase and without any obligation, he may take full advantage of the exceptional FISK facilities and unique SERVICE policy.

When you get an offer of actual SERVICE for nothing, from a reputable company, it is good business to take advantage of it.

Keep this thought with you! You need not use nor buy a FISK tire in order to enjoy FISK FREE SERVICE. The sooner you get the habit of accepting it, the quicker you will reduce your tire expense. The biggest average mileage on tires is shown through those branches where the most SERVICE is rendered. This is according to actual record and is of the utmost significance to car owners.

Be fair to your tires. Give them the chance offered by expert care and inspection and they will amply repay you in economy and convenience.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY
Of N. Y.
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

E. H. Broadwell
Vice-President

BEFORE YOU TOUR consult your telephone directory for local FISK Branch addresses and send for complete branch list.

Glimpses of Tire Service given FREE at any of the more than 125 Fisk Branches

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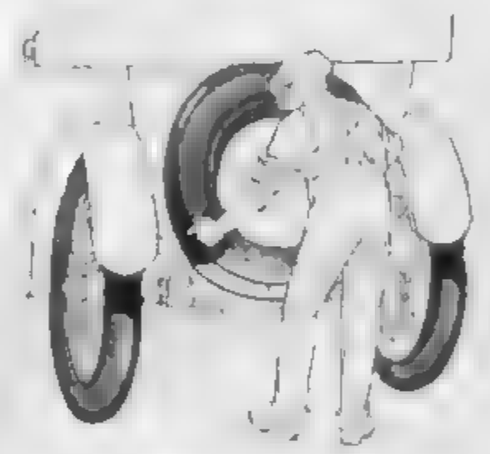
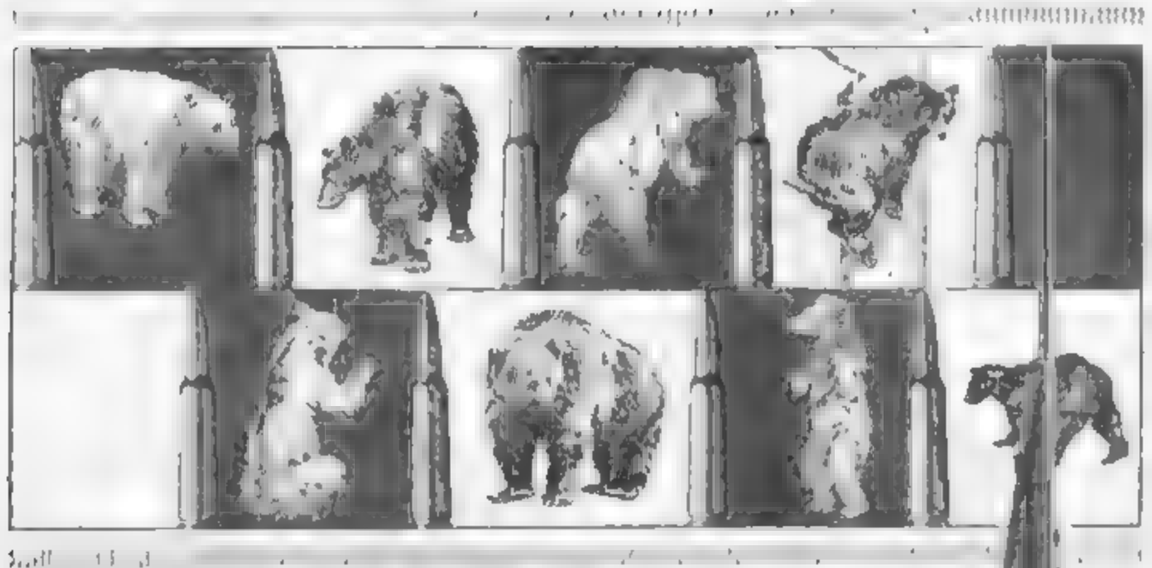


Extras Mounted

Advice and Instruction

No Charge!



8 Bears with 9 Shots

"I have tested the .250-3000 Savage I got from you last Spring on eight head of bear without a miss, and only shot one of them the second time."

Letter from Mr. James R. Gill,
Cascade, Idaho.

Write us for a description of the rifle he used. Price $32.50; cartridges $5.70 per hundred. Gun dealers everywhere will be glad to show you this

.250-3000 SAVAGE

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 72 Savage Avenue, UTICA, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 61)

class, have proved themselves the most objectively thinking class in Germany. The agricultural population did not concern itself in attempting to measure how far its produce would reach into the industrial population.

The classes of larger means in the cities had faith in the buying power of money. "Each one should cut down; but, since so many others are cutting down, mine will not be missed." The control of bread grains and their products and the reduction in livestock were the only enactments of serious value put into force during the first year of the war. The harvest of 1915 was far below the normal in grains and the sugar beet, though the potato crop was a record crop.

The summer campaigns on the West Front were without decisive results, and convinced the mass of Germans that the capture of Paris had become very improbable. The capture of large areas of territory in the East yielded little booty in food supplies, as the Russians destroyed ruthlessly in their retreat, and had earlier in the year ruined the crops in considerable sections of East Prussia.

The advent of Italy into the war closed one door through which large stocks of supplies had entered. The entrance of Bulgaria and Turkey removed those countries from the position of benevolent neutrals to allied belligerents, who had to conserve their own food supplies for the state of war; as a matter of fact, when Bulgaria and Turkey declared war they became military aids but economic burdens, and the loss of their excess supplies was one of the prices the Central Powers paid for their military allegiance.

Two measures of conservation were enacted during the first year of the war: (*a*) All grains were declared subject to confiscation; the bread grains were reserved for human consumption; a bread ration established; feeding of bread grains to domestic animals was prohibited. The utilization of bread grains for industrial purposes was restricted; the use of barley for the manufacture of malt was reduced one-third; the oats were confiscated for the use of the army and work horses, and the feeding of barley and maize placed under a general regulation.

Unfortunate Waste

This was, in part, a paper regulation only; the grains were subject to confiscation, and such quantities as were needed, weekly or monthly, were taken possession of; but the grains that lay with the producers were not held in reserve in the same manner as though they had been impounded in government warehouses. The millers were instructed to mill rye flour to eighty-two per cent of the grain and wheat flour to eighty per cent of the grain. The flours thus obtained were somewhat more nourishing than the finer bolted flours of peacetime, and the yield in flour was, of course, materially greater; but the lessened residue in grain offal for feeding purposes was a disadvantage, since the fodder calculations had been based upon the normal production of grain offal.

The peacetime consumption of rye and wheat, in the proportion of about two to one, was about one pound a head a day higher in Bavaria, lower in North Prussia. The bread and flour ration of the empire, fixed in the winter of 1914–1915, was equal to one-half of a pound of flour, which was much less than the flour ration of peacetime. Though ostensibly the bread card was imperial and supposed to be uniform in all portions of the empire, this was not strictly the case; in particular, considerable leeway was allowed in the purchase of flour in different portions of the country.

(*b*) The recommendations of the Eltzbacher Commission for the reduction of swine and cattle were carried out during the first four months of 1915. Approximately one-third of the swine and ten per cent of the milch cows—supposedly about a million and a half—were killed. About the time when the killing of the swine was under way, in March, an inventory of the potato stocks led to the official statement that these were low. Since the potato in Germany was one of the staple swine feeds, it was decided to kill rather more than the denominated number of swine, in order to meet the loss in potatoes. Two months later another potato inventory was taken, revealing the fact that the previous inventory had been in error and that the killing of the additional swine had been entirely unnecessary since the potatoes were available; and these potatoes were thrown upon the market at a huge loss in price and to a large extent underwent decomposition.

No oxen were killed and the killing of calves was not in excess of the usual number; the slaughter did not extend to sheep and goats, which, on the contrary, were conserved with foresight. The presence of such huge amounts of meat upon the market unquestionably resulted in increased consumption during the first six months of 1915. According to the plan, by far the largest portion of the meats thus obtained was to be conserved for future use, and should have represented a very large stock of conserved meat. The processes of conservation were, however, carried out very inefficiently, with the result that a large portion of this meat underwent decomposition and became a complete loss.

The crops of the year 1914, though rather low, had been excellently garnered; the sugar crop was in excess of the normal; a great deal of food got in, because of the imperfect blockade; and, all in all, the nutrition of all classes of the German people was practically normal during the first year of the war.

Bread Regulations

Preoccupation with military affairs, aided by the tacit assumption that the campaign of the summer of 1915 would terminate the war, resulted in inadequate preparation of the soil for the crops of 1915. There was a definite lack of fertilizer. The basic slag produced in the mills was not sufficient in quantity to cover the phosphate needs of the fields that had always been dependent to a large extent upon soluble phosphate imported from the United States and elsewhere. Potassium, in various forms, was, of course, available in unlimited amounts.

Nitrogen, as nitrate, ammonia or cyanamide, was scarce. The plants devoted to the synthesis of nitric acid, ammonia and cyanamide were small; the conditions of successful manufacture on a large scale had not been worked out and the demands of the military authorities for nitric acid exceeded all expectations. The result was that little nitrogen was available as fertilizer for the soil, and the soil of Germany is directly dependent on fertilization for the production of each crop.

In addition, the season was not favorable; the temperature was low and there was a long period of drought at a time when the grain required rain. The result was a low yield in all grains, in hays, in sugar beets, but with a record crop of potatoes. The acreage of sugar beets had been reduced to about three-fourths, of which the yield was about four-fifths. The total grain yield of 1914 was nearly four million tons lower than in 1913; but the yield of 1915 was five million tons less than the crop of 1914. Four hundred thousand tons had been set aside as reserve for the army.

When the quantities allotted for the flour ration, plus the amounts devoted to industrial uses and reserved for seed, were subtracted from the known amount of grain available from the crop of 1914, there remained some three million and a half tons of wheat and rye to extend over into the new year. But when the inventory of the crop of 1915 was made, this grain had disappeared. During the first winter of the war the use of the potato was made obligatory in bread. Wheat flour had to be used with ten parts of potato, and, also, later contained from ten to twenty parts of rye flour. The regulation rye bread contained ten per cent of potato starch. If the bread contained more potato—from ten to twenty per cent—it was called "K" bread; if it contained still more potato—twenty to thirty per cent, or even more—it was called "K K" bread.

During the first part of the war the consumption of bread occurred largely in the form of the best rye bread. The disappearance of over three million tons of rye and wheat was not only a surprise, it was naturally a great disappointment.

The importation of grain in the two years before the war was between sixteen and twenty per cent of the domestic production. The agrarians had less grain of their own raising; they were denied the normal amount of domestic grain offal by the new milling regulations, and the blockade excluded the grain previously imported. This created for the agrarians a dilemma, despite the reduction in cattle and swine; and this dilemma they solved by the simple

procedure of feeding the excess of grains that had been made liable to confiscation, on paper, but had, in fact, been allowed to remain in the possession of the producers.

The low crop in sugar beets brought with it, also, another ominous revelation—namely: that the sugar supply of the previous crop was exhausted. The average sugar production for the two years previous to the war was 2,700,000 tons, of which nearly 600,000 tons were exported, leaving over 2,000,000 tons crude, or 1,900,000 tons refined. Of the refined sugar 580,000 tons were exported, leaving for domestic consumption 1,320,000 tons, which amounted to two ounces a head a day. At the outbreak of the war Germany had 400,000 tons of crude sugar from the crop of the previous year; the new crop amounted to about 2,600,000 tons, so that the huge stock of 3,000,000 tons was available to the German people, under the assumption that none should be exported.

To the amazement of scientists, the government, in October, 1914, gave permission for the exportation of 1,100,000 tons. The object of exportation was explained as fulfilling three purposes: it complied with the wishes of the powerful syndicate of sugar refiners; it gratified the importunities of the surrounding neutral countries; and it raised the rate of exchange. The yearly demands of Holland, Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries were not over one hundred and fifty thousand tons of sugar a year; the remainder was headed for the French and British markets. And this was made clear in the energetic protests that were made to the government.

Regulations for the control of the utilization of sugar-beet residue, molasses, crude and refined sugars for food, fodders and industrial uses, were established late in the fall of 1914. These did not include physical confiscation, but did include authorization of control. In order to provide larger supplies for livestock, recovery of refined sugar from molasses was prohibited. During the winter of 1914–1915 the consumption of sugar was much above normal. Very large amounts were consumed in the army, also in hospitals; and apparently the people in general used sugar with unusual freedom.

To what extent the total available sugar was diverted from human to animal consumption cannot be stated, since the sugar beets were not under accurate statistical control. It does not seem probable that the consumption of sugar by each individual could have been in excess of three ounces a day, in terms of crude sugar, which would have amounted to 1,900,000 tons, leaving some seven hundred thousand tons for industrial and feeding uses after the half million tons allotted to exportation were subtracted. All in all, the fact remains that when the sugar beet crop of 1915 was brought in, the sugar of the previous year was practically exhausted.

In the autumn of 1915 two meatless days—Tuesday and Friday—and two fatless days—Monday and Thursday—were introduced. And this was within six months after one-third of the swine and a full third a quarter of milch cows had been killed!

Maximum prices were placed to control the retail sales, again without correlation and usually without result. Gradually the lines became drawn between the cities and industrial districts, on the one hand, and the country districts, on the other. In order to protect themselves, the country districts went to the length of establishing prohibitions of export.

The authorities attempted in a half-hearted manner to oppose such regulations and to reëstablish the flow of foodstuffs in the channels of trade by increasing the maximum prices; a maximum price once established became, of course, the only price. As opposed to the regulations of the cities and of the imperial authorities, the regulations of the smaller districts were naturally more effective.

A veritable pestilence of restrictive regulations spread over the entire land; and, since it was community against community and the devil take the hindmost, it was soon made apparent that the industrial cities were hindmost.

It was clear that, whatever influence the report of the Eltzbacher Commission might have had, as applied to the consumer—and such was certainly not strongly in evidence—the letter and the spirit of the recommendations were ignored by the producers and the middlemen.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Doctor Taylor. The second will appear in an early number.

THE STUDY OF FOOTPRINTS

(Concluded from Page 13)

they were able to demonstrate by actual experiment that blows on the sheet-iron sides of the vault would reverberate through the courthouse like the boom of a bass drum.

One of the best examples of typical criminal investigation in this country is Nordall's case, in Montana.

The theater of this tragedy was in the cattle country on the Musselshell River. The scene of the crime showed two distinguishing clews, clearly defined and capable of exact examination. They were, in fact, examined by a number of persons several days after the date of the tragedy. These criminal evidences consisted of the footprints of a man in the soft earth leading from the residence of the victim to a storehouse some distance away, back again to the house, and from there to the river. The second clew was the track of a horse, which could be followed for some distance, leading away from the Musselshell River.

The footprints of the man and the tracks of the horse were clearly imprinted and contained distinguishing characteristics which should have enabled any intelligent investigator to identify both the man and the horse.

The persons who discovered the footprints saw nothing strange about them. Four or five days later some witnesses for the state examined these footprints. They thought there was "something peculiar" about them, but did not know what it was. But later on, with a number of other persons, they measured the tracks, marking their length and width upon sticks. It is significant to notice that even these crude measures were not produced at the trial. The witness who made them said he had not kept the sticks because the prosecuting attorney told him it was not necessary to keep them!

That was about the extent of the examination of the footprints, except that somebody among the number of persons who visited the place finally discovered that the man who had made the prints had been wearing overshoes.

The examination of the horse's tracks was even more careless, if possible. The witnesses who knew something about horses looked at the tracks and said that the hoof mark was queer. They thought it had been made by a horse named Nig, which belonged to Nordall. They tracked the horse pretty cleverly, located the place where the assassin had left it standing while he walked from the river to the house, and followed the trail where the horse had gone in the direction of Nordall's ranch.

There the matter ended. Nothing was done to show the court in what manner the tracks were queer, or how they resembled the track of Nordall's horse.

Upon such an examination of marked distinguishing clews the assassin never could have been located or convicted. It happened, however, that there was an abundance of physical evidence indicating Nordall as the assassin. Among other things the authorities found at his house a pair of overshoes. Both of these overshoes were for the left foot. It was then discovered that the "something peculiar" which the witnesses had noticed in the footprints was that they had all been made by what appeared to be a left foot—that is to say, by some one wearing a left overshoe on each foot. See Figure 10.

An examination disclosed that there was frozen blood on the bottom of these overshoes, between the heel and the sole. The overshoes were given to an analytical chemist to determine whether the stains were human blood. And, to add to all the other amazing inadequacies in this example of criminal investigation, the expert testified at the trial that he was unable to say whether or not the blood on the overshoes was that of a human being!

Is it any wonder that European authorities dismiss the subject of criminal investigation in this country with the single condemnatory sentence:

"Crude, unscientific and careless!"

Author's Note: See Gross; Zenker; Shauenstein, System der Kriminalistik, for diagrams.

ACME RAPID FIRE and 1900 BATTERIES

FIRST because they LAST

How to Save Battery Bother

Dry Batteries that do their work well and last long without requiring attention are important. They prevent bother.

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If you want batteries for ignition be sure to buy the ACME RAPID FIRE. It's our *special* ignition battery and is a sizzler!

For telephone and general service, including ignition, the ACME 1900 is a *strong* favorite because of its long life.

The manager of a South Dakota telephone company writes us that he has a number of ACME 1900 Batteries which have been in use more than seven years. Can you beat it?

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Write us if you can't buy ACME BATTERIES in your town

For Beauty and Quality
The Elcar at $845

THERE are few cars equally beautiful at any price, and few, if any, equally good at as low a price. We put into the ELCAR the style, class and high-grade workmanship that went into our former models selling up to and above $3,000. Our organization has had long training in the production of quality cars, and both beauty and quality are inherent in the

A Few Elcar Specifications

Wheel Base—As long as some cars selling up to $4,000 and more—115 in.

Motor—[illegible] high speed [illegible]

Fuel Supply—[illegible]

Ignition—[illegible] automatic spark advance with manual control.

Starting and Lighting—Dyneto two-unit double-bulb headlights; Willard storage battery.

Clutch—Dry multiple disk—seven plates, steel on Raybestos.

Rear Axle—Full-floating with roller bearings at each end of wheel hubs.

Differential—Spiral bevel driving gears, with roller main bearings and ball thrust bearings.

Brakes—Internal and external, two inches wide on 12-inch drums.

Three New Models at $845

Five Passenger Touring Car
Four Passenger Touring-Roadster
Two Passenger Roadster

Each model is large and roomy—some would say [illegible] ... ory service for years to come—a car that we believe to be as high in quality and as nearly mechanically perfect as any car ever offered at an approachingly low price.

Our Illustrated Catalog

will show you views of all the ELCAR models, the more important mechanical parts, and is descriptive even to the minute details of construction. We will gladly mail it to you upon request.

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Model D—5 Passenger Touring Car $845

$1460 F. o. b. Racine
7-Passenger — 48 Horsepower
127-inch Wheelbase

Mitchell SIXES

$1150 F. o. b. Racine
Mitchell Junior — a 40 h. p. Six
120-inch Wheelbase

Millions in Extras

Unique to Mitchells—Paid For by Efficiency

Go measure up what the Mitchell extras mean. There are hundreds of them—weigh their value to you.

Then remember that each represents a factory waste which John W. Bate has saved.

These extras cost us millions of dollars. They would be utterly impossible at Mitchell prices under old manufacturing methods.

It is hard to grasp, in the abstract, the value of efficiency. Here you will see the countless results embodied in a single car. Here you will find a wealth of attractions heretofore unknown. And the total will amaze you.

Go see what these Bate methods mean to you, before you decide on a car.

The Double Strength

The latest extra—first announced this year—is 100 per cent over-strength. Our former safety margins have been doubled in three years. All important parts are twice as strong as need be.

That means oversize parts made of costly steel. It requires much Chrome-Vanadium. Over 440 parts are made of toughened steel.

The difference doesn't show now. It may not show for years. But we adopted this extreme standard after 12 years of car building. So you may know you need it in a lifetime car.

Some Radical Tests

The Bate cantilever springs used now are tested for months in our factory. The tests mean more than years of road use. Yet not one Bate spring has broken.

We have used those same springs for two years now, on tens of thousands of cars, on millions of miles of road. Not a single one has broken.

For safety's sake, our steering parts are now vastly oversize, and built of Chrome-Vanadium.

Our gear teeth now are required to stand a pressure of 50,000 pounds.

As proof of endurance, two Mitchell cars have run over 200,000 miles each—full 40 years of ordinary service. Seven that we know of have averaged 175,000 miles each.

TWO SIZES

Mitchell —a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical, 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.

Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior —a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.

Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine

Also all styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also demountable tops.

The Extras You See

You see in the Mitchell 31 extra features, which nearly all cars omit. Things like a power tire pump, reversible headlights, a ball-bearing steering gear, an easy control, a dashboard engine primer. You see a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment for valuables, a tool box under hood.

These 31 extras, on this year's output, will cost about $4,000,000. Yet they form but a minor part of the Mitchell extra value.

New Luxury This Year

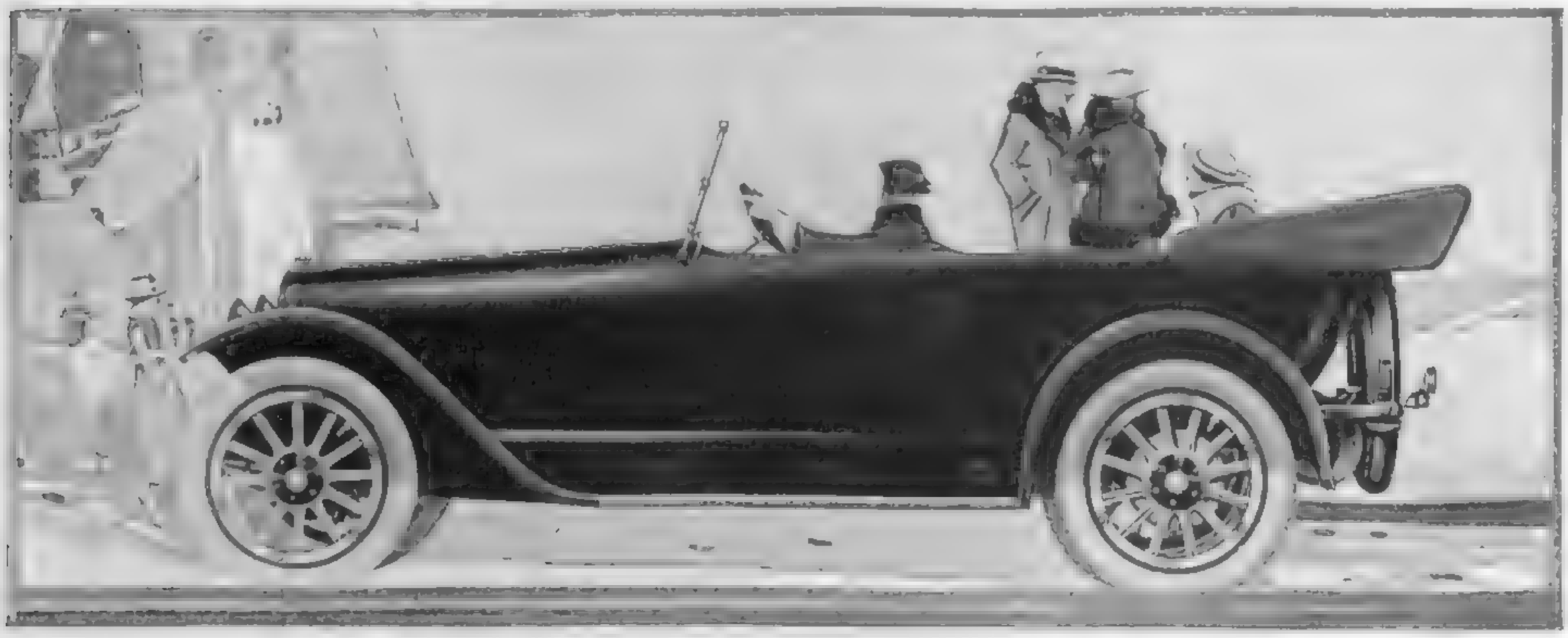
Our new body plant will this year save us a vast sum more. This all goes into extra luxury. It makes the Mitchell the handsomest car you see.

The finish coats are now fixed by heat in enormous ovens. This gives a deep, enduring lustre which almost nothing can affect.

We are using an extra-grade leather. Also new deep cushion springs which cost 50 per cent more than others. The rear seat is wider. We have added a total of 24 per cent to the cost of beauty and comfort.

This is a new, conspicuous extra. And it results directly from the savings our new body plant creates.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



31 Extra Features
24% Added Luxury
100% Over-Strength

Mitchell SIXES

Two Sizes
$1150-$1460
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A New Size—$1150

Offers You Choice of 2 Sizes and 8 Body Styles

Here is John W. Bate's idea of efficiency applied in another way.

The larger Mitchell—127-inch wheelbase is required for a roomy, 7-passenger car. And to drive it loaded, under all conditions, requires a 48-horsepower motor.

But many men want a 5-passenger car. A 120-inch wheelbase gives ample room, and a 40-horsepower motor is sufficient. That is more room and power than usual, as you know.

So we now make a Mitchell Junior. This year no one needs to pay for room or power not needed.

Both are Sixes—both typical Mitchells. Both are generous models. Both show equal over-value. And, to prove their sufficiency, 2500 Mitchell Juniors have already been driven six months.

John W. Bate Creates a New Factor

The latest Mitchell models typify a new idea in fine cars. Factory efficiency has been applied to cheap cars, and with marvelous results, as you know. Here you see it applied to quality cars, and to the very limit.

John W. Bate, the great efficiency expert, has spent years to attain this result. He has traveled widely—including a year in Europe—to gather ideas from others.

He has spent millions of dollars to build and equip this model Mitchell plant. Every machine, every operation has been adapted to build this one type economically.

He has kept on, until 98 per cent of the Mitchell car is built under his methods here. He has succeeded in cutting our factory cost in two.

He has used all these savings to make the car better and to make it a lifetime car.

Don't Overlook Them

Don't overlook these vital factors when you come to choose a car.

You will see here standards which sometimes bring $1,000 more. And they are worth whatever price they cost. But you find them here at Mitchell prices because of John W. Bate.

Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	4-Pass. Cabriolet
Roadster	Convertible Sedan
Coupé	Demountable Top
Limousine	Club Roadster

Mitchell Junior **is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.

You will find exclusive features—dozens of them—which you know a car should have. But, without factory efficiency, they would make the car cost too much.

Will you let wrong methods deprive you of them? Will you pay an extra price to get them? Or will you get them in Mitchell cars?

Demand Has Doubled

These facts will show the answer given by legions of motor car buyers.

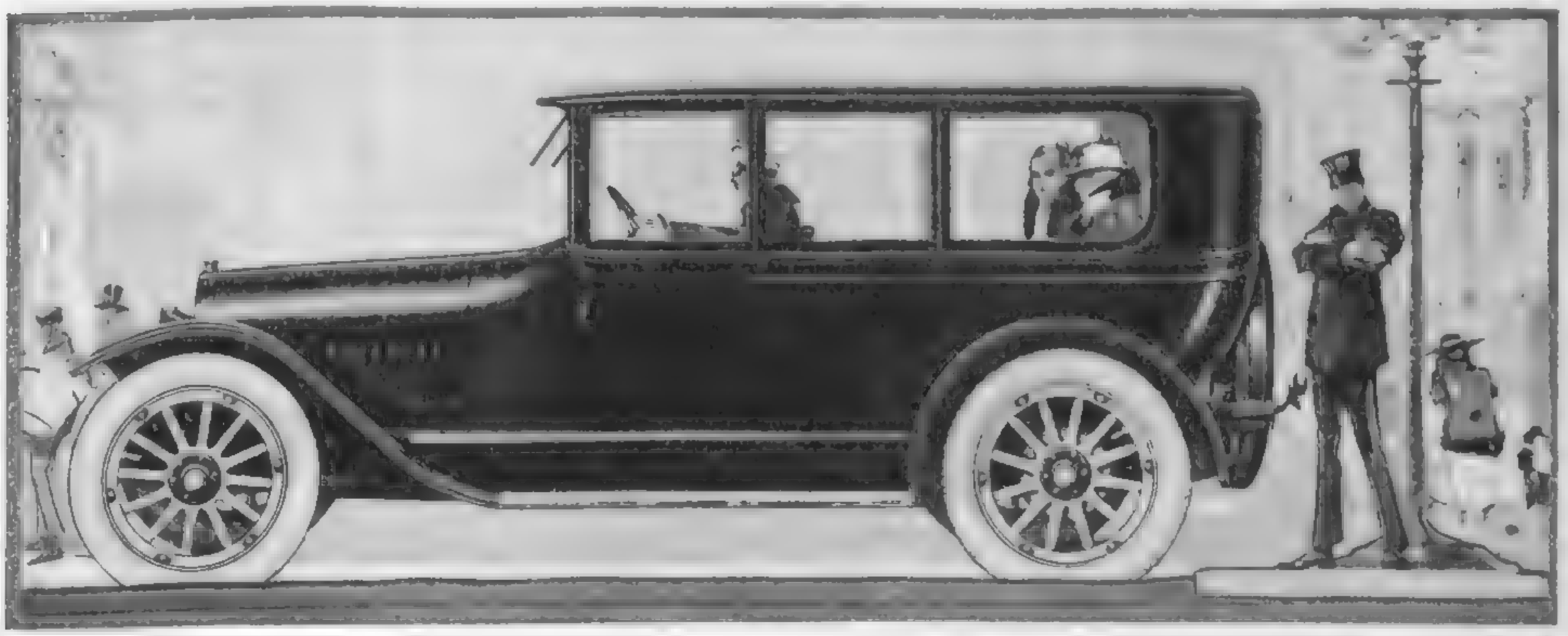
Last year—the Mitchell's 14th year—the demand for Mitchells doubled. This year we have multiplied our factory capacity by 2½ times.

The Mitchell used to be known as "The Engineers' Car," because so many great engineers bought it. It is now becoming the average man's car, because more men are finding it out.

It will be your choice for over-strength, if you consider the years to come. It will be your choice for beauty at a glance. And the extra features are things that you will want.

See them at your nearest Mitchell showroom. See them before the spring demand creates a waiting list.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



It's a pleasure to deal

when the cards can be gathered together easily, shuffled without flying out of the hands, counted readily without sticking and distributed without stretching the arms and without having the cards slip off the table onto the floor.

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

are famous for their dealing qualities. The most awkward player never has to ask someone else to deal Bicycle Cards for him. Expert players deal round after round, evening after evening, without a single misdeal. Yet they sell at a popular price thanks to a world-wide demand which reduces manufacturing cost to the minimum. Club indexes. Ivory or Air-cushion finish

Congress Cards—The de luxe brand for social play. Art backs of famous paintings in full color. Gold Edges. Air-cushion finish.

"The Official Rules of Card Games," a book of 300 games, settles every disputed point. Teaches you all the new games. 250 pages—substantially bound. Newsdealers sell it. Send 15c in stamps and you will receive it postpaid.

Address The U. S. Playing Card Co.
Dept. B 5, Cincinnati, U. S. A., or Toronto, Can.

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For whiter teeth and firm, rosy gums. Cleansing—gently and healthfully antiseptic.
Highest Award
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and pay you a good price for it. Let us tell you how hundreds of men and women earn a *dollar an hour* and how you can too. Address *The Saturday Evening Post*, 246 Independence Square, Philadelphia

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WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

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of fine bird pictured for 1917. Describes and describes; information on poultry, how hens lay, grow chicks—all facts. Low prices on stock and hatching eggs. Incubators and brooders. 15 years a Leo now. This book only 10 cts. Send today.
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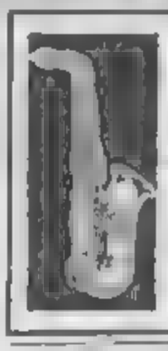

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AN exquisite instrument, perfect in tone, made by the makers of [illegible]
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30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

and freight prepaid on a new 1917 RANGER. Write at once for [illegible]
"RANGER" [illegible]
Many Attractive Improvements. [illegible]
ring out latest propositions and Factory-to-Rider prices.
Be a "Rider Agent" and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our [illegible] to introduce the new RANGER.
TIRES, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices. Write!
Ranger Electric Lighted Motorcycle
MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. N-55, Chicago

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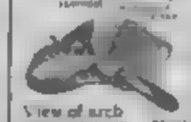

give immediate relief to tired, aching feet, rest the body and aid [illegible] more normal strength to weakened [illegible]
Write For Booklet and Free 10-day Trial Offer
View of arch with heel
Nathan Anklet Support Co., 90-B Reade St., N.Y.

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MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, oldest U.S. [illegible] having Main Office at Washington, D. C. [illegible] New York and Chicago. Est'd 1861. Best References. Trade Marks Registered. BOOKLET and Information FREE.

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What 15c Will Bring You from the Nation's Capital

[illegible] 15c [illegible] 13 [illegible] at the Nation's Center, for [illegible] Nation; a paper that prints all the news of [illegible] year. This paper fills the bill without emptying [illegible] is going on in the world, at the least expense of [illegible] which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome; briefly—here it is. Send [illegible] weeks. The 15c does not [illegible] The Intelligencer, Box 96, Washington, D. C.

CAPPY RICKS, WHEAT BARON

(Continued from Page 22)

"Publicity! We'll tell all we know to the bears. The bulls will get panicky; the bears will take heart of hope, and with Number One white Australian wheat they'll beat the brains out of the market and in all probability kick it down to $1.85, at which figure we promptly buy as much wheat as we have previously sold. Thus we cover our shorts, and the difference between $1.89¼ and $1.85, less brokerage and interest—if any will be, roughly speaking, four cents. Four cents on a quarter of a million bushels is ten thousand dollars—not a great deal, truly, in these days of swollen fortunes, but, nevertheless, a nice piece of velvet—eh, Cappy, you sporty boy?"

"It isn't so much the money we make," Cappy replied sagely. "It's the fun we have making it, my boy; the joy of putting over a winner. The instant a man begins to love money for money's sake he's a knave and a fool. Kill him! But—er—ahem—as you say, my dear young friend, ten thousand each is not to be—er—sneezed at."

"Then you're coming in on the deal?"

"I should tell a man!"

After the fashion of the West they shook hands on it and went to luncheon together at the Commercial Club.

III

DIRECTLY luncheon was over and Cappy Ricks had returned to his office, J. Augustus Redell moved into action. He called on Messrs. Ford & Carter, talked the situation over with them, and showed them where they, having the necessary tonnage in hand with which to guarantee delivery, could bring a couple of million bushels of fine Number One white Australian wheat to the Pacific Coast, cut the price a cent, and doubtless unload every kernel of it at a fair profit. There was every probability that wheat would go to two dollars. For his part in producing this profit Mr. Redell desired a commission of five per cent on all sales of wheat imported in the bottoms he had under option and which he stood ready to turn over to Ford & Carter without profit, since the owners of the vessels would pay him the customary broker's commission on the freight money earned on the voyage. Ford & Carter said they would think the matter over; so Mr. Redell tactfully withdrew, stating that he would call up the following day for an answer.

He knew Ford & Carter would promptly dispatch a long cablegram to their agent in Australia, instructing him to get a forty-eight-hour option on the wheat, with a guaranty of delivery to the vessels as they arrived from time to time. Meantime Ford & Carter would quote every milling company in the West, subject to prior acceptance and their ability to deliver Number One white Australian wheat at a price that would be of interest. If the milling companies accepted this rather nebulous quotation and telegraphed orders, and Ford & Carter's Australian agent could purchase at a satisfactory price the wheat to fill these orders, then Ford & Carter would make formal acceptance and purchase the wheat. If, on the other hand, their agent in Australia failed to get the wheat, then Ford & Carter had an "out" with the milling companies who desired to buy the wheat from them, and the entire matter was off, with Ford & Carter merely out a couple of hundred dollars in telegraph bills. That was the bet they had to make to put their fortune to the touch; and right cheerfully did they make it.

J. Augustus Redell gave them all the time he could. His forty-eight-hour options on the vessels then en route to Australia had cost him nothing; that was a courtesy which one shipowner always extends to another, free of charge, unless the vessel happens to be on demurrage at the time the option is given. When his options were within two hours of expiring he called on Ford & Carter.

"We'll take 'em all," Carter almost shouted at him. "They'll be arriving with sufficient time elapsing between arrivals to guarantee us immunity from any undue delay or embarrassment in loading them. We've bought the wheat and sold it; now give us the tonnage to freight it, Redell, and we'll all be happy, and a little richer than we were the day before yesterday."

Redell took up the telephone and called each shipowner, in turn, to inform him

(Continued on Page 70)

GTD

America Is Famous For Better Tools

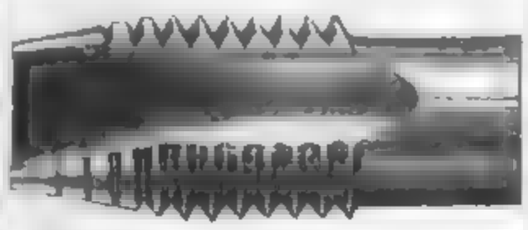
A great part of America's reputation for making superior machinery rests on American tool steels. Nowhere has tool improvement in tools has ever been made than in the design of the Gun Tap shown below. In one step the tap has been changed from a continually breaking and expensive trouble maker to an efficient modern tool.

The Gun Tap is first the tap that *wears out before it breaks.* (90% is the usually accepted figure for breakage with ordinary taps.) Then it is the easiest cutting tap, and the first type to cut correctly—with a shearing action. It cuts more accurate threads, requires less power and holds its size longer, than any other type.

Thus the Gun Tap makes possible a production greatly increased in accuracy and quantity.

For further details and reasons why, send for Bulletin on Gun Taps.

Greenfield Tap and Die Corporation
Gages-Taps-Dies
Threading Machines, Reamers, etc.
Greenfield, Massachusetts



The Gun Tap—Pat. Dec. 28, 1915
(Trade Name Registered)

AMERICA FIRST

Perfect Hearing for the DEAF

SCIENCE has found a way for you to hear—perfectly. The wonderful
Little Gem Ear Phone
doubles the joy of living. Look at it and you SEE [illegible]
[illegible] pioneers in competition with the world.
Write for booklet "Cause That Ear [illegible]
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MATTHEWS AUTOMATIC
PRIVATE LIGHTING PLANT
(Not in the world because it embodies [illegible])
[illegible] Everything of highest grade. Most [illegible]. Absolute [illegible] operation. Ideal for country homes and farms. Write for details. The Matthews Engineering Co., 1 King St., Steubenville, Ohio

It Pays to Have an Expert Repair Your Battery

By the Willard Service Station Man

It doesn't pay to repair a tire when it's given you ten to fifteen thousand miles of service—when it is rim-cut and its casing is torn to ribbons.

But when it is merely punctured it *does* pay.

And batteries are like tires—except that a good battery, well cared for, should outlast a set of tires and costs less to begin with.

Sooner or later both batteries and tires wear out and have to be replaced.

But when it's merely a matter of re-insulation or of replacing a single cell it often *is* worth while to repair a battery.

Don't, however, trust it to the judgment of a man who isn't a battery expert.

Better depend on a Willard Service Station to advise you—and also to do the work.

It's our business. We've been trained for it by Willard factory experts, and Willard Service was established to give you the fullest possible return on your investment.

And Willard Service backing up Willard quality is the reason why over a million cars have been equipped with Willard Batteries.

If I find your battery needs to be repaired, I have a rental battery for your use while yours is in the shop.

Willard Batteries are sold by Car Dealers, Garages and all Willard Service Stations and Factory Branches

Ask your Car Dealer for addresses of the 800 Willard Service Stations, or write to the Willard Storage Battery Co., Cleveland, O

Merely an Entrance or an Invitation?

There is a bright quality of radiant friendliness and cheerfulness in a freshly enameled white porch.

Think of placing your outdoor rugs and furniture in such a setting! The brightest, gayest "porch fixings" will look shabby on a painted porch that mud and weather and time have turned a dirty gray.

Enamolin will last. Wind and weather will not affect it, because Enamolin will not crack, check or peel. If it looks soiled next Spring — *scrub it* — with a good strong cleanser, just as you would your bathtub, and it will shine out in all its original whiteness.

As for the floor of the Enamolin-finished porch—there is Namlac Floor Finish — the most durable varnish you can put on a floor. It is proof against rain, snow and the tramp of muddy feet.

Enamolin and Namlac are on sale at the better paint and hardware stores. If you cannot secure them, write us.

Ask for free copy of "The White Spot" booklet.

A sample can of either Enamolin or Namlac Floor Finish sent for 10 cents.

Address Consumers' Dept.

EMIL CALMAN & CO.
100 William St., New York

EXTENDED FOLDED
Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

SALESMEN WANTED to sell Shinon Products to retailers and jobbers

Only Thing for the Den
Here's where you find all the curios and old things hung upon the walls. By using
Moore Push-Pins
and Push-less Hangers you can hang every inch of wall space with Prints, Pictures, Kicknacks of every description without defacing the walls. Moore Push-Pins 10c pkts.
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HAS HUNDREDS OF USES

Can You Read Nature's Danger Signals?
A rising temperature may be the only warning that a Doctor is needed—don't guess about anything so vitally important. Use
Tycos Fever Thermometer
Each one is individual in its manufacture and requires nearly two years for aging and completion. Insist upon the fever thermometer you buy. It's your protection. Ask your dealer. Write for booklet.
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There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST
THIS bank has depositors in all parts of the World. Our plan of Banking by Mail brings this institution right into your home—affording you Safety and 4% compound interest—yielding one-third greater income than 3%. Send today for free booklet "M."
THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO
CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 60 MILLION DOLLARS. CAPITAL & SURPLUS $7,000,000.00

Dromedary Dates
Try these dates de-luxe.
The HILLS BROTHERS Co.
Dept. K, 375 Washington St., New York

(Continued from Page 68)

that he would exercise his option on the latter's ship, and for the owner to prepare charter parties and send them up to his office for signature.

"I will have no difficulty in getting the owners to agree to an assignment of these charters to you," he advised Carter. "You and Ford are brothers in good standing, I take it. However, if they insist on doing business through me, in order that they may hold me responsible, I'll simply re-charter to you at the same rate."

"Lovely!" cried Messrs. Ford & Carter in unison.

Ten minutes later J. Augustus Redell burst into Cappy Ricks' sanctum and wakened the old gentleman from his afternoon siesta.

"The trap is set," he announced. "Come on, Cappy! We're going up to the broker's office now and give the order to sell our December wheat. I can't go alone, you know. There wouldn't be an odor of sanctity about the transaction if I did."

"We'll have Gregg & Co. attend to it for us," Cappy announced. "You remember Harry Gregg, don't you? Used to be in the steamship business years ago. Gosh, that boy knows me! He'll take a stiff finger bet from Alden P. Ricks."

Together they motored uptown to the office of Gregg & Co., where Cappy's card gained him instant admittance to the broker's private office. Redell remained in the anteroom on pretense of speaking to an acquaintance, and the instant Cappy disappeared into Gregg's office Redell stepped out into the hall, where he waited until Cappy had booked his order and came hunting for him.

"Well, I've sold my two hundred and fifty thousand bushels at a dollar-ninety," Cappy announced.

"How much margin?" Redell demanded.

"Oh, Gregg didn't sting me very hard. Ten thousand. It seemed like a good bet to him. He looks for a drop in December wheat."

"Met a pest out here and couldn't seem to get away from him," Redell explained. "Take me in and introduce me to Gregg, and I'll give him an order to sell a jag of wheat for me."

Cappy complied and Redell gave the broker his order.

"It will take about twenty-five thousand dollars to margin this trade, Mr. Redell," the latter remarked easily as he wrote out the order and handed a copy to Redell.

"Nonsense!" Cappy struck in. "Mr. Redell is one of our most delightful, trustworthy and popular young men, and to ask him for twenty-five thousand dollars to-day would prejudice his standing with his banker. I guarantee him, Harry. Treat him as you'd treat me. I guarantee him up to a hundred thousand dollars."

"Your guaranty goes with me, Mr. Ricks," Gregg answered promptly, and shoved the copy of the order he had just booked over to Cappy, together with a fountain pen. Cappy wrote: "O. K. Alden P. Ricks." Redell gave his check for ten thousand dollars margin and the deal was closed. When the scheming pair returned to Cappy's office the latter gave Redell his check for ten thousand to reimburse Redell for margining the trade, in accordance with Cappy's verbal agreement to provide the sinews of war.

"Now then, Cappy," Redell announced as he stuffed Cappy's check into his pocket, "the next move is to return to my office, close those charters with the owners and turn the ships over to Ford & Carter. That matter attended to, I shall, with eighteen charter parties in my pocket, drift casually over to the Merchants' Exchange. There I shall find the market reporters for both of our sunrise sheets; if they are not there I shall wait until they arrive. These gifted young men I shall draw to one side; to them I shall, with great gusto, relate a tale of Number One white Australian wheat, shortly to descend upon the United States of America in no less than eighteen vessels, now chartered for that purpose, with more to follow. In proof of this statement I shall exhibit the charter parties; and then ——"

"Front-page story!" Cappy declared, interrupting.

"Not yet—but soon. To get on the front page a story must be rather unusual. A perusal of our daily rags will convince the most skeptical that the sensational, the unusual, the bizarre are what appeal most to the men who make the newspapers. The unusual thing about our deal lies in the fact that this is the first time in the history of Australia or the United States that the former country has exported wheat into the latter—the first time the latter has ever had to call on an outsider for help. Then, Cappy, it will be a front-page story—and how those boys will hop to it! Why, we'll get a column about Australian wheat invading the land of the free whose rapacity threatens the very food that goes into the mouths of little children! Little children and their mouths is good stuff! I'll use that line when slipping the story to the boys. They might overlook it if I didn't. I'll remind them of the six-cent loaf of bread, the sufferings of the poor, and how far the importation of Australian wheat will go to knock the Chicago wheat barons galley-west."

"Here, here! You're too precipitate," Cappy cautioned. "Don't tip this story off to both reporters. That's coarse work. Tell it to one only. Put him under obligations to you by seeming to give him a scoop. Tell him you won't say a word to his competitor, and he'll tell his city editor the story is exclusive; then they'll be certain to play it up big."

"Cappy, you're a rock in a weary land! Who'll tip off the other reporter?"

"I will, of course. Leave it to me. A man doesn't go through the mill of Big Business without knowing the way of that singularly useful individual, the newspaper man."

Redell sat down and laughed until the tears ran down his merry countenance. Cappy thought the outlook sufficiently cheerful to warrant that laugh and suspected nothing. He even joined in the laugh.

"And to-morrow morning, when that story appears, the local brokerage firms will be calling up Ford & Carter to verify it," Redell continued presently. "Of course it will be verified; then—bingo! the story is wired on to Chicago. It busts, first, in the Wheat Pit and, second, in the afternoon editions. The bears will leap on the market and kick it to pieces; the bulls will get panic-stricken and hesitate about supporting it; all the little fellows who have been going short on December wheat will get cold feet and throw their trades overboard; and before the smoke clears away December wheat will break four or five points."

Cappy Ricks put his old arm round his young friend and gave him a paternal hug. He winked wickedly.

"My dear boy," he suggested, "suppose you and I go out and pin one on? Hey? How about you, boy? A pint of '98, in order that we may properly drink confusion to the wolf of want and damnation to dull care!"

IV

LATE that afternoon Cappy Ricks graciously summoned the Chronicle reporter to his office and told him in detail all he knew about the Australian wheat invasion.

"Of course," he added, "this may be mere street gossip; but I think there's something in it, my boy. At any rate, I thought you might care to be tipped off to the situation. It looks like a corking story to me. I suggest that you call on Ford & Carter and see what they have to say about it."

"I wonder whether the Examiner reporter has a tip on this?" the Chronicle man queried hopefully.

"Not from me. This story is for you, young man. That's why I called you down to my office."

About the same hour J. Augustus Redell might have been seen at the press table on 'Change, unfolding a similar story to the market reporter of the Examiner, who thought it was a humdinger of a story, and so declared.

"All right. Glad you think so," Mr. Redell replied, beaming upon him. "And, just to show you I'm right, I'll not breathe a word of it to the Chronicle man."

Having planted his journalistic bomb, Mr. Redell glanced at his watch. It was exactly eleven o'clock. "I still have time," he murmured, and departed immediately to the office of Gregg & Co., where he placed an order to sell for his account up to half a million bushels of December wheat, but to cease selling the instant the market hesitated to absorb it or the price broke a point. At the same moment, in another brokerage office, Cappy Ricks was issuing a similar order. Before the market closed, Cappy had succeeded in selling a hundred and eighty thousand bushels, while Redell had disposed of a hundred and thirty. Evidently the bears took it as it came, for the market closed strong at $1.89.

(Concluded on Page 72)

JORDAN

The Unusual

Distinctive and Irresistible

Ever stop to analyze the reason why people gather around some cars and pay no attention whatsoever to others?

Why don't they stare at all cars? What is it that prompts people to crowd around certain cars—to linger, stare and admire?

Its style. That's all. Clean-cut, genuine, good-looking style. Its smartness—attractiveness. That's the Jordan!

The Jordan custom style bodies are the most distinctively individual bodies in America.

The long, low, rakish, smart lines, plus the attractive mahogany maroon and Venetian green color schemes are a refreshing change.

When you drive in your Jordan you know that every pair of eyes within focus is taking a good long look at your car.

But that is not all.

Beneath the handsome Jordan body are the world's foremost motor car units.

The Jordan contains more of the complete standard specifications of the Society of Automobile Engineers than any other car made in the world today.

There's the famous Continental motor. This big, sturdy, smooth-running, quiet-as-a-mouse six-cylinder brute slides along with the ease of an eagle. It's "there" in every sense of the word.

Then there's the Bosch ignition system—Bijur two-unit starting and lighting system—Stromberg carburetor—Vanadium steel springs—Timken axles and bearings Fedders radiator—Boyce Motometer-Brown-Lipe transmission—Willard batteries—Stewart-Warner vacuum system.

All top notch first water units.

So with a chassis as sound as gold specie you can now get a distinctive and attractive style body at a very attractive price.

Whether you own one or not, the Jordan is the car you'll always admire.

The most distinctive car on the road.

The Jordan Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio

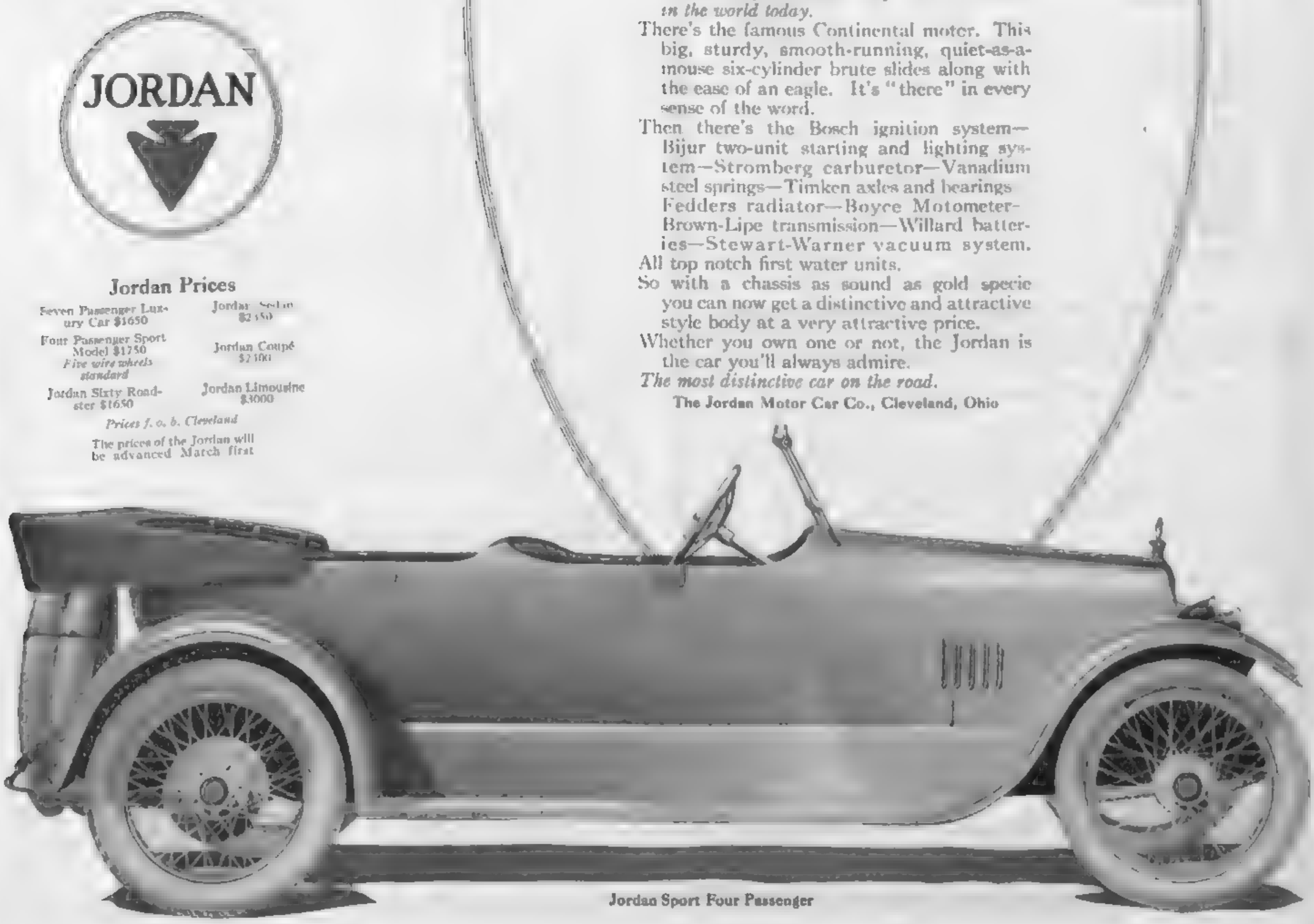
JORDAN

Jordan Prices

Seven Passenger Luxury Car $1650	Jordan Sedan $2350
Four Passenger Sport Model $1750 *Five wire wheels standard*	Jordan Coupé $2300
Jordan Sixty Roadster $1650	Jordan Limousine $3000

Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

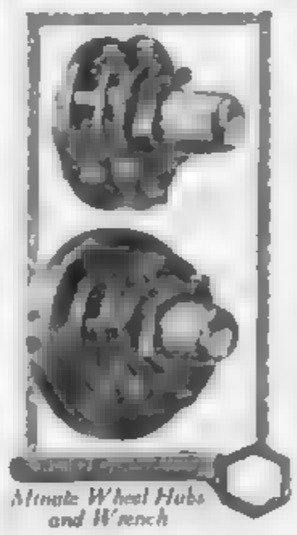
The prices of the Jordan will be advanced March first



Jordan Sport Four Passenger

THE MINUTE DEMOUNTABLE WHEEL

"One nut to unscrew, that's all you do"



Minute Wheel Hubs and Wrench

"Man alive! If you drive a Ford, get this Minute Wheel Equipment. You'll laugh at your tire troubles.

"If my tire goes flat or if I break my wheel, I can be on my way again sixty seconds after it happens. Yes, and the change is made so easily, with no soiled hands, no tugging or pulling or jarring of tire or temper."

Equipment consists of extra wheel, four strong double hubs, extra flange and wrench.

Installed in two hours. Costs only $30.00

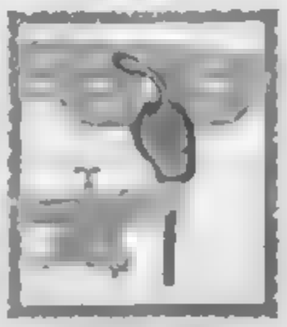
See your dealer. If he cannot supply you, write us. Ask for booklet that gives full particulars.

H-S Letts Manifold Heater

for the Ford and Chevrolet Cars *Price $6.00*

Brings the gasoline mixture up to top efficiency. Clamps in two sections on intake manifold. Gas is superheated before entering cylinders—result 20 to 40% more mileage; an even, non-skipping, cool running engine; 50% less carbon, no fouling of spark plugs.

Two years' tests have developed no failure to live up to the guarantee.



Heater in Position on Manifold

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Mention his name. We'll send you a booklet on "Mileage."

H-S Automobile Repair Parts

for the Ford and Overland Cars

are constructed with the one idea of service. Nineteen years in manufacture of motor parts enables us to know how to give this. Specify H-S Repair Parts to avoid annoying replacements.

Your dealer will be glad to install H-S parts because he knows they're best. Sold by H-S jobbers. Dealers should write for illustrated catalogue

THE HILL-SMITH METAL GOODS COMPANY

82 Brookline Avenue, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 70)

Neither Cappy nor Redell reported at his office the following day. At the hour when the market opened in Chicago both schemers appeared on the floor of the Merchants' Exchange and bent their anxious gaze upon the only blackboard on 'Change they had not heretofore honored with their scrutiny—the board in back of the Grain Pit, which carried the quotations on the Chicago Board of Trade, already beginning to come in by wire.

For an hour the trading was inactive. Then suddenly the price broke half a point as somebody tossed a lot of fifty thousand bushels on the market. Cappy and Redell each wondered whether he might not be the responsible party; and while they pondered somebody unloaded a hundred thousand bushels at $1.88. Cappy gasped as the quotations appeared on the blackboard.

"Something doing, Gus!" he whispered; Redell nodded.

And now commenced a period of wild trading. The price crept back to $1.89, only to be assaulted and beaten back to $1.87; then, fraction by fraction and point by point, the price fell; and J. Augustus Redell wagged his head approvingly.

"They have received our message," he said. "The riot is on!"

When the price had been beaten down to $1.83 Cappy turned to his associate.

"I'm through!" he said. "Time to cover my shorts." And he trotted away to a telephone booth.

As for Redell, he would not intrust his fortune to a telephonic order, but sprang into his runabout, parked at the curb outside the Exchange, and scorched uptown to Gregg & Co.'s offices, where he learned that he had sold four hundred and ten thousand bushels of December wheat. One hundred thousand had been sold at $1.90, two hundred and eighty thousand at prices varying from $1.89 to $1.88⅛, and the remainder at $1.88.

"Buy me four hundred and ten thousand bushels at the market," he ordered.

Before he left the office the sale had been confirmed and Mr. Redell's shorts had been covered at a price ranging from $1.83 to $1.83⅝, whereupon he closed out his trade and received a check for his margin and his profits. An hour later he met Cappy Ricks again on 'Change.

"Well, Cappy?" he queried.

"I cleaned up, thank you," the old gentleman informed him. "Sold, bought, and got the money. This is one time it rained duck soup and I was there with a bucket."

He prodded Mr. Redell playfully in the short ribs and the incident was closed. They had made a profit of more than twenty thousand dollars each; and when each returned to his office he forgot all about December wheat until half past five that evening, when both met on the deserted floor of the Exchange to scan the blackboard. December wheat had closed that day at $1.88!

Two days later J. Augustus Redell called Cappy Ricks on the telephone.

"That you, Cappy?"

"Yep!"

"Redell speaking. Read the story on the front page of the Chronicle this morning?"

"No; what was it?"

"The British Government has placed an embargo on the exportation of wheat from Australia; so all those eighteen charters I negotiated with Ford & Carter are knocked out."

"You don't say so!"

"Surest thing you know, Cappy."

"Well, say! That makes it hard on Ford & Carter, doesn't it? All those ships on their hands and no wheat! They'll have to hustle like the devil to dig up new business for them."

"Not at all! There's a clause in the charter parties that saves them. You know, Cappy—that line about fires, floods, strikes, lockouts, the acts of the public enemy, and other causes beyond their control. Consequently the ships are back on their owners' hands. I wish you joy of your five, Cappy."

"Well, that's all right. Considering my winnings in December wheat I won't hold it against Ford & Carter; so you needn't inject that note of malice into your conversation. Those boys are stuck hard enough as it is, I dare say. They've contracted to deliver a lot of Australian wheat to various milling companies; they can't do it, and I'll bet they'll be sued out of house and home for breach of contract."

"Oh, no, they won't! They hedged on their quotations when making them; all those telegraphic orders were placed with Ford & Carter subject to Ford & Carter's ability to make delivery and to prior sale. Before Ford & Carter could make them firm orders and get in over their heads, I tipped them off to the possibility of this government embargo."

"You tipped them off! How did you know the British Government was going to clap an embargo on Australian wheat?"

"Why, I didn't know," Redell confessed. "I just guessed it would; so I advised Ford & Carter to lay low a day or two and await developments. Said developments appear to have arrived according to schedule, so everybody's happy. I have even reimbursed Ford & Carter to the extent of a two-hundred-and-eighty-five-dollar telegraph bill they incurred. You see, Cappy, I gave them the wrong steer, and I knew it was wrong when I gave it to them; consequently my conscience wouldn't let me rest until I'd squared myself."

"You in-fer-nal scoundrel! Well, you didn't give me the wrong steer; and I'm surprised at that. For once in your life you're on the level."

"Don't cheer until you're out of the woods. Do you remember that German steamer, the Valkyrie, that you skinned me out of last year?"

"Yes."

"And do you remember how you used to send me statements of her earnings and write me ironical letters about the Irish dividends I was getting from her?"

"Yes-s-s, I remember."

"And do you remember how, when I tried to get even on you by inducing you to short the lath market, in order that I might sting you for about ten thousand dollars while I made twenty, you outgeneraled me and made a star-spangled monkey of me?"

"Ah!" Cappy chuckled; "you bet I remember that! Maybe after a while, my dear young friend, you'll get enough of this funny business and lay off on the old man."

"I'm off you now. I've had enough of you, Cappy Ricks. I've made fifty thousand dollars off you in the past week; and that satisfies me."

"Gus, don't lie to me! You didn't make a cent more than I did—and I made a trifle more than twenty-four thousand dollars."

"Is that so? Well, listen to me tell it: When you and I cashed in that day our deal was closed, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"And I'd played fair with you?"

"You certainly did, Gus."

"Then I was freed from any further obligations to take you into partnership with me, was I not?"

"That's how I figure it, my boy."

"That's how I figured it also, Cappy. Consequently, being morally certain that the British Government would place an embargo on the exportation of Australian wheat—Cappy, you must admit that the British Government would have been absolutely crazy if it didn't—I just called on Gregg & Co. and bought another half million bushels of December wheat at $1.83 to $1.84 a bushel. Then I sat tight and waited for that embargo story to break. Cappy, do you know that story just raised hell on the Chicago Pit to-day? The bears were caught napping; and the bulls got busy and kicked the price up to $1.90 again, at which figure I unloaded and took my profit."

"You amazing rascal! Why didn't you tip your partner off to that deal?"

"We were no longer partners. You admitted that a moment ago. When I first outlined this scheme I didn't have a dollar to spare with which I could speculate. Every last buffalo nickel was tied up in the business of the West Coast Trading Company. So I schemed to take you in as a partner on one-half of the deal; and you not only financed me but guaranteed me to the broker! Your introduction was all I wanted. After that my credit was as good as December wheat; in consequence of which, without a cent invested, I was actually enabled to carry a trade for half a million bushels! Much obliged to you, Cappy. You're a fine old sport, and I like you—particularly now that I've collected those long-deferred Irish dividends! I wouldn't be surprised if you laid off on me after this—eh, Cappy?"

"Gus," said Cappy Ricks, "one of these days the Democratic party is going to wake up and discover that America isn't where they left it the night before! And when that happens they're going to ask you about it, you—you—infer-nal ——"

The phone clicked. J. Augustus Redell had hung up.

"Drat it! —— God bless him!" murmured Cappy Ricks—and hung up too.

Yes, a Monopoly
IN HUDSON SUPER-SIX
But Note How We Employ It

It is true, as some say, that the Super-Six motor constitutes a Hudson monopoly. We control it by basic patents. One must buy a Hudson to get it. But note how far the Super-Six undersells many cars which it out-performs.

We must expect that every possible argument will be used against the Super-Six.

The arguments used a year ago have all been disproved and abandoned. Over 28,000 Super-Six owners have proved every suspicion baseless.

Now some say, "We also have an improved Six." Some argue Eights and Twelves. And some reflect on the Super-Six monopoly.

Mark the Hudson Value

But remember that Hudson has won by performance the pinnacle place in Motordom.

The Super-Six motor has added 80 per cent to the car's efficiency.

It has proved an endurance which is yet beyond measure—probably a doubled endurance.

Against all other types, however costly, it has won all the worth-while stock-car records.

And a year has been spent to make this car, in every detail, worthy of its front-rank place.

Yet note now many rivals—all without the Super-Six motor—sell above the Hudson price. Every buyer of the Hudson Super-Six gets a value of performance which can't be matched.

Why Another Type?

Then why consider another type of motor in buying a high-grade car?

Not because of performance. The records of the Super-Six prove it supreme in that.

Not because of endurance. The Super-Six excelled—as high as 52 per cent—in the feats which prove that.

Not because of smoothness. The whole Super-Six supremacy comes through minimized vibration.

Not because of anything. If any other motor type were better, don't you know that Hudson would adopt it? Rival types are not controlled by patents.

The Friction Question

The only question is, What motor best reduces friction? For that is the aim of all.

It is motor friction that wastes power, that limits performance and that causes wear.

Friction was the limitation of the old-type Six. Friction caused the trend toward Eights and Twelves. And the solution of this problem is what stopped that trend. The Super-Six invention, by reducing friction almost to nil, gave the crown to a new-type Six.

It isn't speed, or power, or hill-climbing ability which makes the Super-Six supreme. It is endurance, due to lack of friction. That is what won those records. If that is important the Super-Six is important.

A New Gasoline Saver

The latest Hudsons have a new gasoline saver which adds greatly to their economy. They have bodies which show our final attainment in beauty, finish and luxury.

To own a Hudson Super-Six means to rule the road. And this car, in any crowd, looks the monarch that it is.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car	$2925
Roadster, 2-passenger	1650	Limousine	2925	Town Car Landaulet	3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1950	*Prices f. o. b. Detroit*		Limousine Landaulet	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

YOU and *Everyone* Would Eat Peanut Butter if it were *ALL* made like Beech-Nut

WE firmly believe that if all peanut butter were made in the Beech-Nut way, far more people would be users of peanut butter today. Because more people would realize what a finely flavored food peanut butter is; how nourishing; how handy.

"What are the reasons why the flavor of the Beech-Nut Brand is different from that of any other?"

Reason No. 1: Only No. 1 quality (choicest grown) peanuts used. This quality commands the highest price. Peanuts that cost one-third less would make a fair peanut butter. But they could not make *Beech-Nut* Peanut Butter.

Reason No. 2: The flavor is *blended*. Rich Spanish peanuts and flavorous Virginia peanuts are combined in just the right proportion to give perfect peanut taste plus richness of flavor.

Reason No. 3: Uniform roasting. Correct roasting is determined solely by *color*. We roast our peanuts under great North skylights, so that the roasting expert has an unvarying light by which to see just when the nuts have reached the right light brown color.

Reason No. 4: Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is absolutely *free from grit*. We have devised ingenious processes that remove all skins, defective kernels, the little bitter "hearts" and grit.

Reason No. 5: Uniform crushing and seasoning. Remarkable machines crush the nuts and salt them evenly at the same time.

Reason No. 6: Careful packing. The finished butter pours directly into the jars, filling from the bottom first, to exclude air. Careful vacuum-sealing completes the process. This is why Beech-Nut Peanut Butter always comes to you pure and sweet—*never rancid.*

Thus you see that the making of fine peanut butter is not a simple process, and that to obtain delicious flavor and goodness, *infinite* pains must be taken.

Mothers: Children love Beech-Nut Peanut Butter dearly. Give them all they want, for a sandwich of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter contains all the Strength, Heat and Energy that a glass of rich milk does.

Don't forget that grown-ups like it too. Have Beech-Nut Peanut Butter on the table at every meal. Spread it on crackers, bread, toast—it is fine on salmes. Order a jar today.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Ask Your Grocer about the Superior Quality of

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

FELIX

(Continued from Page 11)

"No one has accused you of stealing a dog, Monsieur De Brancheville."

"Then what in heaven's name am I here for?" he demanded.

"Monsieur De Brancheville," said Le Febre, "let us make this interview as little unpleasant as need be. I assure you that this kind of thing is wholly useless. You are a gentleman. I should prefer to talk to you as one."

"As a gentleman," said De Brancheville testily, "I assure you that if my arrest is not over the matter of a dog I have no idea what it is for. If you will be good enough to tell me, in spite of your conviction that I already know, we shall get on faster."

"But for what purpose?"

"Merely to oblige me, if no other reason occurs to you."

"Very well," said Le Febre indulgently, "we will play the comedy out. I have, therefore, to inform you, Monsieur De Brancheville, that a certain quantity of radium, duly tested and certified, was delivered on Monday to Professor Rochefort, director of the government laboratory, by one George De Brancheville, and payment made therefor by the French Government to the amount of one and a half million francs."

He paused and De Brancheville looked at him in perplexity.

"Owing to the circumstance that the laboratory staff was engaged upon work of an urgent nature," he continued, "this radium was at once placed in the vault. The combination of this vault is known only to Professor Rochefort and to his assistant, Monsieur Claude Dubois. So far as is known, the vault was not opened again until this morning, when the leaden containers were removed, examined and found to contain particles of zinc instead of radium. Now Professor Rochefort is positive that he received the radium from Monsieur De Brancheville. He is equally positive that neither he nor Monsieur Dubois effected the substitution. Monsieur Dubois, it appears, was so much affected by the responsibility of knowing the combination of the safe that both evenings, upon leaving the laboratory, he insisted upon being searched.

"Under these circumstances you will see that it was necessary for the police to consider all possibilities. One of these possibilities was that, by some means known only to himself, the person ostensibly delivering the radium to Professor Rochefort, in fact delivered containers filled with crumbs of base metal. It is my desire to find out how this substitution was effected, and that I may state is the reason for this interview."

"But this is outrageous!" cried De Brancheville. "Without a scrap of proof, you charge me with a crime and bring me here to be insulted!"

Le Febre gazed at him over his spectacles and drummed thoughtfully on the desk with an ivory paper knife.

"Is it possible, Monsieur De Brancheville, that you do not yet know that the radium has been discovered in your apartment at your hotel?"

De Brancheville sat speechless, staring at the speaker.

"Discovered in my apartments?" he said at last. "Is this some practical joke or am I crazy?"

Le Febre shrugged his shoulders. From a drawer he took four small leaden boxes, each about an inch long by three quarters wide, and laid them on the desk.

"There is, of course, the possibility," he said, weighing his words with a shade of irony, "that this is not the stolen radium. Would you care to examine it?"

De Brancheville opened one of the boxes and dumped a flake of metallic substance on the table. He looked at Le Febre in stupefaction. He examined the contents of the other three containers.

"This is the radium I sold the laboratory," he said. "There are no pieces of equal size in Europe. The containers are too light for such large quantities," he added irrelevantly.

"Then you identify the radium, but not the containers?"

De Brancheville nodded.

Le Febre remained in thought for some moments, then took from the drawer a crumpled sheet of white tissue paper and ten inches of narrow blue ribbon.

De Brancheville started. The paper and ribbon were similar to the paper and ribbon that had wrapped the dog collar. He saw, with the eye of his mind, the four leaden boxes, piled two on two, making the cubical package which the clerk had described. If it had not come with the collar, where had it come from? If Primavera had sent it, how had she obtained it? What was her motive in sending it? What did it all mean?

"I see the wrappings of this little package interest you," observed Le Febre.

De Brancheville made no reply.

"You have nothing to volunteer?"

De Brancheville shook his head.

"Well," continued the police official patiently, "let us suppose that this package was conveyed to your apartment, while you were absent, and recovered by our agents before your return. Suppose also that you had never laid eyes on the package, thus wrapped and tied. What, therefore, is the association of the ribbon and tissue paper which so obviously interest you?"

"I must decline to answer that," said De Brancheville.

"It is natural," said Le Febre, "and yet I advise you to answer."

"You have my answer," said De Brancheville.

"Monsieur De Brancheville," said Le Febre, "the evidence against you is complete. Most police officials would consider the case closed. Curiosity, however, is a weakness of mine. I am more interested in the details of a crime than in making a record for convictions. Now I know that this package was sent to you by a woman, for the reason that the bow in which the ribbon was tied could only have been tied by a woman. It is creditable to you that you should refuse to disclose her name, but your refusal can, at most, but delay the discovery of her identity. Why not be frank with me? If she has acted innocently, as I think is not improbable, you have my word that she will not be drawn into the case."

De Brancheville was silent, turning the matter over in his mind. Finally he said:

"Monsieur Le Febre, because I am convinced that whatever part the woman in question may have played in this strange transaction is unquestionably an innocent one, and because apparently the one chance of getting at the truth of the matter depends upon your assistance, I will tell you all I know of the affair, though that is indeed little."

"Who then is the lady?" asked Le Febre.

"Her name I cannot tell you," said De Brancheville.

"But that is the point of my question."

"For the reason," De Brancheville continued "that I do not know it."

Le Febre shot a surprised look at him.

"Proceed, Monsieur De Brancheville," he said in even tones.

"About eleven o'clock this morning," began De Brancheville, "I was walking through one of the short streets that runs into the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, not far from the Avenue Hoche, when my attention was attracted by an automobile running over a dog. The car stopped and a woman, perhaps thirty-five but younger in appearance, sprang out. I ran to her assistance and immediately perceived that she took me to be the owner of the dog. It is enough to say that I did not undeceive her."

Le Febre smiled.

"It is conceivable," he said, "that a man should practice such a deception."

"This lady," continued De Brancheville, "was on the way to the banking house of Carruthers & Grimshaw, and it was suggested that, before taking me to my hotel, she keep her appointment. I thereupon got into her car with the dog."

"I see," said Le Febre.

De Brancheville then went on with his narrative, describing his interview with Carruthers, the invitation to visit the dog, the departure of the automobile without an address being given, his efforts to find Carruthers, the discovery of the advertisement, the arrival of the collar wrapped in white tissue and tied with ribbon, and finally the return of the substituted Airedale.

"I was on the point of telephoning for Carruthers' address in London," he concluded, "when I was arrested and brought here."

Le Febre remained in thought, tapping softly, with the paper cutter, upon the desk.

"Well Monsieur De Brancheville," he said at last, "your story compares in probability with the history of the fisherman

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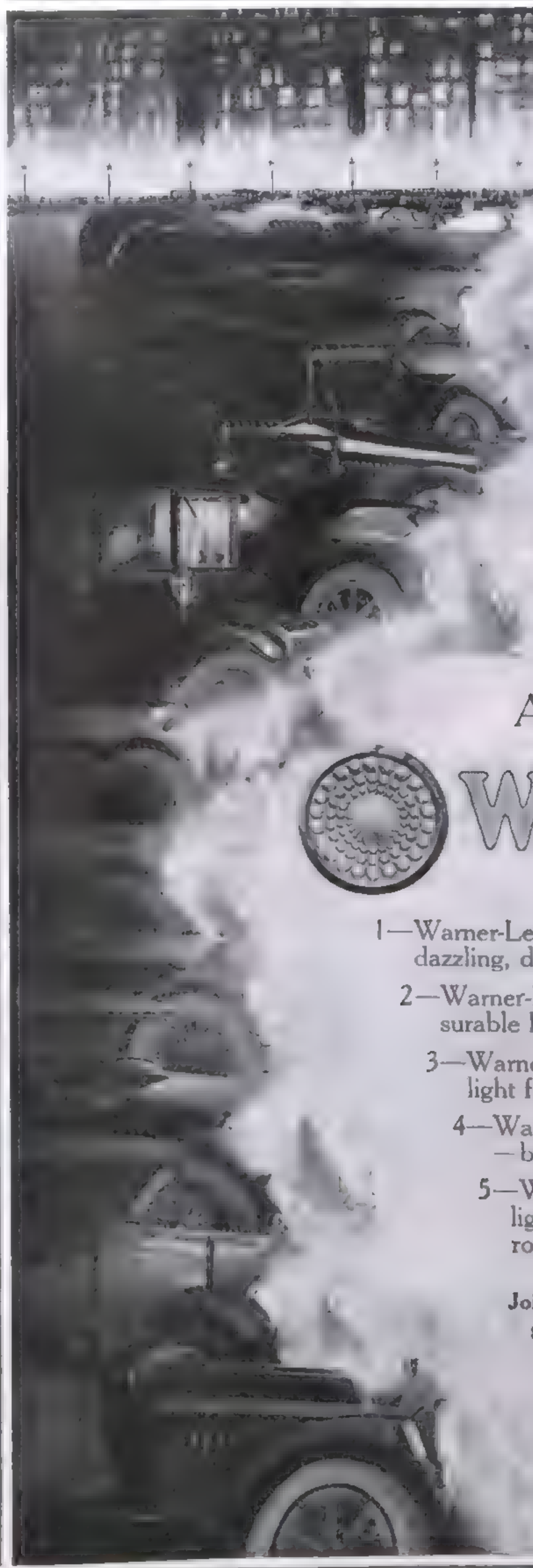

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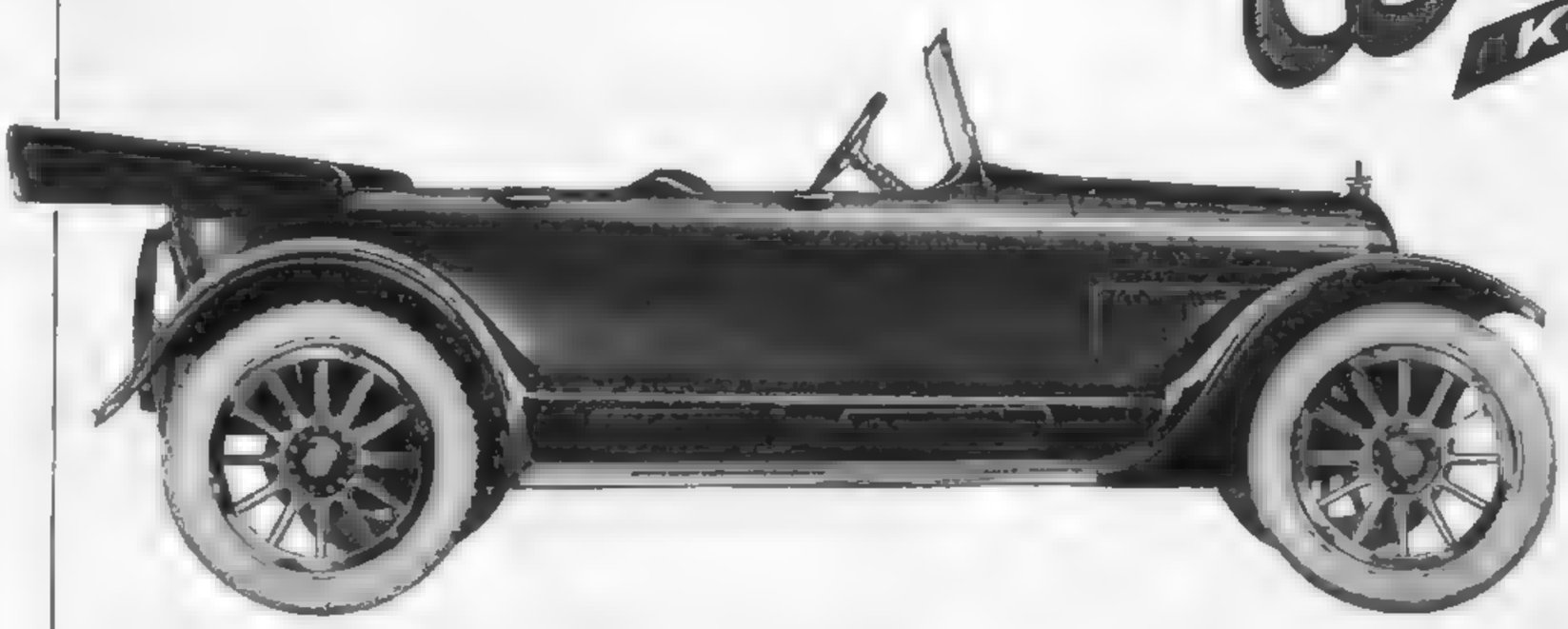

Willys Knight

Concerning—

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To you—to every experienced motorist, carbon means lessening power, increasing fuel consumption, engine "knock," valve grinding, cylinder cleaning and recurring loss of the use of your car.

It is the conspicuous enemy to the joy of motoring.

Carbon accumulates in the cylinders of the Willys-Knight Motor as it does in other types of motors—but in lesser degree—and with exactly *opposite* results.

The sleeve-valve construction of the Willys-Knight motor enables it to make *beneficial use of carbon.*

As carbon accumulates on the metal surface of these sleeves, it is evenly distributed by their sliding action, and becomes a polished smooth-as-glass coating,—smoother than it is mechanically possible to polish any metal

Instead of unseating the valves, carbon seals the fit of the sleeve-valves of the Willys-Knight Motor.

And the result is *a gain in compression and power* for the Willys-Knight Motor instead of a loss—*increasing quietness, smoothness, flexibility and fuel economy* instead of a decrease.

Carbon is in this manner the reconstructing life which builds up and sustains the efficiency of the Willys-Knight Motor.

So instead of deteriorating, the Willys-Knight Motor *improves with use* and instead of succumbing to carbon troubles it *thrives on carbon benefits.*

This is one of the many reasons why the Knight motor has been standardized for the steady hard usage of the London Omnibuses and the Fifth Avenue Buses in New York.

This is one of the many reasons why the Knight motor is used by the leading manufacturers of Europe.—Daimler of England, Panhard of France, Minerva of Belgium, Mercedes of Germany and nineteen other European producers.

This one of the many reasons why twelve thousand discriminating American buyers purchased Willys-Knight Motor Cars during 1916 and drive them with steadily increasing respect.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

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Eight Seven Passenger Touring 125-inch Wheelbase $1950

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f. o. b. Toledo

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"I'M just one of the millions who have used that easy, remarkably simple, and painless remover of corns and calluses, 'Gets-It.' I don't have to 'putter' with my corns any more and make them sore. I just put 2 or 3 drops of 'Gets-It' on. It takes only a few seconds, and it dries immediately."

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It's a pleasure to use "Gets-It"—there's no work, discomfort or pain in it. Just notice how that corn or callus loosens right off from your toe, so you can next peel it off with your fingers! "Gets-It" "gets" the corn only, not the surrounding flesh. It will make it unnecessary to cut, or dig at, a corn to remove any part of it. Try "Gets-It" tonight, surprise yourself and lose a corn.

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RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 74)

and the ring in the Arabian Nights. But perhaps the most extraordinary thing relating to it is the fact that I am inclined to believe it."

De Brancheville rose impulsively, but Le Febre restrained him with a gesture.

"Slowly," he said; "my belief is my personal conviction; that is all. The evidence against you, as I have said, is complete. Men are guillotined every week on less. As the case stands, you face twenty years in the galleys. I have no right to release you. But I am warranted in experimenting to this extent. I will give you twenty-four hours to discover the identity of the lady and report to me where she obtained these four containers. It would not be difficult," he added, "to make the investigation myself, but I have my own reasons for doing otherwise. Even a police official has his whims."

Their eyes met and De Brancheville thought the shadow of a smile lurked in the police official's.

"However," he added, "you understand that you will be under surveillance and that it will be impossible for you to leave Paris." He touched a bell and an attendant appeared. "Show Monsieur De Brancheville to the street," he said.

Two minutes later De Brancheville hailed a taxi and drove to his hotel. Entering his rooms he took off his hat, mopped his forehead and rang for a brandy and soda. Presently he felt better and telephoned Carruthers' house. He learned that Carruthers had left no London address, but was to wire after he arrived. Thereupon De Brancheville went to bed.

III

AT TEN o'clock the next morning no word had come from Carruthers. De Brancheville then drove to the bank and asked for Grimshaw, the junior partner. It would entail an embarrassing explanation, as he did not know Grimshaw, but there was no time to be squeamish. Grimshaw, however, was engaged in an important conference and could not tell when he would be at liberty.

De Brancheville started back to the hotel on foot. The cards were running against him, and there was nothing to do but wait. Suddenly he remembered his promise to visit Raoul's fiancée at eleven. He took the note of introduction from his pocket. It was addressed to Mademoiselle Ann Pendleton. The envelope was unsealed and he read the contents. It said:

Dear Ann: This is Raoul's cousin, George De Brancheville, who wants to talk to you. He is very amiable. Be good to him! I am explaining to your mother about his coming.

De Brancheville called a taxi, gave the street number to the driver and got in. The taxi stopped before an unusual looking house, the frontage of which was extended by a high wall, indicating a courtyard. As he rang the bell he saw a man on a bicycle slow down, half a block beyond, and turn back. He had noticed the same man passing Carruthers' bank.

Obviously Le Febre was keeping track of his movements.

A footman opened the door, ushered him into a small reception room and took the letter of introduction. In a few moments he reappeared, led him through a passage opening upon the court, across this and through a wicket gate, into a garden. His first glimpse took his breath away. There was a mimic winding lake, along the grassy margin of which clumps of tulips and narcissi bloomed. On a miniature island a great willow trailed its festoons of new green. In one corner the ground rose and became a little hill, surmounted by a temple masked in cedars; in the other an ancient apple tree, a mass of bloom, towered above the shrubbery. The air was sweet; the sound of bees mingled with the play of an unseen fountain. He seemed to have stepped into an enchanted paradise. He thought of Le Febre's allusion to the Arabian Nights.

His guide led him down a winding path in the direction of the apple tree. A dozen paces and they entered a little formal garden fenced with high cedars. At the farther gateway the footman stood aside. De Brancheville had a view of green grass, a glimpse of water where the lake ended, and then, on a marble bench, the drifting apple bloom about her, an Airedale at her feet, sat Primavera. His heart stopped beating. This was Raoul's fiancée. This was the end of it all.

The cake of Pears' Soap you'll buy next February is aging now for you.

Hurry and rush never spell perfection. Pears' could not be the Perfect Toilet Soap were it made and handled like ordinary soaps.

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Pears' (unscented) is 15c a cake; box of one dozen, $1.50. Its only odor is the refreshing fragrance of the choice oils from which it is made.

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If you wish to test Pears' for little expense, Walter Janvier, 419 Canal Street, New York, (Pears' United States Agent) will send you a trial cake of the unscented for 4c in stamps.

What's leaking?

There is a big *invisible* leak

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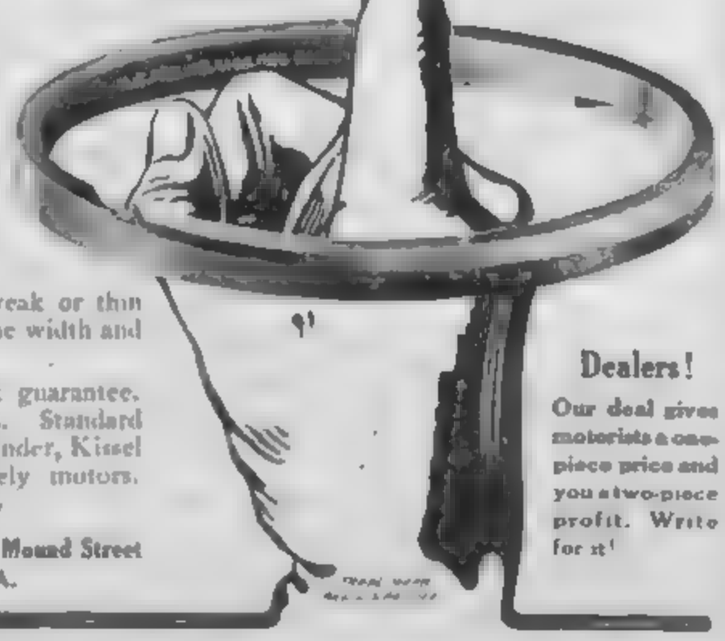
1 PIECE PISTON RING



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Inlands for your motor will cost only a few dollars; and give you an astounding increase in power and mileage per gallon of fuel.

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Write for booklet!

Inland Machine Works, 813 Mound Street St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Dealers!

Our deal gives motorists a one-piece price and you a two-piece profit. Write for it!

Her eyes danced as she saw him. She rose and held out her hand.

He bowed and took it.

"Is anything the matter?" she demanded. "You look as if someone were dead."

"It's a bit of a surprise," he said.

She burst into a peal of laughter.

"Do you mean you didn't know?" she cried. "You didn't find out from Carruthers?"

He shook his head.

She laughed again.

"Then I can understand. When I read your name on your walking stick I was dumfounded myself. You see Raoul and your aunt had talked about you, and I knew they hadn't an idea you were in Paris. I wanted to surprise them, get them here to meet you or something; but when you went into the bank for me I thought, of course, you'd find out. I want to thank you again for what you did," she added; "I didn't realize at the time all it meant!"

"Please ——" he protested. He stood gazing at her dumbly.

"You are a strange man!" she exclaimed. "Aren't you glad to see me again, to see Felix? Aren't you excited over it all? To think it was your dog I ran over!"

"To tell the truth," he answered, "my capacity for excitements is giving out. Just at present I'm out on bail, preliminary to spending twenty years in jail."

"Jail?" she replied. She looked at him skeptically.

"It's the truth," he laughed mirthlessly. "What is going to happen to me depends a good deal on you."

"On me?"

He nodded.

"What I want to know is where you got the four leaden boxes that you sent me with the dog collar."

"Why, those," she said, "were in Felix's collar. You know the four little pockets in the heavy leather. Julie, my maid, took them out herself and wrapped them up separately."

De Brancheville exclaimed softly.

"Was anything in them that has been lost?" she asked.

"Those little boxes," he said, "happened to contain the radium which I sold the French Government two days ago, and which was subsequently stolen. As the police found them in my rooms the consequences have been embarrassing."

She looked at him blankly.

"But how did they get in the collar of your dog?" she demanded.

"It isn't my dog," he answered dryly.

"Not your dog!" she gasped. "But why did you say it was?" Suddenly she stopped and dropped her eyes. He saw the color deepen in her temples.

"My dear Miss Pendleton," he said, "we must remember that I am here on an embassy. Raoul's mother must have written your mother."

She began to laugh.

"Ann hasn't come in yet," she answered. "I am Miss Pendleton's mother."

It was De Brancheville's turn to gasp. But even gasping was beyond him. He gazed at her speechless. Hundreds of years seemed to fall from his shoulders. As his emotions registered—as they say in films—she blushed furiously and bent down over the dog.

"Well," he said at last, "I can only say ——"

His sentence was never finished, for a man servant appeared with a silver tray, on which lay a letter.

"For Monsieur De Brancheville," said the man.

De Brancheville took the letter wonderingly and the man departed.

"Who can be writing me here?" he said. "No one knows I am here."

She made no answer, but glanced up at him from her defenses.

He tore open the envelope and looked at the signature.

"Ah! it is from Le Febre, my jailer. May I read it?"

"Of course."

"'I am sending you the final chapter,'" he read aloud. "'It appears that the person who advertised the lost dog, upon recovering his property at the newspaper office, insisted that certain objects had been removed from the collar. I daresay by this time you have ascertained who it was that removed them. As it was known that Monsieur Dubois had been accompanied to the laboratory, on the days in question, by an Airedale terrier, it was not difficult to obtain his admission that he had employed the dog to convey the radium out of the building.'"

"Then it's all right," she exclaimed. "You knew, of course, it would be. But tell me what happened! How did you send his dog back when Felix was here?"

He told her.

"Really," she said, "for a grown man to - "

"There's more to the letter," he suggested. "Do you want to hear it?"

She nodded.

He read on:

"'Permit an unromantic police official to express his congratulations and the wish that the considerations which prompted Monsieur De Brancheville to steal will be found to justify his crime. Unofficially I advise you to present the stolen dog to madame.'"

As he finished, she was bending even closer to Felix. For a time neither spoke. De Brancheville broke the silence.

"I have revised my ideas about the mirage," he said. "It does come true. The only question is ——"

She lifted her head and met his eyes unflinchingly

"Think," she said; "I have a daughter seventeen."

"What has that to do with it?" he demanded.

She looked away in silence for a time. Then she faced him and seemed about to speak, when voices were heard beyond the cedars.

"It is your aunt," she said, "and your grandfather."

She rose hastily and glided through the gateway to meet them.

"We came," De Brancheville heard his aunt say, "to tell you that the young people have composed their differences. I don't suppose George De Brancheville has put in an appearance?"

"Monsieur De Brancheville is already here," Vera answered.

"I see him," cried the old man; "he is there underneath the apple tree. Come forth, villain!" he called.

De Brancheville went through the little gateway and stood beside Vera.

Madame De Courville-Rochers raised her lorgnette and glanced sharply from one to the other.

"Papa," she said, "I should judge that we were interrupting. I thought you two were strangers?"

"Hardly that," said Vera; "we met yesterday morning."

"He never mentioned it yesterday afternoon. Did Raoul bring him here?"

"Not Raoul—it was through Felix ——"

"Felix?" she repeated questioningly, at the same time searching her memory for the bearer of the name.

There was no answer to her question, for the duke, a spry excitable little old man, suddenly shouted:

"They are blushing! Even George is blushing! *Ma foi*, but they are making game of us!"

"Behave yourself, grandpapa!" said De Brancheville.

"Embrace me," cried the old man. He clasped his grandson, kissed him on both cheeks and whispered, "But how did you know I had selected her?" Receiving no answer he turned to Vera. "My dear," he said, "with much greater pleasure I embrace you. If I were young again there would be no George! As it is ——" He shrugged his shoulders. He was turning away when he stopped. "You are all dining with me to-night. Remember there shall be veal for the prodigal and roses for the fair."

"You ridiculous grandfather!" said De Brancheville.

"Not a word from you, sir!" answered grandpapa. "And now, Suzette, I must take you away." Seizing Madame De Courville-Rochers by the hand, he proceeded to do so.

"Well," said De Brancheville when they were alone, "they seem to have arranged it."

"There is Felix trying to walk on three legs!" she answered and, smiling back at him, ran through the opening in the cedars toward the apple tree.

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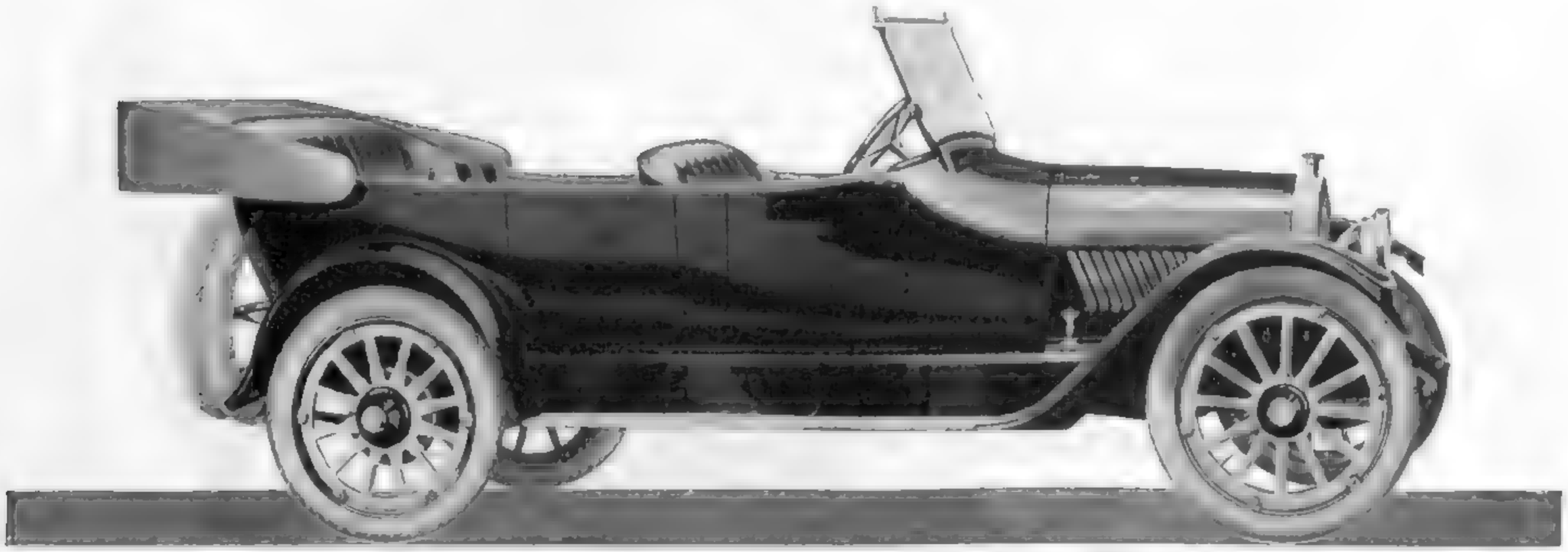

BORROWING FROM YOUR UNCLE

(Continued from Page 19)

the day on which he appeared before the Federal Farm Loan Board, at Topeka, he was elected president of the American Bankers' Association, a position which he now holds. If he stood alone in his opinion of the facility which long-time, amortized first mortgages will offer to men who cannot pay half the value of the farms they desire to buy, the mere fact that he is a prominent banker would not prove the case; but he agrees with most bankers who have studied the matter.

Mr. Gordon Jones, of Denver, an authority on both rural credits and banking, states in a little booklet issued by him that, in his opinion, perhaps the most noteworthy effect of the Federal Farm Loan Act will be to enable tenants to buy farms under the method outlined. Bankers from Central Kansas testified that fifty per cent of the tenants in their neighborhood will buy farms on this plan with the proceeds of their dollar-and-seventy-five-cent wheat this year.

The same state of things was testified to in the South as a result of eighteen-cent cotton. Corn Belt tenants do business on rather a large scale and, as a rule, possess resources sufficient to enable them to use this plan in purchasing farms if they remove to regions where the price of land is a little lower—if they can have some security against the overvaluation of the land in the new country. The valuations of the Federal Land Banks will give them a safer estimate of land values everywhere than they now possess; and will save them from some, at least, of the traps and pitfalls set for them by real-estate enthusiasts—not to use stronger words.

In Baltimore there came to our hearing a gentleman who seemed greatly interested in the new system. A member of the Board asked him, after the hearing, whether he felt repaid for his attendance.

"I surely do," he replied. "I see how it will help me out. I have three thousand acres in farms on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. It is beginning to show signs of decreasing fertility under the tenant system in vogue; and I can see in the future nothing but poorer farms, poorer tenants and finally a poorer landlord. I am especially interested in the landlord's end of it; though, as a good citizen, I hope I am not entirely oblivious of the desirability of maintaining the fertility of the lands of the nation, or to the welfare of the tenants. What is it the poet says?

"But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

"All right; I'm not going to destroy 'em any more. I shall go home and prepare to sell my lands. I can within a year or two find thirty farm tenants who are the right sort of men; and, having organized a National Farm Loan Association, I shall deed my plantation away in thirty tracts, take that half of their value which my purchasers may get under the Federal Farm Loan Act, take also anything they can pay me without sacrificing their equipment, and second mortgages for the balance at six per cent."

What Land Owners Must Do

"I shall insist that they all take out forty-year mortgages ahead of me, and I shall not worry as to their digging out. They will dig out in a few years if they have good luck; and if any of them fall down it won't hurt me much. I shall have plenty of time before the first mortgage falls due in which to find other purchasers."

This man is a fair type. America has thousands of just such landlords.

At Nashville the writer, after the hearing, sat at meat beside a gentleman who turned out to be the possessor of a great tract of cut-over timberlands in the alluvial districts of Western Tennessee. These lands are of enormous fertility, but the clearing of them is no small job. Therefore, they are low in value and slow of sale.

"I came to the hearing this morning," said he, "out of curiosity; but I have been blessed with a big idea, born while the farmers were testifying. I shall sell my land out to tenant farmers—to any farmer or farm hand who can get the equipment for carrying on the development of the farm—and take a second mortgage for every cent of the half they can't pay for out of the Federal Land Bank mortgage."

"At what valuation?" he was asked; for there is no doubt that there is many a canny landowner in these states of ours who plans to sell to the Federal Land Banks by dint of doubling the price of his land, letting a buyer borrow half of the doubled price and pay it over.

"I see your point," said he. "Of course the Federal Land Bank wouldn't fall for any funny business. I'll take the Land Bank's valuation as the basis of the deal."

"You'll have to do better than that," he was assured.

"How much better?" he inquired.

"You'll have to make those tracts into real farms. You'll have to clear enough so that your buyer can make a living on the place; and you must furnish some fencing, and a house, a well, a barn, and the like. Each man should have a cow, some fowls and a couple of swine. Then it would be such a farm as the Federal Land Bank could loan upon—actually under cultivation."

"Well," said he, "all those things, except the chickens and livestock, would add to the value of the land, wouldn't they?"

"Yes."

"And form the basis for a little larger loan?"

"Yes."

"Well," said he, "I'll do it, then!"

"And," went on his informant, "if your buyers will then go on and do more clearing, thus adding to the value of the land, they can return to the bank for reappraisement, as the value increases, and get enlarged loans, so long as they do not ask for more than fifty per cent of the value. That's what the Federal Farm Loan Act is for—'To provide capital for agricultural development.'"

The Wisconsin Land Bank

This matter of negotiating loans for the development of land by clearing and then making reappraisements as the clearing progresses as a basis for larger loans to clear more lands, and so on, has been worked out for years in Northern Wisconsin by a land bank organized under a law of that state. Here, too, is shown the capacity of the Federal Farm Loan System to finance the poor man into farming affluence. This portion of Wisconsin is a cut-over region of rich lands splendidly adapted to stockraising—and this usually means, in Wisconsin, dairying. The people located on these lands were mostly foreign families whose breadwinners had worked in factories, some of them for as long as twenty years, during which time they had accumulated from two to five hundred dollars each by the slow process of laying one dollar on another in an unceasing struggle with the problem of living.

Each family had a small clearing and some such start in necessary farm animals as was suggested to the Nashville lumberman. But their clearings were not large enough to furnish a living for the family. The man of the house was obliged to "work out" in order that the family might live; and the clearing went on at the slow rate of not more than an acre a year to a farm. This is too slow for the twentieth century. Such slow progress it was that forced our ancestors to spend seventy-five years in reclaiming Indiana and Ohio; but there are too many other opportunities open to willing hands in 1917.

The cut-over lands, constituting the bulk of the remainder of our untilled area, must yield quicker returns or they will remain waste. The Wisconsin land bank has been for years financing these families in such a way as to make it worth while for the man of the present day to subdue the wilderness the lumberman has left.

When these farms were once occupied, and so far reclaimed as to give the settler a home and a mere toe hold, values went up a little. The man who owed half the value of his farm three years ago now owes only a third of it; therefore, he is able to go to the land bank, show that he is eligible for a loan of two or three hundred dollars more, and secure it by executing a new mortgage and retiring the old. This little margin of cash he uses in clearing more land, partly by dint of hiring labor or buying dynamite, and partly by using it to support his family while he stays at home and works. Ten acres more cleared, and his farm is worth five hundred dollars more; and the reappraisement is repeated.

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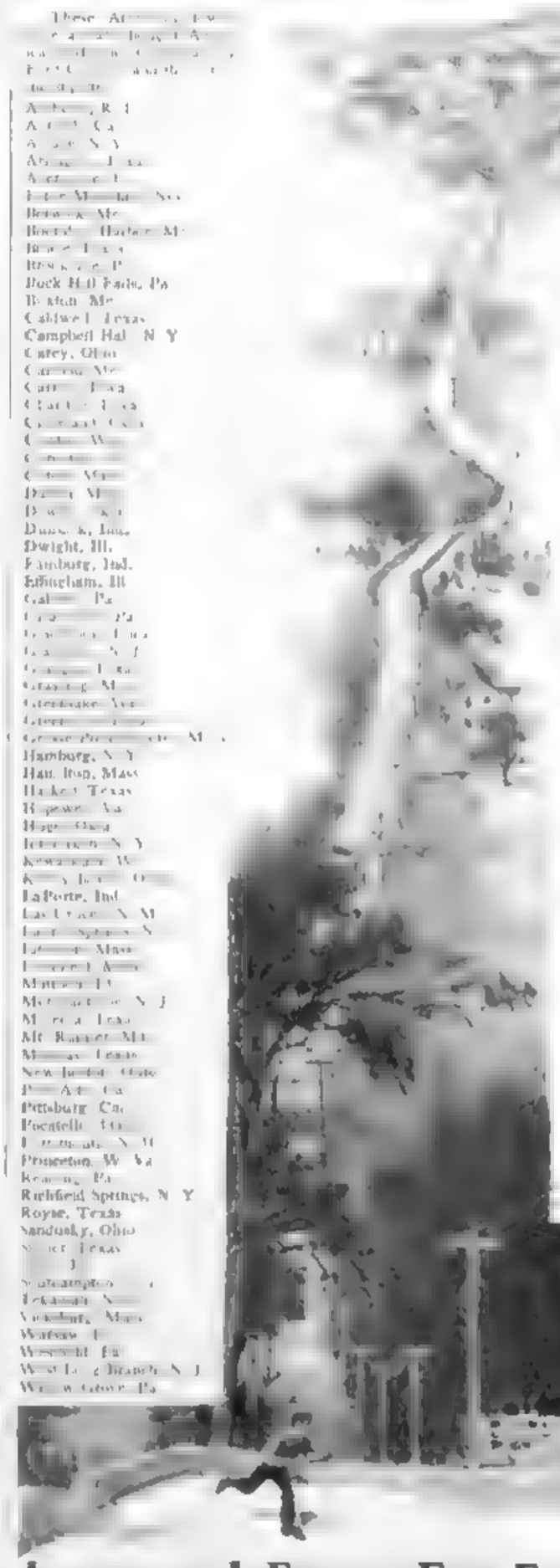

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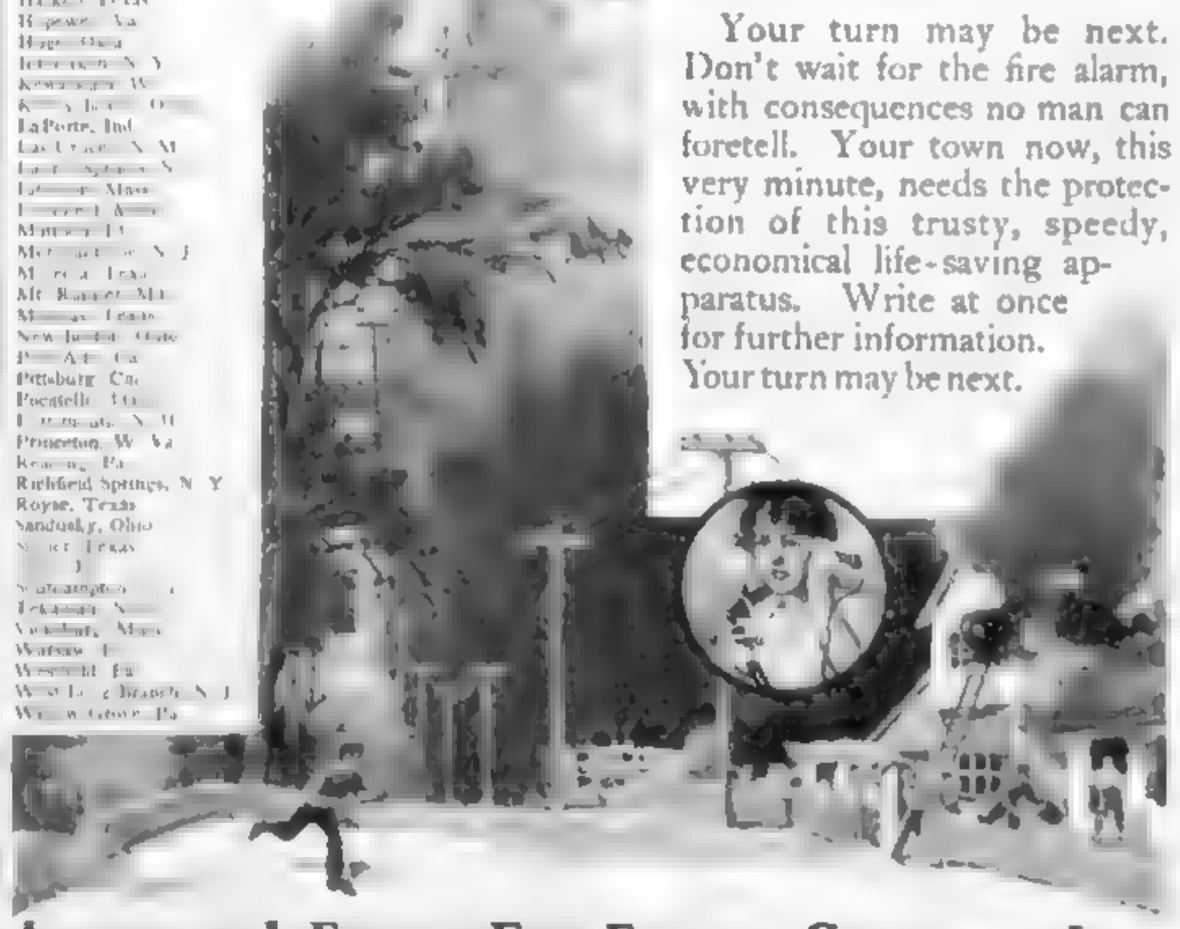

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The loaning of money on second mortgage is not a hazardous business when wisely conducted, even subject to the ordinary first mortgage. It may be that the people managing the well-known organization for aiding Jewish back-to-the-soilers are more than ordinarily efficient, but they are conducting it under peculiarly disadvantageous conditions. The Jewish farmers are mainly typical greenhorns. The Jews have been for ages divorced from farming. The traditions of agriculture have departed from their blood.

The risks of the business are widely scattered, and inspection is enormously difficult as compared with the same work in the case of the Wisconsin land bank or the prospective loans of the Federal Farm Loan Bureau. The loans are, many of them, made to farmers who are absolutely insolvent. Instead of second mortgages, the Jewish concerns loan on third and fourth mortgages as well; and in some cases have advanced funds in sixth place from the bottom title! Anyone would say that they ought to have lost a lot of money, but at a gathering of Jewish farmers in New York in November, attended by nearly three hundred Children of Israel from eight states—veritable spies sent to spy out the Promised Land and the advance guard of who knows how mighty a host!—I was informed that these losses, incurred through aiding over three thousand families, have been only 2.82 per cent in sixteen years.

Had these loans been made subject only to forty-year amortized loans, and on second mortgage only, it is difficult to see how any losses at all could have been made. As a matter of fact, the debt at low interest on forty years' time is shown by the Texas school-land experience to amount to very little as an encumbrance. The Lone Star State sells its school lands on forty years' time at three per cent interest, on receiving an initial payment of ten per cent. These mortgaged lands sell in the market for very little less than unencumbered lands, and second mortgages subject to them are scarcely inferior as securities to first mortgages.

Four Per Cent Philanthropy

I have hitherto written of the financing of rural integrity and ability as a business to be done by the local capitalist only, or by the seller of lands as a means of retiring from landlordism. It was in the state of Massachusetts, however, that the first suggestion came to us that such a thing as a legally organized system for doing this work might be expected as a result of the enactment of the Federal Farm Loan Act. In that state, as in the rest of New England, there is special need of some more liberal system of farm loans in order that the agriculture of New England may be rehabilitated. A state land-bank law was passed just before the Federal Farm Loan Act became a law; but little has been done under it. It is now on the tapis in the Bay State to amend the state law so as to make it the agency for aggregating second mortgages and making them the basis of issues of bonds.

Thus, if this project bears fruit, a second land-mortgage law will be built under the first, in order that the man with little money may have credit with which to buy and time in which to pay. The plan is to deal in those second mortgages only that are subject to long-time amortized first mortgages. From North Dakota comes a rumor that a million-dollar company is organizing to deal in second mortgages of the same sort. Doubtless there will be many more projects of both kinds. Many more were mentioned at our hearings as among things planned.

And, lastly, one cannot but think of the great field which lies open here for some such philanthropy as that of the late Mr. Mills, of hotel fame. I am informed that the Mills' hotels, built for the excellent purpose of furnishing clean lodgings and meals for the almost penniless, have paid dividends at the rate of about four per cent. Where is there a better field for four per cent philanthropy than that of turning farm tenants and farm laborers, country-minded city people, and young men with farm experience and agricultural educations into actual owning farmers by giving them the money they lack at four per cent on second mortgage?

Whatever may have been the risks attendant on such a project in the past, the day seems now to have come when such a work may be entered upon with safety. In what other way can wealth serve its country so well—and yet earn four per cent?

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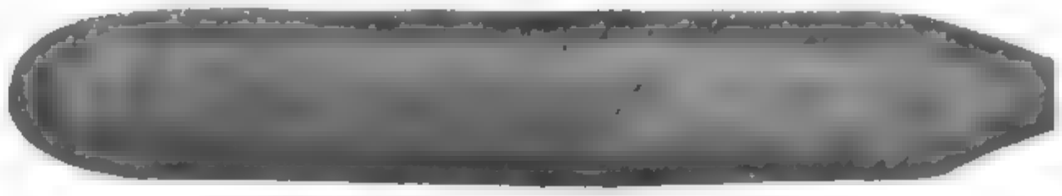

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The old prices hold. Certain conditions favor the smoker in this—conditions which set aside extra cost in the raw material and labor—principal among which are our long-time contracts for the manufacture of RICORO.

RICORO is imported—*but pays no duty*—that is one secret of its price. If it were imported from anywhere except Porto Rico—from Cuba for instance—it would have to pay duty and you would have to pay about double.

RICORO is sold only in UNITED CIGAR STORES and UNITED AGENCIES. We take the entire output. (That is another thing which helps make the price.)

RICORO now sells more than a half million a day. Every fourth man who buys cigars in United Stores, now buys RICORO.

RICORO is made in a dozen shapes and sizes to suit every taste and sells at six, seven, three-for-a-quarter and ten cents each, and up to two-for-a-quarter.

THANK YOU!

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY

1000 STORES OPERATED IN 300 CITIES—EXECUTIVE OFFICES NEW YORK CITY

MAIL ORDERS: We prefer that every customer visit one of our stores in person and in this way not only secure the exact shade suited to his taste, but also become familiar with our store service.

If no store is convenient to you, we will ship one or more boxes by mail or express, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price.

Use order blank on coupon at bottom of right hand corner of this advertisement.

CIGARS UNITED

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY (send to nearest city named below):
New York, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago, First National Bank Bldg.
San Francisco, 555 Howard St.

I enclose herewith $ for which send me, express charges prepaid, RICORO Cigars.
25 EXCEPCIONALE size 50 CABINET size 50 SARATOGA size
Mild, Medium or Strong. (Scratch out sizes and colors not wanted
It is understood that if after smoking three cigars they are not satisfactory the balance of order may be returned, charges collect, for refund of the total amount remitted

Name

Address Place

Not for This Kind of Car

If a car-builder is insistent on having his car sell for a certain fixed price, he must, of course, make his selection of parts on a price basis.

Figuratively speaking, it becomes an auction where the lowest bidder, irrespective of quality, gets the business.

And that makes Timken-Detroit Axles out of the question—

First—Because it costs money to put Timken-Detroit engineering, absolutely reliable materials, and uniform, finished workmanship into motor-car axles.

And, therefore, Timken-Detroit could not hope to come out lowest in a bidding contest.

Second—Because we will not enter such a contest under any circumstances. The character of the cars that are equipped with Timken-Detroit Axles is good evidence of Timken-Detroit quality—just as their use of Timken-Detroit Axles is evidence of the car's high standard of quality. We cannot afford to jeopardize our own reputation or that of our customers for protecting the safety of the car owner.

Building a good axle first and pricing it afterward, is not, however, an *expensive* policy. It results in more value for dollars expended. It produces axles at the lowest cost consistent with the highest quality. It saves repair expense for car owners

Nine years of exclusive devotion to good axle building has proven that that is what the most prominent and progressive car-builders are after.

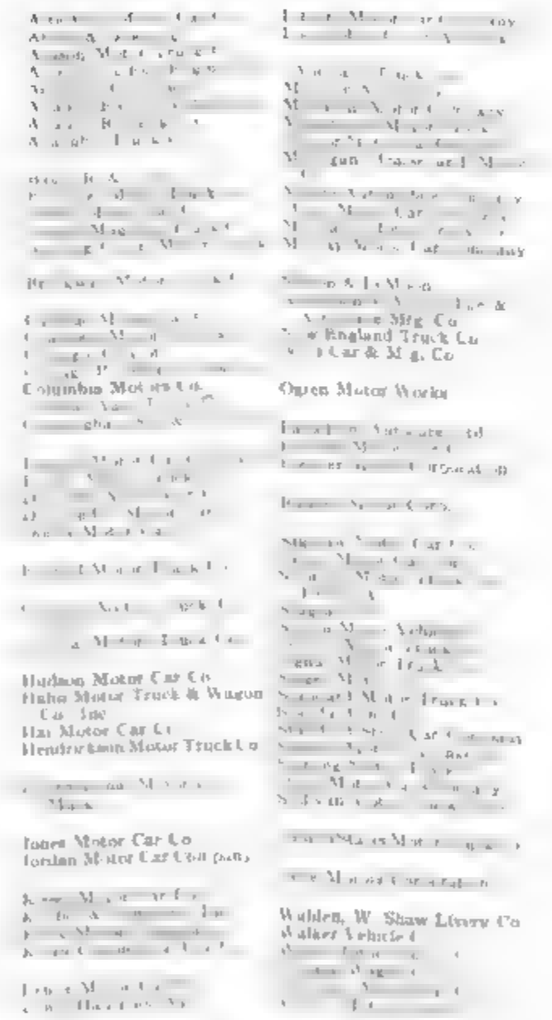
As we look back over the years and recall the names of cars that have vanished, and of others that have won the confidence of the great public, there is one thing of which we are rather proud

Timken-Detroit Axles have been subject to continuous improvement. They have never claimed perfection—but they've always been the very best we could build.

And that is why they have always traveled in mighty good company.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Timken-Detroit Axle Customers



TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

THE SHRINKING DOLLAR BILL

By Forrest Crissey

AS MAY be imagined from the present startling prices of poultry, there have been distressful doings in the great American henhouse. When the market man in the small country town charges thirty cents a pound for cold-storage broilers and twenty-four cents a pound for plain "stewing hens" it is evident that something has happened in the neighborhood of the chicken roost. The fact is that the aforesaid great American henhouse looks like a temple of race suicide. It is depleted to the lowest point known in years, if the opinions of the experts count for anything.

As the financier would phrase it, the fowl is decidedly a liquid asset and responds with extreme sensitiveness to fluctuations in demand. It is by no means so much of an undertaking to place the feathered meat in the henhouse on the market as it is to convert the cattle and hogs of the feed lot into cash. Again, the hen is not exclusively a farm creature; the country villages and the provincial cities of the United States normally shelter several millions of them, in all probability. This makes the question of "chicken feed" a sensitive one; and when the high cost of living for the hen goes above a certain point the village poultry roosts begin to depopulate rapidly. With corn close to the dollar point, wheat at nearly two dollars, and the household economist keeping a zealous eye on kitchen waste, the movement of our feathered friends from roost to market has been almost unanimous—at least so far as the village henneries are concerned.

Poultry prices naturally reflect meat prices; and the offerings of the poultry packing houses preceding Thanksgiving were so attractive that even the farmer "cleaned out the henhouse" to an extent seldom if ever known before. One of the best-informed poultry experts in America, who is able to speak from a wholly disinterested viewpoint, says:

"The poultry which has been coming to market in such enormous quantities has gone to the storage warehouses very largely. We have no public reports of the holdings of poultry in warehouses, either public or private, in this country; but we know that all broilers for the entire year's supply are produced between July and October; all soft-meated roasters for the whole year are produced between September and December. There is never a time on any market when one cannot obtain these strictly seasonal types of chickens provided one is willing to pay the price for them. Therefore, it may be assumed that a sufficient amount of broilers and roasters go into the warehouses to supply the demand throughout the nine months during which each variety is not produced."

A Lesson for Poultry Shippers

"In 1913 warm weather prevailed throughout the poultry-dressing season, which is from about the middle of October to Christmas. During this season the highest prices are paid for birds that are chilled in cold air rather than in ice water or fine ice. It is, therefore, the aim of poultry dressers to chill dry and so ship. The man who is not provided with mechanical refrigeration depends upon the weather—when the weather is decidedly undependable. This results in incompletely chilled poultry—and there is always a large amount of it at best—which is almost sure to be 'green struck' when it arrives at the market, or will be of such lowered condition that it is also lowered in eating quality, and decidedly lowered in storage ability.

"An enormous amount of this low-grade poultry went into freezers in 1913. This meant that the high-quality seasonal birds—that is, broilers and roasters—were represented during the next nine months by low-grade stock. The consuming public got tired of this poor poultry and refused to buy. The whole poultry industry, in general, had one of the worst years, commercially speaking, that it ever experienced. The following year commercial conditions were very different, due to a cold poultry-dressing season. Every effort was also made by a number of agents to insure good poultry reaching the market. The result was that poultry in excellent condition went into the warehouses and poultry in excellent condition came out. Prices were high and the poultry industry experienced one of its best years.

"This experience taught poultry shippers and dealers many useful lessons—with the result that to-day poultry is handled with an intelligence that has improved its quality all along the line. The cold-storage bird of to-day dry-picked, dry-cooled and dry-packed—is a real delicacy and has remarkable keeping powers."

For one who has "kept chickens," and then finally reformed, a store sign bearing the simple legend, "Fancy Eggs, Eighty-two Cents," has a melancholy fascination. Lately I looked upon such a sign in a New York retail grocery and engaged in a brood of reflections upon the perverse way of hens, eggs and markets. The wind itself is not more wayward than the hen—the universal emblem of the spirit of contrariness. Yet this whimsical creature has a secure place in the affections of the people, because she is the author of a popular breakfast food—the most perfect piece of "package goods" ever put out. The meaty egg is not only the most delicious of foods but is the most perfectly protected from the despoiling and adulterating hand of man.

Doctor Pennington's Information

Probably there is no person in America who knows more about the egg of commerce in all its stages of perfection and imperfection than Dr. M. E. Pennington, the head of Uncle Sam's Food Research Laboratories in Philadelphia. Doctor Pennington has played the searchlight of scientific investigation upon all the dark secrets of the egg and the egg trade, and there is little in the lore of the hen and her relation to human nourishment and to the commerce of the United States that is not an open book to this authority, who say

"What has happened to our egg crop? Certainly a whole lot! In the first place, the eggs laid last spring were not an excessive crop. Then the buying power of the country had risen and the demand for eggs was so great that, instead of the usual percentage of the spring lay going into storage, it went down the throats of the people. Apparently almost everybody in the country—man, woman and child—wanted two eggs for breakfast, could pay for them and got them. Anyhow, this was true of the average wage-worker who, before the war, was content to get one breakfast egg, say, three days a week.

"As a result, the fifty-four warehouses reporting stored eggs on August 1, 1916, when the storage stocks were highest, were nearly nine hundred thousand cases short as compared with the previous year. These fifty-four warehouses covered about sixty-eight per cent of the entire warehouse holdings of the United States. That meant a shortage of considerably more than a million cases of eggs in the whole country.

"Now the New York market reports on eggs show that the consumption in 1916 throughout the whole season was unusually heavy. From March 1, 1916, to October 1, 1916, New York used 320,829 more cases of eggs than it used during the same period in 1915. From March 1, 1916, to November 30, 1916, it increased this difference still further, using 331,794 cases of eggs in excess of the 1915 consumption. The same trend is noticed to an even greater extent in Chicago.

"About November 20, 1916, active trading showed that fancy varieties of early packings went, at wholesale, from 37 to 38½ cents a dozen. The reserve stock in Chicago, New York, Boston and Philadelphia was less during 1916 than any year since 1913. In Chicago, in 1913, storage eggs sold for from 29½ to 32½ cents wholesale, while fresh-gathered ranged from 31 to 37 cents. If the consumption of eggs continues at its present rate the visible reserve in the four centers mentioned must be exhausted before February 1, 1917. The trade output in New York for November, 1916, was about 91,500 cases weekly against 97,100 cases weekly in October, 1916, and 93,600 cases weekly in November, 1915.

"In 1914, sixteen million dozen eggs were exported; in 1916 twenty-six million dozen were exported.

"On November 29, 1916, in New York, 'fresh extra' wholesales were from 47 to 48 cents and the total receipts for the week were 29,716 cases. The receipts for the same week in 1915 were 39,799 cases. Prices in Worcester, Massachusetts, were 75 cents a dozen during Thanksgiving week. Near-by eggs in New York—the finest lots—ranged from 55 to 58 cents a dozen wholesale. The values of the greater part of the supply ranged from 45 to 55 cents, because many lots are mixed more or less with shrunken eggs. Near-by hennery browns are still very scarce, and a few buyers pay full prices for them when all new and of good size—say from 50 to 55 cents. Which means that on the New York market white eggs are very scarce, because the white egg ordinarily commands a big premium in New York, just as the brown egg commands a big premium in Boston."

This authority calls attention to the fact that the United States Department of Agriculture, Office of Markets, reports cold-storage holdings of eggs on December 1, 1916, in 238 cold storages as 2,103,869 cases as compared with 3,984,534 cases in 254 storages on November 1, 1916. The 193 storages that reported holdings on December 1, 1916, and December 1, 1915, also showed a present stock of 1,794,740 cases as compared with 2,787,802 cases in 1915, a difference of 993,062 cases, or 35.6 per cent.

Apparently there is plenty of reason why strictly fresh eggs have become almost precious.

The bloated pay envelopes of the wage-workers and the general business prosperity, resulting in greatly increased consumption, are sufficient causes.

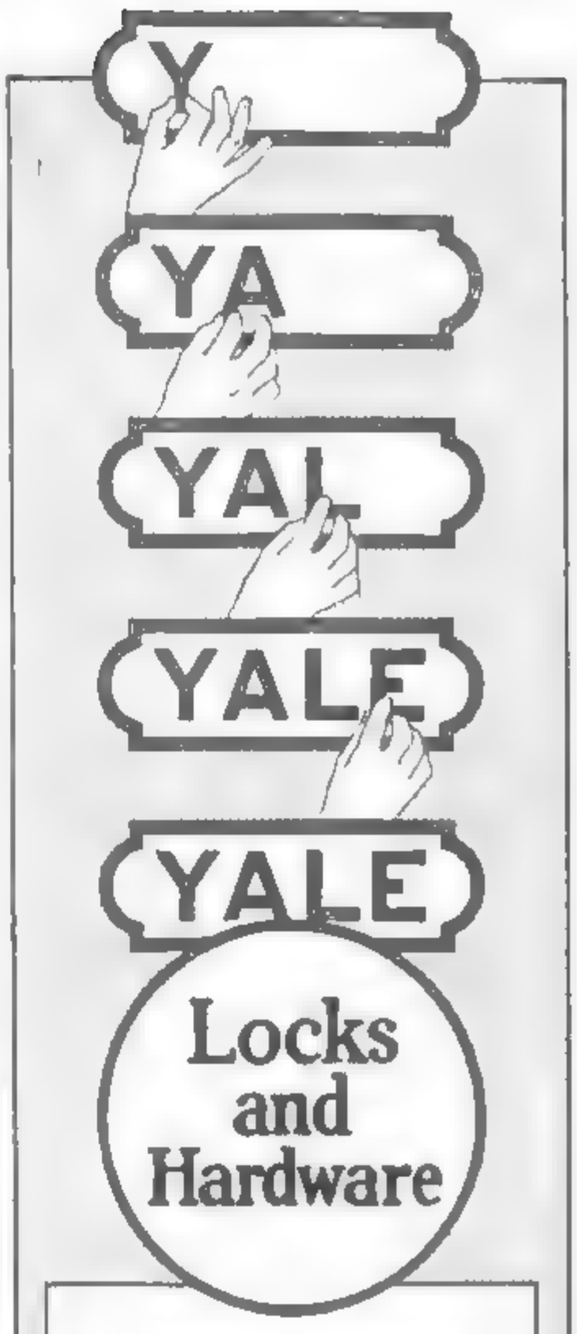
"Last spring," says Doctor Pennington, "was an unusually long, cold spring. The egg-storage man has a habit of storing eggs whenever the weather is cool. During the summer of 1916 he stored eggs much longer than usual. Had there not been the excessive demand for eggs, we should have had our usual storage stocks."

The Federal Egg Campaign

"The quality of the egg during the past year also increased enormously by the enforcement of the Federal food laws last summer in interstate commerce. A large number of Corn-Belt states, from Dakota to Tennessee, cooperated with the Federal officials to keep the rotten egg out of commerce. This means that the large supply of low-grade eggs, which ordinarily reaches the big consuming centers and which tends to keep prices as well as quality low, did not last year reach those centers, but was disposed of back in the country where it originated. One result was that the receivers in the large markets had fewer but much better eggs. One receiver in New York stated to me that he had saved seventy-five per cent of the usual loss due to hot weather. A shipper in the West says that, according to his observations, not more than twenty-five per cent of the low-grade eggs that ought to stay in the producing section were getting into commerce. These men were absolutely unknown to each other. The concordance in their statements, which were based on general trade observation alone, is striking.

"Undoubtedly the egg campaign waged by the food officials last summer operated to increase quality and to decrease the large numbers of low-grade eggs that come out of storage warehouses during the wintertime. That was the first season of the egg campaign, but it served to show the shippers that the Federal Government meant what it said about rotten eggs in interstate commerce, and that they must candle eggs and ship only good eggs if they proposed to stay in the business. Shipper upon shipper, at the close of the season, began to look round for egg-candling devices and egg-candling knowledge, and some method by which he could refrigerate his eggs as soon as they were brought in by the farmer, and so prevent the largest proportion of deterioration, which occurs between the receipt of the egg by the shipper and by the consumer. He will also educate the farmers to gather eggs more promptly and handle them better."

Of course the springtime—when the hen turns to thoughts of filling a nest for maternal purposes—is bound to bring a measure of relief, so that the man on the moderate salary may increase his breakfast portion of eggs, like the laborer in the steel mill. This help, however, will not be of normal volume, for the reason that high poultry prices and



The name "Yale" is an accepted synonym for Quality and Service in increasing degree each year.

For nearly a half century the same principles standing for honesty and integrity have upheld Yale prestige and developed the Yale ideal—an ideal that rests upon the essentials of better goods, produced in a better plant by better workmen, under the highest standards of manufacturing practice.

The name "Yale" is on every Yale product — the maker's visible guarantee of mechanical excellence and the certainty of enduring, satisfactory service. Look for the name "Yale."

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Have an Acme Quality Shelf
For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

the high cost of chicken feed have caused thousands of henhouses to be swept comparatively clean of pullets which are ordinarily carried over for the spring egg harvest.

When we consider that no other country in the world is capable of producing so much "green stuff," and of spreading this supply so completely over the entire year, it must be admitted that we have developed the art of living out of a can to a high degree The American people are immense consumers of canned foods; and when a calamity overtakes our crops which are logically destined for the cannery, the housewife of this country is sure to be heard from in protest

To-day, however, the consumers of canned foods face a seeming contradiction of this statement. The calamity descended in full force upon the crops grown to be sealed in tin—and still, in thousands of stores throughout the whole country, the prices asked for foods in cans have not kept pace in price advance with the other necessities of the table.

In the line of contradictions it would be hard to find one of a commercial or economic character that is able to outrank this: In thousands of communities the retail grocer will sell you a can of corn, peas, tomatoes, or other "tinned" foods, at a lower price than you could buy that identical food, in a similar package, from the wholesaler if you took a carload or a trainload. In all probability this very thing is taking place in your own purchasing. If you are not buying at least some canned foods at a lower price for a can than they could be bought for on the wholesale market today, then your storekeeper does not do his business after the manner of the average retail grocer.

The explanation of this apparent anomaly is simple: The retail grocer generally contracts for his canned foods in advance from the wholesaler. If he has confidence in his own judgment and good financial standing, he will provide for all or most of his year's supply in this way by a "future" order. He expects the wholesaler to deliver a hundred per cent too. Generally he deals with a wholesaler who is substantial enough to do this, even when it involves a heavy loss. Retail grocers say that, as a rule, in the principal canned foods the larger wholesalers have kept close to their customary practice of delivering all their futures. With some articles, however, this has been impossible.

Canned Foods at Old Prices

Remember, there has been an immense shortage in all the most popular foods that are put into cans—with several of the most important the shortage has been close to one-half; also, in some of these foods there has been extensive export buying. Naturally the wholesale price has been pushed up to unprecedented points. Logically the retailers' price should have kept pace with the advance; but it hasn't—except when the retailer has stripped his shelves of cans of a certain food and has been compelled to get in a new supply on a current market basis. With the goods he bought on future, however, his attitude is quite commonly this:

"I've had to push up the price on so many things not contracted for in advance, but bought from hand to mouth, that I'm tired of explaining to disgruntled customers. Here's a chance to give them the benefit of a lucky stroke of buying ahead—and that's what I'm going to do as long as my stock of future-bought goods lasts."

Therefore, in thousands of instances the retailer is shoving cans of foods across his counter at a price for a can of several cents less than that food could be secured from the wholesaler or canner in carload lots. You may charge this to the timidity, the consideration, the shrewdness or the stupidity of the retailer—just as you please to put it; but the fact remains that, as a rule, he has not passed the advance in the price of canned foods over the counter to his customers. He is standing between the consumer and a market depleted by a short crop, an uncommon domestic demand and considerable buying for foreign nations.

Even on goods of this kind which he has been obliged to buy outside his fortunate future price he is not adding the normal margin, as a rule. The contrast between the price at which he is selling his contract stock of other canned foods and has been selling these identical goods would be too great, he thinks, to add even the profit—so he adds none. Besides, his competitor may have a few cans of the same food left from the original stock, and, therefore, this competition must be met.

It is interesting in this connection to raise the question of what has happened to the wholesale grocer and to the canner and "packer." Usually the contract or, rather, the future order by which the wholesaler agrees to deliver to the retailer a certain number of cases of canned foods within a specified time is positive, and constructed without any clause by which the wholesaler may escape in case of emergency.

The attitude of the large wholesale merchant is substantially this:

"I'm selling to a regular customer, whose trade I expect to keep from year to year. He buys not only canned foods from me but scores of other articles. Though my contract with the consumer says that in case of crop failure I shall receive my *pro-rata* share only, I can't pass this safety-first clause along to the retailer and furnish myself with a way of escape, because he would neither understand it nor stand for it. It's up to me to look out for myself when the price is made, and then take my medicine in case of trouble. He expects me to know what I'm about when I do my buying and to protect myself and him too. So I'm going to do it."

The Case of the Blushing Tomato

As a consequence more than one wholesale food merchant is filling futures in canned foods without profit, at a positive loss.

Not all wholesalers are doing this, however; probably by far the larger number of them are simply making their stock, secured from the canners under a *pro-rata* contract, go as far as possible in satisfying the future orders of their own customers, and then stopping there. At the same time there are large wholesalers who are delivering one hundred per cent on the future orders they have taken, regardless of the cost involved in "piecing out" short lines after their own deliveries from the canners have been exhausted

Mr. Frank Gorrell, secretary of the National Canners' Association, who has a broad and intimate view of the whole field of canned foods, confesses that he is obliged to take the rôle of a kill-joy when looking into the future of this favorite source of American food supply. First, he points to the fact that the surplus left over from former stocks on the shelves of most of the wholesalers and retailers has practically been wiped out by the pressure of two years of phenomenally acute demands.

"Take the tomato as an example, because it is one of the most popular foods put into a can," says Mr. Gorrell. "The average pack in this country is about fifteen million cases. In the spring of 1915 it rained for two months straight, and then for the next two months there was practically no rain at all, and the heat was intense. The pollen was washed out of the blooms by the rain, and fertilization and fruitage were, therefore, far below normal. Consequently we had just about one-half a normal crop to put into the cans. Of course these destructive weather conditions cut down every kind of crop destined for a cannery. This shortage was felt very keenly, especially after the prosperity resulting from war orders began to show itself on the table of the American wage-earner. These two causes acted as a vacuum cleaner in removing all the reserve from warehouses and shelves of the wholesalers and the retailers

"When the crop of 1916 came in it was at least two million cases short of the average. This was in spite of the fact that every effort was made on the part of the canners to secure an uncommonly large crop.

"In the course of the 1916 packing season a new element entered into the situation: Either because Canada had a short tomato crop, or else because Canadian buyers were sent to secure a supply of canned tomatoes for the armies of the Entente Allies, buyers from the Dominion appeared in our markets and soon sent the price of spot goods up to $1.35, when futures were bringing about eighty cents. For several weeks these Canadian buyers had a standing offer of $1.35 a dozen for canned tomatoes up in all our principal markets. Naturally this brought our own wholesalers into the competition, with the result that the price went as high as $1.45. Undoubtedly this foreign buying was for the fighting men in the trenches, because it is a matter of common knowledge that the tomato is a striking

(Continued on Page 89)

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NEPONSET Twin Shingles are made of five layers (six processes) pressed into a thick, solid, inseparable mass, impervious to rain, moisture, frost; undecaying and unaffected by sparks or embers. Similar materials in our famous Paroid Roofing are still giving good service on roofs laid 18 years ago when Paroid was new. A roof of these shingles, when laid, being several times as thick, should last as long as the house. But wear is not all. Here are other facts:

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Smith Form-a-Truck hauling costs are lower than for any other form of service—accurate records show that one Smith, working the same number of hours as horses, will cover three times the area and haul twice the tonnage. Can you afford to delay installing this remarkable service in your delivery?

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Smith Form-a-Truck service is reliable under every condition of work. The first Smith Form-a-Truck ever used has gone 20,000 miles—carried an average load of 2050 pounds and cost $8 for repairs in its four years of work. Where can you duplicate this record except in Smith Form-a-Truck itself?

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10,000 users of Smith Form-a-Truck in 352 lines of business all over the country are building new standards of motor truck efficiency and delivery economy in all their work. Equipments range from large fleets used by many of the biggest corporations to single units that are bringing a new idea of real service to small users.

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PACIFIC COAST BRANCH
Pico and Hill Sts., Los Angeles

KANSAS CITY BRANCH
1808 Grand Avenue

(Continued from Page 86)

discourager of scurvy, shingles and beriberi, and other disorders of a similar character that often assail men when they are herded together in large bodies.

"Of course these export orders were withdrawn after a few weeks; but they certainly put a stiff backbone into the market while they were here. Incidentally it should be remarked that the canners, or 'packers,' as we call them, who sold futures at the average price of eighty cents swapped dollars, and some of them were not even fortunate enough to get out on this basis.

"For one thing, the packer's labor and operating costs were considerably higher. Probably the average increase was not far from twenty-five per cent. Certainly in some localities where the canning industry is extensive the increase was much greater than this. His cans and his labels, like his labor, were decidedly more costly."

This authority declares that he has no consolation to offer the American housewife, so far as the future prices of canned foods are concerned. For cans in which to put the crop of 1917 the packer will be obliged to pay ten or twelve cents more a dozen.

Again, the agricultural situation, so far as the canner is concerned, is without precedent. Crops for canning are decidedly delicate and they also call for an immense amount of labor. From his 1916 experience the farmer knows full well that, so long as the European war continues, the wage of the hired hand is bound to bear a disagreeable resemblance to a king's ransom; and that in the most crucial moment of crop making and crop harvesting he is likely to find himself with insufficient help, even though he is willing to pay a reckless price for his labor.

With wheat at practically two dollars a bushel and with corn at close to a dollar a bushel, the farmer who has previously supplied canneries sees an easy way out of his difficulty through the growing of these crops, which are far less delicate and uncertain than those destined for the can. Especially in the case of wheat the amount of labor required would be extremely small compared with that of cultivating the same acreage of tomatoes, peas, beans or other canners' crops. Because high wheat and corn offer the farmer an easy way out, with less risk than he would run growing for the cannery, the packer sees plenty of trouble ahead, so far as securing anything like an adequate supply of raw materials is concerned.

"The future of the canning situation," comments Mr. Gorrell, "is about the most serious thing we have to consider to-day in the matter of foods. There is no question whatever that the price of all canned foods must be advanced very decidedly. There is no escape from this in view of the fact that it is morally certain that prices have increased fully thirty cents a dozen above 1915, and very likely more than that. Will the irresistible increase in cost put canned foods up to a price that will decrease consumption? That is a mighty big and vital question, and one which I cannot even attempt to answer."

The Increased Cost of Cans

"In this matter we are going to find ourselves in a situation where there are few precedents to serve as guideposts. Of course the answer to this question hinges on whether our wageworkers are going to continue to receive steady employment at high wages. The canner is now certain of only two things: That his costs are going to be immensely increased in 1917; and that when the labor reaction comes the question of his survival will depend very largely upon whether it catches him with a supply of goods on hand.

"I do not know of one canner, who is substantial and has a good standing, who is now willing to name a price at which he will furnish goods in the season of 1917. He looks at the price of tin plate—six dollars and a half as compared with two-sixty for the season of 1915—reflects for a moment upon the increased cost of labor, of labels, and the inclination of growers for the canners to go into grain raising, and then concludes that he is going to feel his way very cautiously this year. Why, it is almost impossible for the canners to buy tin plate at all to-day. I am told that no tin-plate manufacturer will guarantee deliveries after July. Bessemer steel has gone up out of sight in price. Bessemer is the basis of tin plate, and not long ago it was obtainable at fifty dollars a ton, as against about a hundred and twenty now. Tin—the pure stuff—has kept pace with this advance; in fact, we are really at the mercy of the British Government for our tin and must take what it chooses to allow us to have.

"As for the price of canned foods for the immediate future, there is not a single crumb of comfort to offer the consumer. As a general rule, thus far the merchants—both wholesale and retail—have been holding the bag for him and have not passed the price increase over the counter to him. This is especially true of the retailers, and they should have the credit for it."

When it was suggested to this authority that the public was inclined to the opinion that there had been a large volume of speculation in canned foods, he answered:

"Undoubtedly there was some speculation in tomatoes in 1915; but I do not know of any speculative buying in 1916—and it would naturally have come to my knowledge if it had existed. It is important for the consumer to appreciate the fact that the attitude of the canner is naturally against speculation in his products. The reason for this is entirely simple—the speculator stimulates a false demand and confuses the market. Again, when it comes to selling he is a demoralizing factor. The selling of legitimate futures to wholesalers, who, in turn, sell futures to their customers, is absolutely necessary and the only practical system by which the demands of the consumer may be met."

The Part of the Speculator

"This, it seems to me, should not be called speculation. Speculation occurs when a man who has not a clientèle which depends upon him year after year for its supply of canned foods jumps into the market, buys a big lot of goods, and puts them away in a warehouse until he thinks the psychological moment for dumping them has come. Then, instead of dealing them out to an established trade, which will forward them along on their way to consumers, these goods hit the market with a dead weight; and the result of the blow is bad for the whole canned-food industry from start to finish. For this reason the canners are strongly opposed to the speculator. I do not know of a single high-class canner who will sell goods to a speculator if he knows it.

"I know of a man, for example, who decided a few years ago that tomatoes offered a good chance for speculation. He had plenty of capital and could pay cash for all he could buy. He received the jolt of his life when he took his money into the market and could not buy the big block of goods he was after. There is no 'Welcome' on the doormat of canned-food industry for the speculator; his confusion and unsettling influence are not wanted there."

Remember, the tomato has been taken merely as a type of all canned foods in the vegetable and fruit lines. The destructive weather conditions which cut down the tomato crop devastated all other crops intended for the cannery, and in some cases wrought a havoc greater than that which reduced the tomato production of 1916 to about fifty per cent.

There may be an optimistic consumer who is inclined to suggest that, as fish do not grow from the soil and are not influenced by either excessive drought or rainfall, the tin can containing salmon ought to afford a cheering exception to the general atmosphere of gloom. But the answer is that it does not. According to the authorities the salmon pack of 1916 was just about one-third short of what it should have been. The one ray of consolation in sight is that the big run of salmon is due this year. In other words, the sockeye salmon runs every four years, and the last run was in 1913.

The baked bean is one of the most popular of canned foods, and Nature was just as unkind to the bean crop in 1916 as to all the other cannery crops; and in addition to this there has been an immense exportation of dry beans to the fighting men in the trenches. The navy bean in its natural dry state is a very condensed and extremely portable food, and for this reason export demand has been almost insatiable; and beans normally bringing a few cents above two dollars in Michigan can now command about six dollars. One country grocer went behind his counter and brought out a quart sack of navy beans, took out a handful and, as he poured them back into the sack, remarked:

"At the present price they are something like pearls! At the beginning of the season I placed a future order with a wholesale

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And *such* pencil satisfaction!

The perfectly balanced, friendly "feel" of the Blaisdell makes writing a joy. With minimum pressure the Blaisdell writes clearly and wears slowly. Superior, gritless leads mean quicker, cleaner work, and happier workers.

"Nick" and "Pull" will work for you and pay you well for the privilege.

"Nick" and "Pull" are efficiency experts—they guarantee better pencil service at lower pencil cost. They are eliminating fuss and muss, and are saving money, for millions of Blaisdell users. *Why not you?*

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You can profit by *their* experience—*use Blaisdells.*

The Blaisdell line is complete—there's a Blaisdell technically and practically perfect for every pencil purpose. Regular, Colored, Copying, Indelible, Extra Thick, China Marking, Metal Marking, Lumberman's, Railroad, etc. All standard grades and degrees of hardness.

Blaisdell pencils are guaranteed to have perfect leads of highest quality and to be satisfactory in every way. Any defective or unsatisfactory pencils will be replaced, or are exchangeable, through your supply house or direct, for cash at full purchase price.

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Blaisdell 151, blue pencil, leads the world in quality, outsells all other blue pencils combined. $1.10 a dozen, $10.80 a gross.

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PHILADELPHIA

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That may be largely a matter of opinion, but how does this strike *you?*

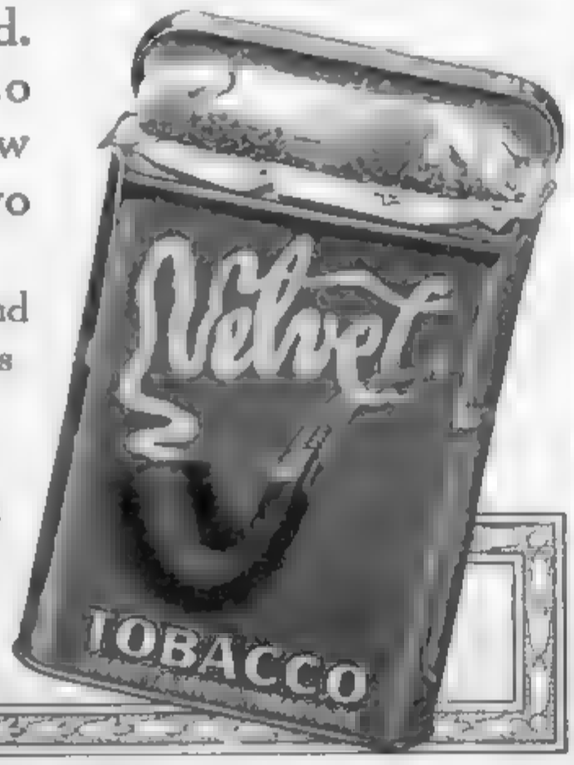
A cool, slow-burning tobacco. A tobacco mild enough to be smoked pipeful after pipeful, yet not "tastelessly" mild. A tobacco smooth and *mellow.*

Well, *that* is VELVET.

To begin with, VELVET is the choicest tobacco from Kentucky. And pipe smokers of long standing agree that Kentucky tobacco has more all around good pipe smoking qualities than any other kind.

Kentucky tobacco reaches its full, mellow maturity only after two years' ageing.

VELVET is mellowed and matured *naturally* for not less than two years.



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10c Tins 5c Metal-lined Bags

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house for a large quantity of navy beans. The other day this quart sack came, with the information that it was my *pro rata* from the stock in the hands of the wholesale house with which my order had been placed."

The family milk bottle has by no means been immune from the fearsome attacks of the H. C. of L.; in fact, everything in the food line for which the cow is responsible has suffered a boost of price well calculated to make children shudder and household providers hide on the first of the month. With the ordinary milk of commerce selling for nine cents a quart in the city and eight cents in country towns, it is evident that something has happened in the cow stable as well as in the tomato, the potato, the wheat and the corn field, and on the cattle range.

The high cost of living for the cow is no mere figure of speech. The writer happens to live where spotted Holsteins are the prevailing landscape decorations and the menu of the milking herd is a standard and exciting topic of conversation. Just now a mention, for example, of the feeding grains is enough to drive a dairy farmer to strong language. Thirty-six dollars a ton! And when he buys he invariably remarks that it seems only yesterday when twenty-four dollars was a top price for this bovine breakfast food.

The Sensitive Milk Market

Brewers' grains that brought twenty-four dollars a ton in 1914 are now costing the farmers of Kane County, Illinois, about thirty-three; and wheat middlings have advanced at least nine dollars a ton since the war began. Certainly this should be sufficient to suggest why the nation's milk, butter and cheese bill has become swollen to its present sensational proportions. So far as diligent inquiry is able to reveal, there are no two dairy farmers in America who are agreed upon how much it costs to produce a quart of milk, with feed at the present prices. One farmer, who keeps careful records and is an able manager, is able to show by his books that it cost him, as a year's average, an invisible fraction of a penny less than five cents a quart to make milk when he bought brewers' grains for winter feeding at twenty-six dollars a ton.

Probably there is no other food necessity that responds more sensitively to a change in general financial and labor conditions than does milk. When times begin to tighten a very large body of consumers cut their allowance of milk in half, making a pint serve where they formerly used a quart. This is the statement of the largest milk retailing concern in America. This means that in the period of the fat pay envelope and the munitions orders from warring Europe the pressure of domestic demand has been beyond all precedent. Though the volume of this demand has been immense, it by no means represents all the pressure that has been put upon the American milk bottle. The call for canned milk for the fighting men in the trenches has been loud and insistent. The president of one company puts it this way:

"Right now there is a demand from Europe for half a million cases of condensed milk—most of it for army use. Exports have, of course, been very heavy."

One of the keenest observers of the American butter market is Mr. William Taber, of the New York Price Current, who makes this interesting comment:

"The butter industry of this country is constantly following the advice of Horace Greeley and the Star of Empire, and moving westward. To-day we get very little butter from New York State. Practically all of this supply comes from the Middle West and the Far West. Last week, for example, we had five carloads of butter here from California, and it was as good and golden as the state from which it came. Colorado, Idaho and Montana are fast joining the ranks of the commonwealths that contribute butter for Manhattan's bread. In 1915 forty-five new creameries were started in Montana.

"When the American wageworker is getting good money, and getting it regularly, he wants to see a good share of it on his table; and he is especially inclined to celebrate his prosperity by spreading yellow butter over his bread. Consequently in our present period of the loaded pay envelope the pressure of increased home consumption has been keenly felt in the butter market. This led to a most interesting development—the determination of how high a price we shall pay, at a time of high-tide prosperity, for good creamery butter.

"I have been watching this market for thirty-nine years and have never before known butter to reach forty-two cents and a half before the break came. Then it fell five cents in seven days. Literally hundreds of stores took out licenses to sell oleomargarine and butterine; and this sudden stampede to the standard of the butter substitutes signalised the fact that the point had been reached at which the consumer would not stand for another cent of increase. This breaking point in butter has often been determined before, but it has never been at so high a price as that recently found by the prosperity test of 1916.

"Before the outbreak of the European war we were importing Danish butter of wonderful quality. To-day England is coming to the United States for butter. For example, between the first of September and the latter part of December, 1916, we sent 235,000 tubs of butter, averaging sixty pounds to the tub, across the water from this port. Large quantities have also gone out from Boston, St. John's and Montreal. In short, we have exported more than 23,000,000 pounds of butter inside of three and a half months.

"On December 1, 1916, the volume of butter in fifty-four associated warehouses was 52,586,000 pounds, or more than nine million pounds short of the previous year's reserve on that date.

"Is it any wonder, in view of all these facts, that butter, in big lots, reached the record price of forty-two and a half cents? This seems almost unbelievable, however, when I recall a period at which, for ten consecutive weeks, the price of the finest creamery butter in this market stuck at fifteen cents a pound. This means that the farmer received only eleven or twelve cents a pound for his product. As a rule, the jobber today takes a toll of about two cents or two and a half cents a pound for his service and investment in distributing to the retailer, who, in turn, adds four or five cents for his labor and investment. These margins appear to me to be entirely reasonable."

The Sugar Situation

The whole story of the sugar situation may be suggested by the statement that Europe has made continued and heavy raids upon the American sugar barrel. Our average annual export of refined sugar for the years 1907 to 1913 inclusive was 31,910 short tons. In the calendar year 1914 the United States' export of refined sugar amounted to 195,205 tons; in 1915 it amounted to 481,669 tons; and in 1916 the Department of Commerce estimates that 800,000 tons of refined sugar were exported from this country. In 1907 the United States consumed 3,353,256 short tons of sugar and exported 11,662 tons—that is, we exported but 0.35 per cent of the amount of sugar we consumed. In 1916 the United States consumed 4,097,741 short tons and exported 800,000.

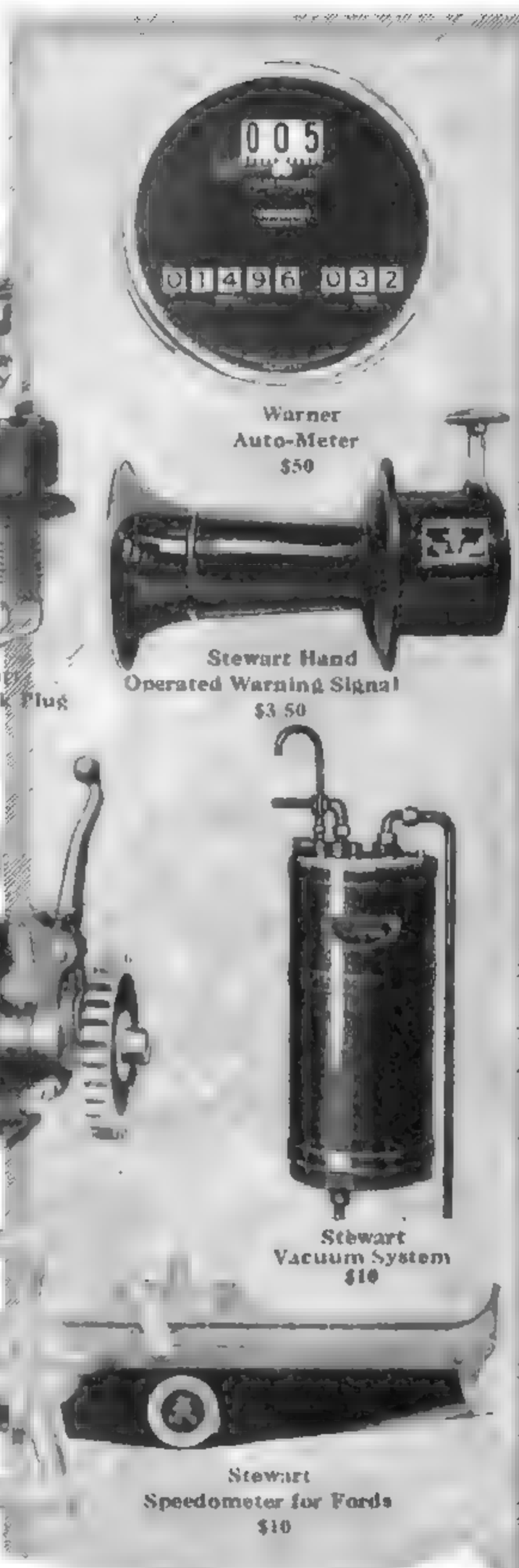
When we analyze the figures which show that in 1916 we exported twenty-five hundred per cent more sugar than the annual average of seven years prior to the outbreak of the war, we cannot fail to realize that this large increase in our exports must necessarily increase the price of sugar to the American consumer.

Before the outbreak of war in Europe about one-half the world's production of sugar, exclusive of India, was derived from beets. The world's crop of beet sugar is produced almost exclusively in Europe and the United States. The leading European countries engaged in the production of beet sugar are Germany, Russia, Austria-Hungary, France, Belgium, Holland and Italy. Cut off by the war from 73.5 per cent of her annual sugar supply, England turned to the nearest available market, New York City, to supply this deficit. Within a few days British buyers raised the world's market price of sugar three cents a pound and bought almost two hundred million pounds of raw and refined sugar.

As a consequence of this action on the part of Great Britain the New York wholesale price of sugar rose from $4.16 a hundredweight on July 30, 1914, to $7.35 a hundredweight on August twentieth, an increase of more than three cents a pound in three weeks. Early in October, however, England began to withdraw from the buying market and the wholesale price declined until, in December, it dropped to $4.75 a hundredweight—only a little higher than the average normal price.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Crissey.

Stewart Products



Warner
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$1

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$12

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Innovations come in the Speedometer business—and innovations go.

And through the haze of new ideas, new schemes, and new failures, the wonderful success of the Stewart Speedometer is even more conspicuous than ever.

Today the Stewart Speedometer is used as standard equipment by over 95% of the car manufacturers. And this—in spite of the fact that the Stewart is the most expensive speedometer built.

No other automobile accessory has ever received so unanimous an endorsement.

Motorists have learned the value of having the best equipment on their cars. They have found it worth while to be protected by Stewart workmanship, Stewart quality and Stewart nation-wide service.

Take the Stewart Vacuum System—*the* system that insures a smooth, positive flow of gas to the carburetor. It is now used on over 70% of all makes of cars and will soon be on every car built.

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The Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug—the newest Stewart Product—is already in great demand. Its four sparking points mean four times longer life and a big, fat spark under conditions that would put ordinary plugs completely out of business

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Equal in style—same wheel base—same wonderful new bodies—same endurance—same easy riding—both typical National quality—in fact, identical throughout with exception of the motors.

Six Motor—303 cubic inches, 56 horsepower. Twelve Motor—370 cubic inches, 77 horsepower. Both cars 128-inch wheelbase.

National Highway Sixes and Twelves will out-perform and out-demonstrate any other team of motors on the market today.

IT is a *permanent* pleasure to spend the cost price of a National "Highway." After the first flush of having the new car delivered to your home, there are no after-regrets; no doubt about the wisdom of your choice; no wondering if you suffer in comparison to your motoring friends.

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Twelve Cylinder
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NATIONAL MOTOR CAR & VEHICLE CORPORATION, INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.
Seventeenth Successful Year

THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

(Continued from Page 25)

We were off, plying the oars like madmen. A choppy sea swelled under us; we were soon wet through. From time to time Sturgis turned to catch again the direction of the coast.

"He's turning the point," he said; "going beyond the dunes. The tide will be horsing it again in half an hour. Now—take purchase."

Again we bent to it, and after much buffeting rounded the Horn—so we referred to the outermost dune.

"There he is," said Sturgis, standing up in the boat. "His engine has stopped—he is nearly aground."

The Fra Diavolo had blown broadside toward the dunes

"Why, he's not in her!" I shouted.

"Have your gun handy," returned Sturgis. "He knows he is pursued. He may be crouching in the bottom. Look out for him—I believe he is deadlier than a king cobra."

I drew out my revolver—a present from the county. Sturgis took a few more strokes with the oars, and in loud tones I called upon Mr. James Smith to surrender his person.

There was no answer from the Fra Diavolo. If he were still aboard he must be lying flat in the bottom of her. Again I shouted to him that he must give himself up. But on the heels of that Sturgis struck his oar against some half-submerged object in the water. He cried out, breathlessly, and I had an instant's vision of the thing as it slid off the blade of the oar. It was the head of Mr. James Smith's scarlet puppet.

Sturgis threw down his oars and brought the thing in dripping, with a piece of kelp clinging to it.

"Fool—fool that I was," cried Sturgis, staring at that hideous chalk-white face, which he clutched in both hands. "Why didn't I examine this mechanism before we let him take it! But who could have foreseen that he would slip away like this? Look for the rest of the body."

We looked in vain. The thing was neither on the surface of the water nor in the Fra Diavolo. That boat we found empty; more, we found the flywheel gone, unshipped and flung overboard, of course.

"Sunk with the manikin," muttered Sturgis in a gloomy voice. "We shall never get to the bottom of this now."

"The man has drowned himself!" I cried, astonished.

"I don't know," returned the boatman. He pointed to the dunes in a terror-stricken way. "He may have gone ashore. Be quick! I am in a terrible predicament for certain."

The boatman was as white as the head which he still held twisted in his nervous fingers. He looked hauntedly at the empty sea, at the great dunes shining under the moon, at the motor boat rolling in the trough of the sea.

"Put her nose in the sand," he cried.

We grounded a moment later, towing the Fra Diavolo, and shoved both boats high up on the beach. The tide was at the slack, and there was a wide margin of wet sand on which the surf pounded and lashed out traces of footsteps in a twinkling. The dry sand beyond was so soft as not to take a definite imprint. Nevertheless, on impulse we began to run in opposite directions along the shore; but we saw no track of our quarry, and presently came together again.

The wind was coming in heavier and heavier gusts, with a great thrashing sound among the sea goldenrod as it came breezing through the lowermost ravine. Particles of sand were driven into our faces with stinging force. Wrathful by reason of this, we loped back and forth, like hounds fairly off the scent.

"Let us strike inland," panted Sturgis. "That is a chance at least, and better than standing here like fools."

"As you please," I said. "You seem to have made a great fool of me already."

"It is a long story," he said over his shoulder, beginning to run.

"And a tall fool, no doubt," I said viciously, plowing up the sand in his wake.

We ran first up a great seaward slope of marvelously sifted sand, quite free of shell particles and gravel and very yielding to the foot. Reaching the summit, we saw far to the left the white columns of the Craigenside house, and the rough blue surface of the river, flecked with white caps under a sky perfectly clear and at the same time stormy with wind. At our feet the leading features of the dunes lay spread, obscured and made a whirling ground for miniature sandspouts which moved off the tossing crests in rapid succession. The lines of the dunes, however, when we could see them plainly between these assaults of the sand, had the distinctness to be expected of their barren bulk, and so the shadows cast by them were sharp and black and of the weirdest possible design. From this vantage point those sphinxlike eminences seemed to have been deluged in a sea of ink. With their long ravines, odd distorted shoulders and fissurelike cavities, they lay at our feet like the shining ghost of Arizona bad lands.

"The jig is up," Sturgis said despairingly. "Even if he came ashore, we two shall never find him here alone."

He pointed a shaking finger at the three major folds or convolutions in the sandhills, where lone vegetation had found sufficient holdfast to thrive. In these folds three separate forests had established themselves, growths of pine, poplar, birch and scrub oak, which had thrust down their roots here through many generations with the automatic tenacity of things doomed to periodic extinction. These trees, where they were still normally above the sand tide, stood in shallow bogs or lagoons. The water glimmered among their dark boles scarcely ever ruffled, for they served as a windbreak; and the presence of this water anchored to some extent the sand below it. But nothing could permanently check the onward march of the dunes. The sand action had before now made itself felt on woods as thick as these and destroyed children of its own nourishing, throttled them by rising gradually so as to girdle them high up the trunk and rot the bark away. The pine needles to be seen here were for the most part red, the cones black and shriveled; scarcely anywhere was healthy growth to be observed. The prematurely devastated boughs served as vast rookeries for herons, cranes and crows, which were dislodged in raucous thousands at the first step of the intruder.

The trees were in three typical situations: Those still rising to a good height out of the protective film of water; those which by the resistless swelling of the sand had been almost wholly buried, their blasted tips alone remaining to show the process of suffocation which had gone on below; and finally, those which had emerged, in places where the wave had passed, revealing, as the bones of a once-living vegetation, regiments of ghastly rotted stumps with foreshortened limbs crazily gesticulating. The first would still afford a very tolerable shelter, and nothing but an energetic posse would suffice to run to cover any quarry which had sought concealment amid the damp glooms of its complaining rookeries.

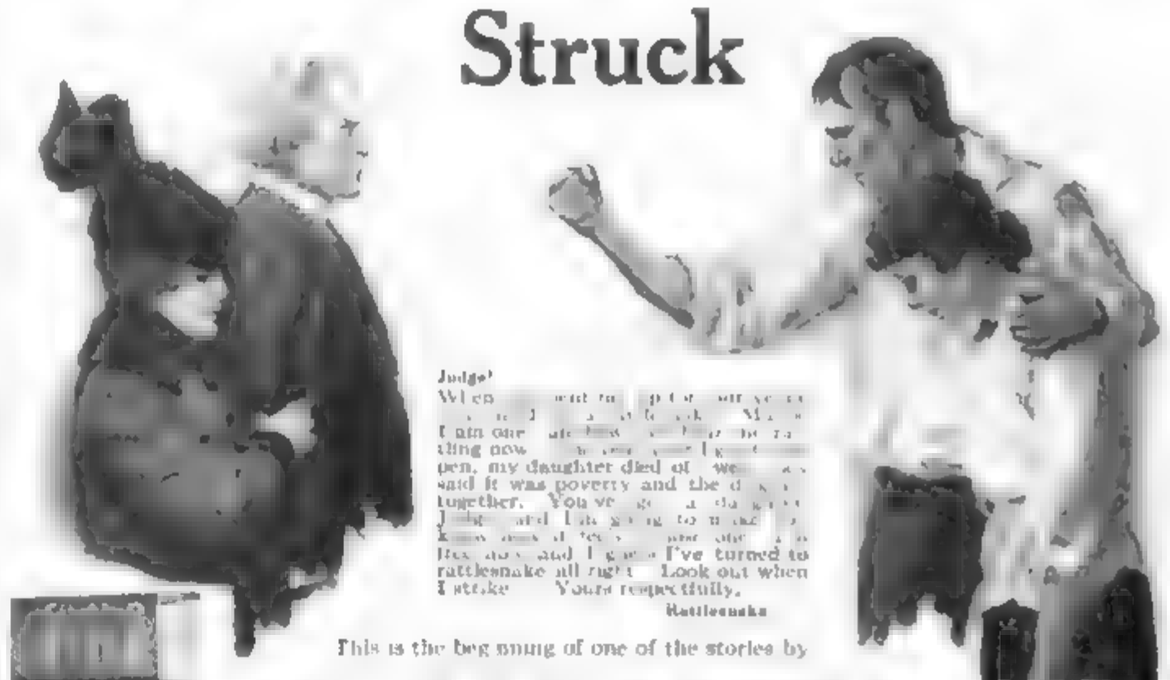
"He has slipped through our fingers pretty handily," said Sturgis, pausing with something like a sob in his throat. "I am at my wit's end, I tell you. I don't know which way to turn. Going it blind, we are certain to betray ourselves to him."

"Still, there is no help for that," I said. "Suppose we take a line for the lighthouse, and trust to blundering on him in one of these hollows."

My extraordinary boatman groaned "As you say," and began to run forward at a breakneck pace, through a tangle of straggling vines, now crashing through dense growths of sea goldenrod, and again running on sheltered white flanks of the purest sand without vegetable features of any sort. Here the impress of the wind was plainly discernible; its revelries were stamped in flowing lines expressive of untrammeled speed, like mænadic lines of streaming hair. In places, too, the action of the fierce rains, which from time to time drove across the dunes, was visible. These rains, rushing in freshets from the tops of the dunes, had sifted out the sands, and evolved long bronze striations running toward the pools which lay between them. In calm weather these pools lay like flashing mirrors; the sand, dark and damp at their edges, by insensible shadings growing white near the rim of the bowl which contained them. At each instant I expected we were to come within striking distance of that sinister figure, brought to bay at last; but always I was disappointed.

"It's no good," said Sturgis, pulling up at length. "He must have drowned himself after all. And yet—I wish I could be sure of that. I tell you, Weymouth, I am

When the Rattlesnake Struck



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in an ugly fix, and you, too, for that matter, by my fault."

The creaking limbs of a choked pine threw down shadows on our faces; our own shadows went streaming out across a patch of billowing whiteness at our feet.

He looked about him warily. We were in an angle sheltered from the wind, but the sand still hissed on the crests of dunes and rose in tawny plumes against the pale night sky.

"Well," I said, "what is this mystery? We have evidently hunted a man to his death; and if he has drowned himself, that is evidence enough of guilt. But in God's name, then, in what did this guilt consist? Why did you let him go, only to close with him again? The thing he threw in the river was certainly of straw."

"Was it so certainly?" said Sturgis.

He passed a hand across his face. We stood motionless, confronting each other, and the moon floating over those dunes seemed as large as a washtub.

"Was there nothing strange about this business?" he demanded, facing me with his legs well apart and his arms folded. Our situation by night among those rival dunes made his low voice portentous. His smoky eyes were full of smoldering blue fire. The student, the dreamer, was at last awake. He appeared shaken to the heart and yet absolutely certain of himself.

"The agitation of that girl—was this nothing? I turned several times in my seat to watch her. You were beside her. Had she the look of a woman watching a thing of straw?"

I sank my fingers in his shoulder.

"Do you know," I cried, "the words that fell from her lips when the lid to that infernal box was removed? 'It is he!'"

"'It is he!'" breathed Sturgis exultantly. "This makes for certainty. 'It is he!' Who, we do not know; but at any rate a living man. She saw in that ghastly countenance the features she instinctively recognized—the partner of Smith; and we know that she thought herself in deadly peril from that fellow."

"But—man alive—the puppet! You have fished it out yourself. What remained for us to do? What possible alternative——"

"I tell you frankly I do not know," said Sturgis in a somber voice. "We ought to have examined the mechanism, of course. We might have ascertained in a few minutes whether that thing could be worked—I mean, whether it was even plausible. It may have had no works at all inside it. I was naturally in a hurry."

He hit his forehead sharply with the back of his hand.

"There is some deeper and darker solution to this business than we have any notion of as yet. Deep below deep. It is conceived with the infernal cunning and with the deep simplicity of a mind essentially Oriental in its nature—a man that lays hold of the fantastic to mystify and to befog the issue. As soon as I saw that this chap to-night was our ornithologist, and no other, I was on my guard at once. I watched the face of that manikin like a hawk, because I knew that under the influence of hypnotic suggestion the features would be absolutely rigid. You might have thrown a double fistful of cayenne into the thing's face, and, assuming it to have been a man in a trance, it would not have so much as blinked."

"And yet ——"

"Wait!" said Sturgis. "My fascination got the better of me, do you see? when I saw the deadly interest that dark woman behind me took in the performance. It seemed to me that we had something here beyond common—I couldn't guess what. Now I had been playing with a little penknife. On impulse—— Well, as the thing passed me in the aisle I jabbed it in the leg."

I gasped.

"You jabbed it? With what result?"

"Not a quiver. Not the slightest expression of pain."

"You see? Damn it ——"

"But when I drew back the knife *there was blood on the blade.*"

He held out to me a small penknife with the blade open. There was a dark stain on the tip. Ice was in my veins then. I stared stupidly at my companion.

"Blood? Blood? Then it was a man?"

"What were the words of the girl? She cried out 'It is he!'" said Sturgis. "Now I come to another point: That girl, you notice, didn't follow you to your confounded lunch counter. She followed Fuller and me in her canoe. I was not aware of this until just as I was pulling that scarlet mockery out of the water at Hodder's Point. She came out of shadow like a flash, and cried, 'Is he dead, then?' And I never want to hear more despair in any human voice. 'Dead?' I said to her. 'Yes, dead enough. It's made of straw.' I held it out to her, and I tell you she was as genuinely amazed as any of us. Up to this point she had known something—she had the advantage of us; but this puppet threw her off the scent entirely. She gave me a wild sort of stare, and said 'Why, so it is.' Then she turned the head of the canoe toward the Craigensides' pier."

We stared at one another.

"I'm a scared man," said Sturgis in a trembling voice. "I ought to have spoken of this. I ought to have warned you not to let him go."

"You had," I rejoined grimly.

"But I wanted to see," pleaded Sturgis, "where he was going—what he would do if he thought the shadow of suspicion lifted. It didn't seem possible that he could streak out of our clutch like that. I never gave that motor boat a thought."

"Well, the horse is out of the stable," I said. "And here's another thing: Having arrested him in the name of the Commonwealth, I had no right to let him go. You understand that, I suppose. It would take a court order to free him legally. I shall be facing a serious charge when this transaction comes to light."

"Still, he must have drowned himself."

I came closer.

"Sturgis, do you think for one instant that that fat jellyfish has thrown himself overboard?"

"I do not," he replied, lighting a cigarette with shaking hand.

"Nor I."

"Then he must be here."

"We have failed to find him."

"Perhaps he was met off the horn in another boat."

"A submarine then. The coast was clear when we came on the scene. There hadn't been time for the fastest power boat to disappear."

Sturgis looked toward the jagged cliffs beyond the dunes.

"He has dodged us through these sand cracks," he said. "And now I suppose we have got to set half the county on him to root him out."

His eyes fell on a black bulk rising against the white line of the dune.

"What is that thing?" he whispered.

"The tomb of the Craigensides."

"Ah! That old devil in his tomb may be behind all this. I bet you this affair had that old ghost anchorage fairly at the bottom of it."

He glared at the house, whose white pediment rose over the shoulder of the dune. I turned my head in time to see that flock of fat gulls pass over the roof of the house, shrieking. I thought it strange that they should fly by night, and I fancied I saw at their head that grisly bird with the loop of black cord hanging from its neck.

That crimson knife end was too much for self-constituted detectives to carry on their consciences. On the following morning we made a clean breast of the matter to the authorities at Dockport; and in the afternoon a slim, clean-shaven little man presented himself, with a card from the county attorney. The name of our detective was Hawley.

"Young men," he said, twinkling, "I don't mind telling you that you are in bad odor at headquarters on account of this delay in notification. You let the fellow slip, I understand, under the Cat and Mouse Act—intended to nab him right away again, of course."

"Of course," assented Sturgis with a gloomy brow.

"Excess of zeal—what? Excess of zeal."

Sturgis began to explain, but our gentleman waved his hand.

"The facts," he said; "first and before everything, the facts. Have a conscience for the facts."

So we told him the facts. As he listened he tweaked his nose from time to time and tapped pencil on pad.

"Have you grappled for the body of the supposed victim?"

We had, with the first tide that served.

"Without success?"

"Without the slightest."

"And no further trace of this curious straw figure, I suppose?"

"Not any. The flywheel was probably securely knotted to it."

(Continued on Page 97)

That Film on Teeth

The Source of All Tooth Troubles

By William M. Ruthrauff, A. B., A. M.

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Why Teeth Discolor and Decay

Why Germs Breed Around Them

What you already know is this: Despite all your brushing, your teeth still discolor. Tartar forms on them, so they need frequent dental cleaning. And some teeth still decay.

You know that what you do, and what you use, fail to really keep teeth clean. The old methods don't protect you. So there must be something wrong.

The trouble lies in a slimy, ever-present film which you feel with your tongue.

That film is where the stains lodge, spoiling the teeth's whiteness. That film is what hardens into tartar.

That film is what holds food particles. There they shortly ferment and form acid—the cause of all tooth decay.

And that film is where the germs breed—the germs which cause countless troubles, including pyorrhea.

Thus the chief object of teeth-cleaning is to keep rid of that film. And that is where old methods fail.

Feel your teeth with your tongue, however often you brush them, and you find that film still there. Every discolorment proves it—every evidence of tartar. But between the teeth and in crevices is where it accumulates most.

It is now known that alkali hardens it. So many applications do more harm than good.

And we can't combat the acids or destroy the germs while that film remains to protect them.

That is why many methods of teeth-cleaning fail. They remove only the loose débris. That is important, but water alone will do that. The great need of a dentifrice is to attack that film. For, day and night, harmful things are being held by that film to the teeth.

That, in all probability, is your situation unless your dentist has already told you of Pepsodent. You rely for your protection on periodic dental cleaning. But Pepsodent now assures you clean, safe teeth—teeth that long stay white.

For now science has solved this film problem. And this is to ask that you prove it by a one-week's pleasant test.

Now There's a Way To End It

To Keep Teeth Really Clean

Three years ago a way was found to keep the teeth free from this film. Those three years have been spent by dentists in proving the fact beyond question.

There have been many false theories of teeth-cleaning. Many ways which seemed good have proved worthless—in fact, are now known to be harmful. So we waited three years to let dental authorities prove that this method was right.

The film is albuminous matter. That fact suggested pepsin, which is albumin's digestant. Pepsin is known to digest albumin, and that means its dissolution.

But pepsin is inert until activated. And the activating agents are acid. The usual acid is destructive to the teeth. So pepsin for long seemed barred.

Then an acid salt was found—a neutralized acid—which does not harm the teeth. In fact, the teeth themselves are largely formed from it. This acid salt will activate pepsin. It is this discovery which has solved the problem of that film.

Pepsodent combines pepsin with this activating agent. The purpose is to dissolve the film so that brushing will remove it. Five governments already, by granting patents on this combination, have recognized its newness and efficiency.

Pepsodent is now supplanting all former methods of teeth-cleaning. It has been subjected to thousands of clinical tests. Its results have been proved beyond question.

It has won the endorsement of authorities who are recognized all over America. And countless dentists in their practice have proved that it does what they seek.

Now, on their advice, we are telling the facts to you.

This is to urge you to make a one-week test. The coupon below will bring you Pepsodent for it. See what it means to you.

Note how clean your teeth feel, even after one application. Note how quickly the slimy film disappears, how your teeth grow whiter. And how they soon feel as they feel after a thorough dental cleaning.

Mark how pleasant its use is, how unique and complete its effects. One week will forever convince you. You will never return to any method which leaves your teeth coated with film. Cut out the coupon now.

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(Continued from Page 94)

"And you had not taken the precaution of having a look at its inwards?"

We shook our heads sheepishly.

"The fact is," I burst out, "I was so taken by surprise —— Well, I was convinced out of hand. Who could have thought ——"

"Yes, sufficiently bizarre," said our friend. "Still, your friend with his bloody knife point his knowledge might have warned him, I should think."

"Oh, I'm a fake detective, I grant you," said Sturgis bitterly. "And yet, look here: I was convinced that he had killed a living man. I was as sure of it as of anything in this life. But what was the evidence? We had no body, and what is more, we might not succeed in finding one. The tide horses out, just there, at an incredible rate; if that box had been adjusted to float just submerged, it might have been carried out to sea with its occupant. To have ripped open that puppet would have been to put the man upon his guard. To let him go off with it unsuspected might lead him into some betraying action. If it hadn't been for that cursed motor boat ——"

Hawley nodded sympathetically.

"As it stands then," he said, "everything that gave rise to this excitement has vanished like the mist of morning—the criminal and his victim, and all his apparatus—in short, the crime itself."

"Do not forget this," said Sturgis grimly, advancing his knife with the blade open.

"No, certainly not," said Hawley. He extended his hand for it

"We ought first to submit that to an analytical chemist, to see if it is in truth blood. This puppet may have had some animating fluid in its veins, for all we know."

"But, then," cried Sturgis, "do not forget the strange behavior of the girl."

"Ah, the little Craigenside," said Hawley. "No, I do not forget her. We shall talk with her presently."

"It's the worst mystery in my young life," groaned Sturgis.

"Come, come," said the detective cheerily, "you are not afraid of mystery, I hope. Everything in life propounds a mystery. Man, a dark mystery. Woman, a delicious mystery. Without mystery, by heaven, this life would be insupportable."

"Really?" muttered Sturgis. The philosopher in him had been touched.

"It would be madness," said Hawley calmly. "Look over your heads. The sanity of the blue sky itself resides in its infinity—which is mysterious. That is why man establishes the headquarters of the soul there. It's the concrete things we stumble over that drive us mad."

The little detective's eyes blazed like blue crystals.

"You know what it is to be held in suspense by a mystery story," he snapped out, "and you know how you drop back to earth when the solution comes. Of course. In the nature of things the solution is inferior to the mystery itself. The beginning savors best. Put it another way. Two and two make four. You know it and I know it; but do we get any pleasure out of it? Not any, by your leave. What we don't know—that's what interests, that's what captivates. Yes, yes, you will see that the solution of the very business in hand, for example, will not be in any degree comparable to the present mystery, in the hold it has over your mind. I prophesy that it simply won't measure up at all. It never does. Nothing competes with mystery itself, least of all the solution."

"In that case," said Sturgis, "the bitter moment for the detective is when he puts his hand on the shoulder of the criminal."

The little man laughed.

"Just after that," he agreed. "Give him a pitiful margin of triumph. But wait, have we in this instance even so much as the shoulder of a criminal?"

"You think then he may have drowned himself?"

"My friend, I do not have thoughts in advance of an occasion for them. I do not say that he drowned himself—no. Before I consider the criminal I consider the victim. And before I consider the victim I must know that there is a victim. Now it seems to me that there is one very simple method of ascertaining the true quality of this Man or Mechanism: We ought to consult the theatrical agent who sent you the act."

"Dennison?"

"Precisely."

The little man drew his watch.

"And so I wired him to come at once. If I do not mistake that was the whistle of the train I heard a few minutes back. Mr. Dennison is an old friend of mine, and I think in this instance will humor me. Why, yes, here he comes now."

We were joined by a burly, keen-faced man, dressed in a heavy sack suit and smoking a malodorous cigar.

"In trouble again, I see, John," he said, shaking Hawley by the hand.

"Your testimony may be the beginning of it," said Hawley placidly.

But strangely enough Dennison, on strict questioning, proved to be no better equipped to testify than any member of the audience on that evening. He had booked the act after a very partial exhibition on his private stage. He had seen such acts before—they were always played by living men; and he had assumed that such was the case here. Yet he had to admit that he had had no speech with that scarlet figurine; and at the conclusion of the act Smith had fitted the lid on the box and caused the thing to be conveyed away.

"I thought that was a little strange," said Dennison; "but I was up to my neck in business, and it dropped out of my mind."

"Do you think it possible," Hawley asked, "that a mechanism could be constructed to play such a part?"

"Have a heart, Harry," said his old friend derisively. "I've been in the show business thirty years, and I've never seen one yet."

"Your view is, then, that this was a man, thrown into a trance for the purposes of the act."

"Most assuredly."

"But you offer no proof that it was a man."

"No more than horse sense affords," said Dennison.

He could not say where the man Smith had come from or whether he had had other theatrical connections. This agency appeared to have been the strange man's one point of contact with the world of affairs. Here for an instant his shadowy activities had taken definite shape. He had applied for work, had signed a contract—we saw his signature written in an even, flowing hand; and this had been the last that Dennison had seen of him.

"I kept him making long jumps," he explained. "He was a first-class attraction everywhere."

This was all that Dennison could say, beyond giving the officers the names of the cities and houses at which James Smith had played. One after another we got these houses on the long-distance telephone, but always with the same result. The man Smith had had a whim that not even his associates should know the true inwardness of his act; and his assistant, if indeed a living assistant, had in no case been seen apart from his act. It was general opinion that the unfortunate man must have spent most of his time lying in a trance on the rose-colored cushions of that hideous casket.

Hawley then ordered the sea to be dragged at low tide at the place where Sturgis and I had overtaken the Fra Diavolo. It was always possible that Mr. James Smith had drowned himself; but certain massive doubts of the correctness of this position persisted. If he had drowned himself why, for one thing, had he taken the trouble to sink his betraying manikin with a weight attached to it? A man hunted to his death would not naturally be thinking of such mystifying trifles. Why, if he meant to make away with himself, should he care what evidences of his crime he left behind him? He certainly could not expect to be tried in another world on the evidence which men might produce in this. Again, if he had drowned himself at the spot where we had found the Fra Diavolo the tide, which then was horsing in, would almost certainly have cast him up. Yet we waited in vain for him or any part of him.

"No, no," said Hawley; "the chances are that he hid among the dunes and has since made his escape. There may be something to be picked up across the river, however, even now. Let us repair to the Place of Pirates."

The girl received us on the porch, where introductions were made.

"There are a few questions," said Hawley smoothly, "which I should like to put to you, Miss Craigenside, with regard to the odd disappearance of a—mechanism from the theater dressing room at Silver Glade."

"Why should you come to me?" said the girl almost sullenly.

Hawley raised his brows.

"We must come to all whose testimony might have a bearing on the case," he said.

How I Raised My Earnings from $30 to $1000 a week

The Story of a Young Man's Remarkable Rise, as Told by Himself.

THREE years ago I was earning $30 per week. With a wife and two children to support it was a constant struggle to make both ends meet. We saved very little, and that only by sacrificing things we really needed. Today my earnings average a thousand dollars weekly. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash, a $25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motoring, traveling, whenever I care to, and I do less work than ever before.

What I have done, anyone can do—for I am only an average man. I have never gone to college, my education is limited, and I am not "brilliant" by any means. I personally know at least a hundred men who are better business men than I, who are better educated, who are better informed on hundreds of subjects, and who have much better ideas than I ever had. Yet not one of them approaches my earnings. I mention this merely to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education and to convince my readers that there is only *one* reason for my success—a reason I will give herein.

One day, a few years ago, I began to "take stock" of myself. I found that, like most other men, I had energy, ambition, determination. Yet in spite of these assets, for some reason or other I drifted along without getting anywhere. My lack of education bothered me, and I had thought seriously of making further sacrifices in order to better equip myself to earn more. Then I read somewhere that but few *millionaires* ever went to college. Edison, Rockefeller, Hill, Schwab, Carnegie—not one of them had any more schooling than I had.

One day something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of no great consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another; I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right

I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover myself. Along towards dawn I resolved to try an experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, believing that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to put it "over"—that I would not be "afraid" of myself or of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my ideas across I would soon make my presence felt. I knew that heretofore I had always begged for success—had always stood, hat in hand, depending on others to "give" me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—*to demand and command what I wanted*

But how shall I begin? What shall I do first? It was easy enough for me to determine to do things—I had "determined" many times before. But this was a question of will power, and I made up my mind that the first step was to muster up enough of my own will power to stick to and carry out my determination.

With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something more about will power. I was sure that other men must have studied the subject, and the results of their experience would doubtless be of great value to me in understanding the workings of my own will. So, with a directness of purpose that I had scarcely known before, I began my search.

The results at first were discouraging. While a good deal had been written about the memory and other faculties of the brain, I could find nothing that offered any help to me in acquiring the new power that I had hoped might be possible.

But a little later in my investigation I encountered the works of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight I discovered that this eminent scientist, whose name ranks with James, Bergson and Royce, had just completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement, "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body"! My question was answered! Eagerly I read further—how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study—how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of Training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. I have already indicated the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

But it may be thought that my case is exceptional. Let me again assure you that I am but an average man, with no super-developed powers, save that of my will. And to further prove my contention let me cite one or two instances I have since come across, which seem to show conclusively that an indomitable will can be developed by anyone.

One case that comes to my mind is that of a young man who worked in a big factory. He was bright and willing, but seemed to get nowhere. Finally he took up the study of will training, at the suggestion of Mr. W. M. Taylor, the famous efficiency expert of the Willys-Overland Company, and in less than a year his salary was increased 800%. Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Just a short time after receiving the methods in will development suggested by Prof. Haddock, he felt that they would be worth from $3,000 to $30,000 to him.

Another man, Mr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from $40 a week to $90 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. These are but a few—there are many other equally amazing examples which I personally know about. And aside from the financial gain, this training has enabled thousands to overcome drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness, has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. Mr. Pelton has authorized me to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that this book is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, and some may say that no mere book can teach the development of the will. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 150,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will," are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 17-B Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

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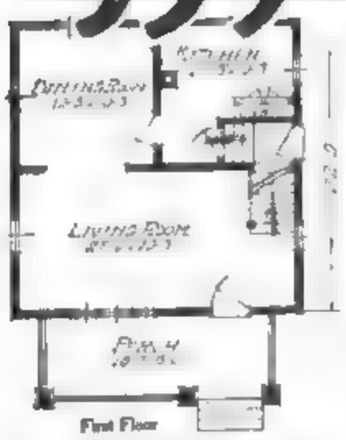

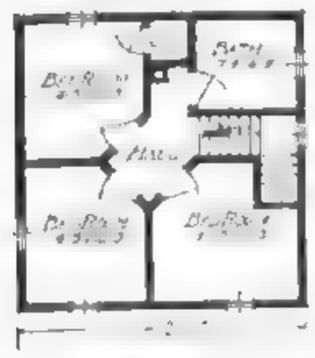

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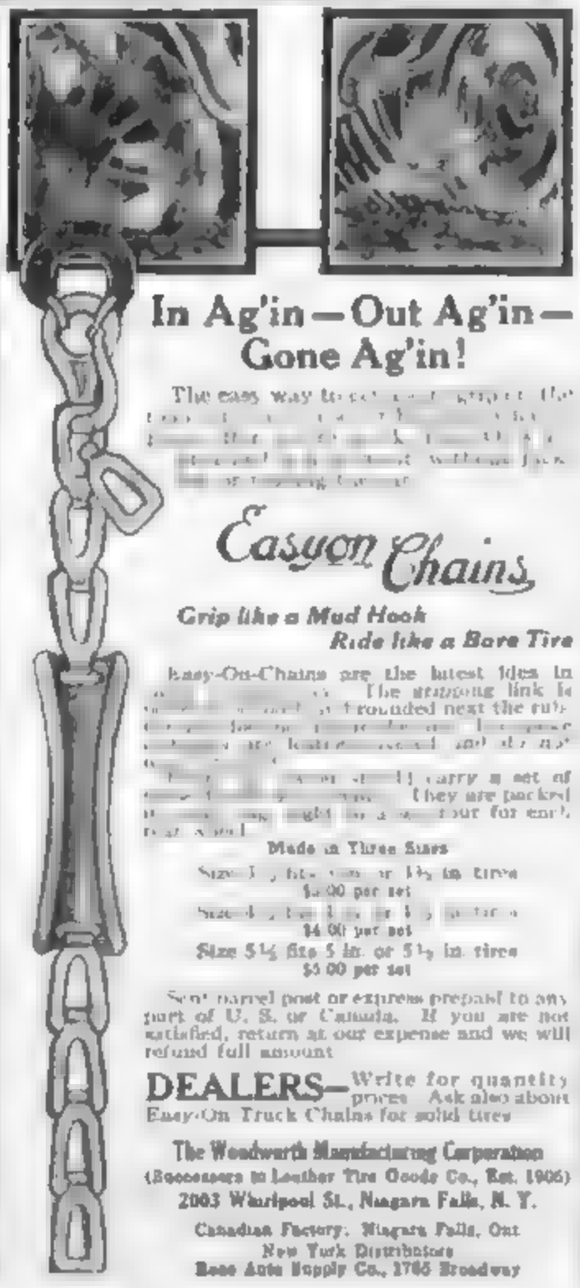

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"I am afraid I can tell you nothing," replied the girl.

Nevertheless, she groped for a chair back and tilted it against her body. In the intervals of talk I heard the heavy tread of Captain Craigenside within. He seemed to be pacing up and down.

"I am sure you will see," continued Hawley gently, "that complete candor now may save us all a world of embarrassment later."

Jane Craigenside looked up at the gulls which were wheeling over the house.

"Put your questions," she said wearily.

"In the first place, then, had you any object beyond mere amusement in going to the Glade on the night of July seventeenth?"

"None at all."

"You had no suspicion, no forewarning, that the thing to be exhibited in the guise of Man or Mechanism was other than it seemed?"

"None whatever."

"You had no acquaintance with the operator, Mr. James Smith?"

"I had not."

"Then will you kindly explain to us the meaning of your assertion, made in the hearing of a dozen people, that it was a living man—and that after the disappearance? You remember crying out 'Let the river be searched'?"

Jane Craigenside nodded; her lips moved. Suddenly she seemed to gain courage.

"I was mistaken," she said calmly. "The features of the puppet were very like those of one I had known in the Orient; it seemed to me that some monstrous trick was being played. Then when I saw the thing close up I knew I was mistaken."

"Yet you had fancied a resemblance?"

"Yes."

"A strong resemblance?"

She nodded again.

"So strong," continued Hawley, "that you all but fainted, and had to be assisted out of the theater by Mr. Weymouth, I understand."

"Is that so much to be wondered at?" she cried piteously. "I am all unstrung; the sickness of our old housekeeper has prevented me from getting sleep."

"Of course," said Hawley sympathetically. "I do not wish to press you too far. A last question: Was this person whom you fancied the manikin resembled an intimate friend or a mere casual acquaintance?"

"A mere acquaintance," said the girl.

"What profession or trade had he?"

"He was second mate aboard my uncle's ship."

"Ah, the Asphodel!"

The little man's eyes glowed and crept round to the ship lying in the river:

"He was second mate. And where did you last see him?"

"In Nagasaki."

"He left the ship?"

"Yes."

"Of his own accord?"

"Yes."

"Was there any unusual reason for his going?"

"No, he merely tired of the ship, as sailors will."

Hawley stared at her intently, and she dropped her eyes. Her last answers had been barely audible. It seemed to me that her least movement, her slightest word, were like parts of a subtly organized defense of the House of Craigenside.

Hawley stood up, clapped his hands sharply behind his back, and began to pace back and forth along the porch, as if considering. Then he put out a white hand and stroked the head of the nearest dragon.

"The old lady who is sick," he began again—"she has been long a member of your household?"

"Longer than I have myself," returned the girl with a faint smile. "But you must not question her," she went on with a serious intentness. "You must not really. Her condition is so bad that the doctor fears she may go with any tide."

"Ah, yes, with the tide," said Hawley. "A very poetical notion. Poor lady, her testimony might be valuable, but we will not force ourselves upon her."

He had been looking about him, and now he rubbed his hands together briskly.

"This is a noble old house," he said, as if his questioning were over. "These ferocious animals make a good guard for it. They were brought from the East?"

"Yes."

He moved toward the door, inspected the brass mermaid there, and turned as if to go. But then the clock inside struck four, and he wheeled about.

"A grandfather's clock!" he exclaimed with a note of genuine pleasure, as it seemed. "Well, well, I am repaid for my visit surely I have made them a subject of special investigation."

The door behind him creaked and Ruel Craigenside stood on the threshold of the great double parlors.

Hawley put out his hand.

"Captain Craigenside, I believe? I am just examining your clock. It is a curious specimen, sir. The head is common enough; the tin ship is rather oftener met with than the background of the sky with a moon rising in it, perhaps. But the case—I think it is the oddest case I ever saw. Bless me, it has every appearance of ——"

"Time and Eternity," muttered Craigenside in his beard.

"Exactly," said the little man; and with an unforeseen gesture he snatched open the lid of the clock. The interior of the case was empty. The vertical slats had been ripped away, and no trace of the god remained behind the tarnished pendulum.

"Yes, gone, as you see," said Craigenside.

"Gone?" said Hawley pleasantly. "What is gone?"

"You well know, or you wouldn't have opened the clock. The jade is gone."

"Was it there yesterday?" continued the little man, whose inquisitiveness seemed to flow out and fill every crack and cranny of suspicion like a fluid.

Without answering, Captain Craigenside lumbered through the doorway and began walking toward the dunes.

"You must excuse him," said Jane Craigenside. "He's not himself at all. This was an heirloom, a little figure that he prized very highly. I can't understand who can have taken it."

"Suppose we say," said Hawley amiably, "that Eternity has taken leave of Time. Don't you think, my dear girl, that it would be as well to make a clean breast of the whole matter?"

"I will say nothing more," cried the girl.

"As you please," said Hawley. "We will come at it another way."

As we crossed the river I said glibly: "If mystery is what you crave you should be satisfied with this."

The little man said absently:

"*Finis coronat opus.* We shall see. We shall see. And now, my dear boys, one further question in regard to the bag which our friend the ornithologist made use of—or rather to the lens of his camera: Did you note closely the character of the flashes you have described?"

"Their character?"

"Yes. You have described them as intermittent. Now, did they intermit regularly or irregularly? In your judgment, was some intelligible communication being made to the man on the housetop?"

"I should say not. The flashes were regular. Furthermore, in my opinion the brain of Craigenside during those few moments was in no condition to remark an intelligent sign. His face was emptied of all expression, the eye fixed, the jaw slack."

"In one word—tranced?"

"If that were possible."

The little man fell back against the tiller of the boat we were rowing.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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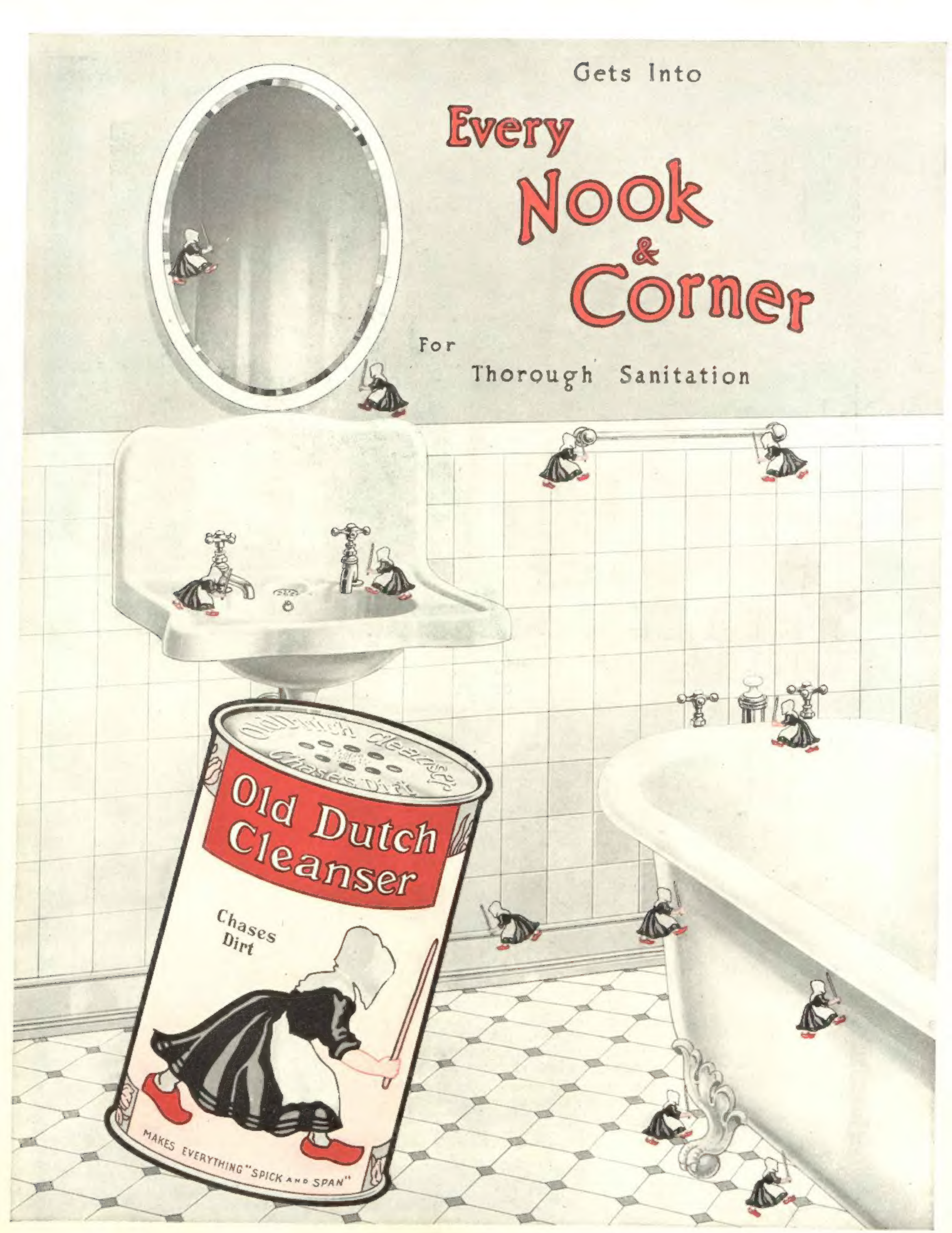
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